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ISMAILIA.

A NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION

TO CENTRAL AFRICA FOR

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

ORGANIZED BY

ISMAIL,

KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

by SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER, PACHA, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.,
Major-General of the Ottoman Empire, Member of the Orders of the Osmanie and the Medjidie, late Governor-General of the Equatorial Nile Basin, Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society, Grande Medaille d'Or de la Societe de Geographie de Paris, Honorary Member of the Geographical Societies of Paris, Berlin, Italy, and America, Author of "The Albert N'yanza Great Basin of the Nile," "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," "The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," *etc.* etc

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PREFACE.

An interval of five years has elapsed since the termination of my engagement in the service of His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, “to suppress the slave-hunters of Central Africa, and to

annex the countries constituting the Nile Basin, with the object of opening those savage regions to legitimate commerce and establishing a permanent government."

This volume—"Ismailia"—gives an accurate description of the salient points of the expedition. My thanks are due to the public for the kind reception of the work, and for the general appreciation of the spirit which prompted me to undertake a mission so utterly opposed to the Egyptian ideas of 1869-1873; at a time when no Englishman had held a high command, when rival consulates were struggling for paramount influence, when the native officials were jealous of foreign interference, and it appeared that slavery and the slave trade of the White Nile were institutions almost necessary to the existence of Egyptian society.

It was obvious to all observers that an attack upon the slave-dealing and slave-hunting establishments of Egypt by a foreigner—an Englishman—would be equal to a raid upon a hornets' nest, that all efforts to suppress the old-established traffic in negro slaves would be encountered with a determined opposition, and that the prime agent and leader of such an expedition must be regarded "with hatred, malice, and

all uncharitableness." At that period (1869) the highest authorities were adverse to the attempt. An official notice was despatched from the British Foreign Office to the Consul-General of Egypt that British subjects belonging to Sir Samuel Baker's expedition must not expect the support of their government in the event of complications. The enterprise was generally regarded as chimerical in Europe, with hostility in Egypt, but with sympathy in America.

Those who have read "Ismailia" may have felt some despondency. Although the slave-hunters were driven out of the territory under my command, there were nevertheless vast tracts of country through which new routes could be opened for the slave caravans to avoid the cruising steamers on the White Nile, and thus defeat the government. The Sultan of Darfur offered an asylum and a secure passage for all slaves and their captors who could no longer venture within the new boundaries of Egypt. It was evident that the result of the expedition under my command was a death-blow to the slave trade, if the Khedive was determined to persist in its destruction. I had simply achieved the success of a foundation for a radical reform in the so-called commerce of the White Nile. The government had been established throughout the newly-acquired territories, which were occupied by military positions garrisoned with

regular troops, and all those districts were absolutely purged from the slave-hunters. In this condition I resigned my command, as the first act was accomplished. The future would depend upon the sincerity of the Khedive, and upon the ability and integrity of my successor.

It pleased many people and some members of the press in England to disbelieve the sincerity of the Khedive. He was accused of annexation under the pretext of suppressing the vast organization of the White Nile slave-trade. It was freely stated that an Englishman was placed in command because an Egyptian could not be relied upon to succeed, but that the greed of new territory was the actual and sole object of the expedition, and that the slave-trade would reappear in stupendous activity when the English personal influence should be withdrawn. Such unsympathetic expressions must have been a poor reward to the Khedive for his efforts to win the esteem of the civilized world by the destruction of the slave-trade in his own dominions.

Few persons have considered the position of the Egyptian ruler when attacking the institution most cherished by his people. The employment of an European to overthrow the slave-trade in deference to the opinion of the civilized world was a direct challenge and attack upon the

assumed rights and necessities of his own subjects. The magnitude of the operation cannot be understood by the general public in Europe. Every household in Upper Egypt and in the Delta was dependent upon slave service; the fields in the Soudan were cultivated by slaves; the women in the harems of both rich and middle class were attended by slaves; the poorer Arab woman's ambition was to possess a slave; in fact, Egyptian society without slaves would be like a carriage devoid of wheels—it could not proceed.

The slaves were generally well treated by their owners; the brutality lay in their capture, with the attendant lawlessness and murders; but that was far away, and the slave proprietors of Egypt had not witnessed the miseries of the weary marches of the distant caravans. They purchased slaves, taught them their duties, fed and clothed them—they were happy; why should the Khedive of Egypt prohibit the traffic and thus disturb every household in his territory?

There is no Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square in Egypt, there are no agitators nor open-air meetings, fortunately for the modern ruler, or he would have had an unpleasant expression of the popular sentiment at the close of my administration. The break-up of the White Nile slave-trade

involved the depression of trade in Khartoum, as the market had supplied the large bands of slave-hunters. The ivory of the numerous adventurers still remained in the White Nile stations, as they feared confiscation should their vessels be captured with the ever accompanying slave cargo. Thus little ivory arrived at Khartoum to meet the debts of the traders to the merchants in Cairo and Alexandria. These owed Manchester and Liverpool for calicoes supplied, which had been forwarded to the Soudan.

The direct blow at the White Nile slave-trade was an indirect attack upon the commerce of the country, which was inseparably connected with the demand of the Soudan employers of brigands.

This slight outline of the situation will exhibit the difficulties of the Khedive in his thankless and Herculean task of cleansing the Augean stables. He incurred the wrath of general discontent; his own officials accused him of deserting the Mahommedan cause for the sake of European Kudos, and while he sacrificed his popularity in Egypt, his policy was misconstrued by the powers he had sought to gratify. He was accused of civilizing “through the medium of fire and sword” by the same English journals which are now extolling the prowess of the British arms in Caffraria and the newly-annexed Transvaal!

In this equivocal position it would have been natural either to have abandoned the enterprise at the termination of my own engagement, or to have placed a Mahommedan officer in charge of the new provinces. Instead of this, His Highness adhered most strictly to his original determination, and to prove his sincerity he entrusted the command to an English officer of high reputation, not only for military capacity, but for a peculiar attribute of self-sacrifice and devotion. Colonel C. E. Gordon, R.E., C.B., was appointed Governor-General of the Soudan and equatorial districts, with supreme power.

This appointment extinguished the delusions which had been nourished by the Soudan authorities, “that at the expiration of Baker Pacha’s rule the good old times of slavery and lawlessness would return.” There was no longer any hope; the slave-trade was suppressed, and the foundation was laid for the introduction of European ideas and civilization. It will now be interesting to trace an outline of the advance of Egypt during the last five years.

The main difficulty in my original enterprise was the obstruction of the White Nile by the accumulation of matted vegetation, which impeded

navigation, and actually closed the river. Upon arrival at Gondokoro, after the tedious process of cutting through 50 miles of swamp and vegetable matter, via the Bahr Giraffe, I had requested the Khedive to issue an order that the Governor of Khartoum should immediately commence the great work of reopening the White Nile.

His Highness without delay forwarded the necessary instructions, and in two years the work was completed by Ismail Ayoob Pacha, with the loss of several vessels which had been overwhelmed by the sudden bursting of vast masses of floating swamps and entangled reeds. It had been necessary to commence operations below stream, to enable the blocks of vegetation to escape when detached by cutting from the main body.

The White Nile was restored to navigation a few months after my return to England, and was clear for large vessels by the time that Colonel Gordon arrived in Khartoum.

I had originally sent up six steamers from Cairo to ply between Khartoum and Gondokoro; these had been simply employed as far as Fashoda station, but as the Nile was now open, they at once established a rapid and regular communication with the equatorial provinces. The terrible

difficulty had vanished, and Gondokoro was linked with the outer world from which it had been excluded. The appliances which had been prepared with much care could now be utilized. With the river open, supplies and reinforcements could be immediately forwarded, and the ivory which had accumulated in the government stations could be brought to market. In addition to the physical advantages of restored communication, a great moral change was effected throughout the officers and troops; they felt no longer banished from the world, but accepted their position as garrisons in Egyptian territory.

At Gondokoro I had constructed a steel steamer of 108 tons, and I had left ready packed for land transport a steamer of the same metal 38 tons, in addition to two steel lifeboats of each 10 tons, for conveyance to the Albert N'yanza. At Khartoum I had left in sections a steamer of 251 tons. All these vessels had been brought from England and conveyed with incredible trouble upon camels across the deserts to Khartoum.

Before my arrival in the Soudan the entire river force of steamers upon the Blue and White Niles was represented by four very inferior vessels. I had added six from Cairo, and built a seventh; thus I left a force of

eleven steamers working on the river, exclusive of two in sections.

The stations garrisoned by regular troops were—

1. Gondokoro, N. lat. 4 degrees 54 minutes.
2. Fatiko, N. lat. 3 degrees 2 minutes.
3. Foweera, N. lat. 2 degrees 6 minutes.
4. Fabbo, N. lat. 3 degrees 8 minutes.

By the newly-raised irregulars—

5. Farragenia.
6. Faloro.

In this position of affairs Colonel Gordon succeeded to the command in the spring of 1874. Although the Bari tribe, which had been subdued, was nominally at peace, it was hardly safe to travel through the country without an armed escort.

Colonel Gordon’s first effort was in favour of conciliation, with the hope of inspiring a friendly spirit among the chiefs. At the same time he resolved to offer a chance for reform to the slave-hunter Abou Saood, who he considered might amend his ways, and from his knowledge of the

people become a useful officer to the government. Unfortunately, the leopard could not change his spots, and the man, to whom every opportunity had been given, was dismissed and punished. It was impossible to have discovered an officer more thoroughly qualified for the command than Colonel Gordon. By profession a military engineer, he combined the knowledge especially required for carrying on the enterprise. He had extended the hand of friendship to the natives, but when rejected with contempt and opposed by hostility, he was prompt in chastisement. The wet seasons and attendant high flood of two years were employed in dragging the 108-ton steel steamer up the various cataracts which intervened between Gondokoro and Duflli (N. lat. 3 degrees 34 minutes). This portion of the river formed a series of steps caused by a succession of cataracts at intervals of about 25 miles; between the obstacles the stream was navigable. The natives of Moogi treacherously attacked and killed the whole of a detachment, including the French officer in command, during the absence of Colonel Gordon, who was engaged in the operation of towing the steamer through the rapids only a few miles distant. This open hostility necessitated the subjugation of the tribe, and the establishment of a line of military posts along the course of the river.

After much trouble, at the expiration of two years the steamer was dragged to an utterly impassable series of cataracts south of Lobore. This line of obstruction extended for the short distance of about twelve miles, beyond which the river was navigable into the Albert N’yanza.

Several vessels had been towed up together with the steamer from Gondokoro, and the 38-ton steel steamer and two lifeboats which had been thus conveyed, were now carried in sections to the spot above the last cataracts at Duffli, where they could be permanently reconstructed.

Signor Gessi was entrusted with the command of the two lifeboats upon their completion, and had the honour of first entering the Albert N’yanza from the north by the river Nile.

The 38-ton steamer was put together, and the 108-ton (Khedive), which had been left a few miles distant from Duffli, below the cataracts, was taken to pieces and reconstructed on the navigable portion of the Nile in N. lat. 3 degrees 34 minutes.

The plan of connecting the equatorial Lake Albert with Khartoum by steam communication which I had originated, was now completed by the untiring

energy and patience of my successor. The large steamer of 251 tons was put together at Khartoum, to add to the river flotilla, thus increasing the steam power from four vessels, when I had arrived in 1870, to THIRTEEN, which in 1877 were plying between the capital of the Soudan and the equator. The names of Messrs. Samuda Brothers and Messrs. Penn and Co. upon the three steel steamers and engines which they had constructed for the expedition are now evidences of the civilizing power of the naval and mechanical engineers of Great Britain, which has linked with the great world countries that were hitherto excluded from all intercourse.

There is still some mystery attached to the Albert N'yanza. It has been circumnavigated by Signor Gessi, in the steel lifeboats, and subsequently by Colonel Mason of the American army, who was employed under Colonel Gordon. Both of these officers agree that the southern end of the lake is closed by a mass of "ambatch," and that a large river reported as 400 yards in width flows INTO the Albert N'yanza. On the other hand, the well-known African explorer Mr. Stanley visited the lake SOUTH of the ambatch limit, to which he was guided by orders of the King M'tese;. At that spot it was called the "M'woota N'zige;," the same name which the lake bears throughout Unyoro, therefore there can be no

reasonable doubt that it is the same water. The description of the ambatch block and the river flowing into the lake explains the information that was given to me by native traders, who declared they had come by canoe from Karagwe;, via the Albert N'yanza, but that it would be difficult without a guide to discover the passage where the lake was extremely narrow and the channel tortuous into the next broad water.

Colonel Gordon has continued the amicable relations established by myself with the Unyoro chief Rionga, and with M'tese;, King of Uganda.

The commercial aspect of the equatorial provinces is improving, but our recent experience in South Africa must teach the most sanguine that very many years must elapse before the negro tribes become amenable to the customs and improvements of civilized communities.

The expedition of 1869 which His Highness the Khedive entrusted to my command laid the foundation for reforms which at that time would have appeared incredible in Egypt. The slave-trade has been suppressed through the agency of British influence, persistently supported by the Khedive; Darfur, the hot-bed of slave-hunting, has been conquered and

annexed; Colonel Gordon has the supreme command of the entire Soudan; Malcolm Pacha is commissioned to sweep the slave traffic from the Red Sea.

With this determination to adopt the ideas of Europe, the Khedive has passed through the trying ordeal of unpopularity in his own country, but, by a cool disregard for the hostility of the ignorant, he has adhered to a policy which has gained him the esteem of all civilized communities. He has witnessed the bloody struggle between Russia and Turkey, and though compelled as a vassal state to render military assistance to the Sultan, he has profited by the lesson, and has determined by a wise reform to avoid the errors which have resulted in anarchy and desolation throughout the Ottoman Empire.

In the year 1870 the slave-hunting of Central Africa was condemned. Since that time Englishmen have been honoured with the special attention of the Khedive, and have been appointed to posts of the highest confidence. European tribunals were established in the place of consular jurisdiction, British government officials have been invited to reform the financial administration, and Mr. Rivers Wilson has been induced to accept the responsible office of Minister of Finance. Nubar Pacha has

been recalled to office, and he must regard with pride the general confidence occasioned throughout Europe by his reappointment. The absolute despotism hitherto inseparable from Oriental ideas of government has been spontaneously abrogated by the Khedive, who has publicly announced his determination that the future administration shall be conducted by a council of responsible ministers.

England has become the great shareholder in the Suez Canal, which is the important link with our Indian Empire. At the alarm of war we have already seen the fleet of steam transports hurrying through the isthmus, and carrying native troops to join the British forces in the Mediterranean. We have learnt to know, and the Khedive has wisdom to understand, that the bonds between Egypt and Great Britain are inseparable. At the same time we have been aided by the cordial alliance of France in promoting the advance of free institutions and the growth of European influence in the administration of the country. England and France, who struggled in hostile rivalry upon the sands and seas of Egypt, are now joined in the firm determination to uphold the integrity of the great canal of Suez, and these powers and leaders of civilization will become the guides and guardians of Egyptian interests. The reforms already sanctioned with a new era of justice and economy will insure the

confidence of British capitalists; the resources of Egypt will be developed by engineering skill that will control the impetuosity of the Nile and protect the Delta alike from the scarcity of drought, and from the risk of inundation. The Nile sources, which from the earliest times had remained a mystery, have been discovered by the patience and industry of Englishmen; the Nile will at no distant period be rendered navigable throughout its course, and Egypt, which for actual existence depends alone upon that mighty river, will be restored by British enterprise, supported by the intelligence and goodwill of its ruler, to the position which it held in the pages of Eastern history.

1878.

S. W. B.

ISMAILIA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In the present work I shall describe the history of the Khedive of Egypt's expedition, which I have had the honour to command, as the first practical step that has been taken to suppress the slave trade of Central Africa.

I shall not repeat, beyond what may be absolutely necessary, that which has already been published in my former works on Africa, "The Albert N'yanza" and "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," but I shall adhere to the simple path taken by the expedition. This enterprise was the natural result of my original explorations, in which I had been an eye-witness to the horrors of the slave trade, which I determined, if possible, to suppress.

In my former journey I had traversed countries of extreme fertility in Central Africa, with a healthy climate favourable for the settlement of Europeans, at a mean altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea level. This large and almost boundless extent of country was well peopled by a race who only required the protection of a strong but paternal government to become of considerable importance, and to eventually develop the great resources of the soil.

I found lands varying in natural capabilities according to their position and altitudes—where sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, spices, and all tropical produce might be successfully cultivated; but those lands were without any civilized form of government, and “every man did what seemed right in his own eyes.”

In this dislocated state of society, the slave trade prospered to the detriment of all improvement. Rich and well-populated countries were rendered desolate; the women and children were carried into captivity; villages were burnt, and crops were destroyed or pillaged; the population was driven out; a terrestrial paradise was converted into an infernal region; the natives who were originally friendly were rendered hostile to all strangers, and the general result of the slave trade could only be expressed in one word—“ruin.”

The slave hunters and traders who had caused this desolation were for the most part Arabs, subjects of the Egyptian government.

These people had deserted their agricultural occupations in the Soudan and had formed companies of brigands in the pay of various merchants of Khartoum. The largest trader had about 2,500 Arabs in his pay, employed

as pirates or brigands, in Central Africa. These men were organized after a rude military fashion, and armed with muskets; they were divided into companies, and were officered in many cases by soldiers who had deserted from their regiments in Egypt or the Soudan.

It is supposed that about 15,000 of the Khedive's subjects who should have been industriously working and paying their taxes in Egypt were engaged in the so-called ivory trade and slave-hunting of the White Nile.

Each trader occupied a special district, where, by a division of his forces in a chain of stations, each of which represented about 300 men, he could exercise a right of possession over a certain amount of assumed territory.

In this manner enormous tracts of country were occupied by the armed bands from Khartoum, who could make alliances with the native tribes to attack and destroy their neighbours, and to carry off their women and children, together with vast herds of sheep and cattle.

I have already fully described this system in "The Albert N'yanza,"

therefore it will be unnecessary to enter into minute details in the present work. It will be sufficient, to convey an idea of the extended scale of the slave-hunting operations, to explain that an individual trader named Agad assumed the right over nearly NINETY THOUSAND SQUARE
MILES of territory. Thus his companies of brigands could pillage at discretion, massacre, take, burn, or destroy throughout this enormous area, or even beyond this broad limit, if they had the power.

It is impossible to know the actual number of slaves taken from Central Africa annually; but I should imagine that at least fifty thousand are positively either captured and held in the various zareebas (or camps) or are sent via the White Nile and the various routes overland by Darfur and Kordofan. The loss of life attendant upon the capture and subsequent treatment of the slaves is frightful. The result of this forced emigration, combined with the insecurity of life and property, is the withdrawal of the population from the infested districts. The natives have the option of submission to every insult, to the violation of their women and the pillage of their crops, or they must either desert their homes and seek independence in distant districts, or ally themselves with their oppressors to assist in the oppression of other tribes. Thus

the seeds of anarchy are sown throughout Africa, which fall among tribes naturally prone to discord. The result is horrible confusion,—distrust on all sides,—treachery, devastation, and ruin.

This was the state of Central Africa and the White Nile when I was first honoured with the notice of Ismail Pacha, the present Khedive of Egypt.

I had received certain intimations from the Foreign Minister, Nubar Pacha, concerning the Khedive's intentions, a short time previous to an invitation with which I was honoured by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to accompany their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess during their tour in Egypt.

It is almost needless to add that, upon arrival in Egypt, the Prince of Wales, who represented at heart the principles of Great Britain, took the warmest interest in the suppression of the slave trade.

The Khedive, thus supported and encouraged in his ideas of reform, concluded his arrangements for the total abolition of the slave trade, not only throughout his dominions, but he determined to attack that moral cancer by actual cautery at the very root of the evil.

I was accordingly requested to draw up a plan for the proposed expedition to Central Africa.

After some slight modifications, I received from the Khedive the following firman:—

“We, Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, considering the savage condition of the tribes which inhabit the Nile Basin;

“Considering that neither government, nor laws, nor security exists in those countries;

“Considering that humanity enforces the suppression of the slave-hunters who occupy those countries in great numbers;

“Considering that the establishment of legitimate commerce throughout those countries will be a great stride towards future civilization, and will result in the opening to steam navigation of the great equatorial lakes of Central Africa, and in the establishing a permanent government … . We have decreed and now decree as follows:—

“An expedition is organized to subdue to our authority the countries situated to the south of Gondokoro;

“To suppress the slave trade; to introduce a system of regular commerce;

“To open to navigation the great lakes of the equator;

“And to establish a chain of military stations and commercial depots, distant at intervals of three days’ march, throughout Central Africa, accepting Gondokoro as the base of operations.

“The supreme command of this expedition is confided to Sir Samuel White Baker, for four years, commencing from 1st April, 1869; to whom also we confer the most absolute and supreme power, even that of death, over all those who may compose the expedition.

“We confer upon him the same absolute and supreme authority over all those countries belonging to the Nile Basin south of Gondokoro.”

It was thus that the Khedive determined at the risk of his popularity

among his own subjects to strike a direct blow at the slave trade in its distant nest. To insure the fulfilment of this difficult enterprise, he selected an Englishman, armed with a despotic power such as had never been intrusted by a Mohammedan to a Christian.

The slave trade was to be suppressed; legitimate commerce was to be introduced, and protection was to be afforded to the natives by the establishment of a government.

The suppression of the slave trade was a compliment to the European Powers which would denote the superiority of Egypt, and would lay the first stone in the foundation of a new civilization; and a population that was rapidly disappearing would be saved to Africa.

To effect this grand reform it would be necessary to annex the Nile Basin, and to establish a government in countries that had been hitherto without protection, and a prey to the adventurers from the Soudan. To convey steel steamers from England, and to launch them upon the Albert Lake, and thus open the resources of Central Africa; to establish legitimate trade in a vast country which had hitherto been a field of rapine and of murder; to protect the weak and to punish the evil-doer,

and to open the road to a great future, where the past had been all darkness and the present reckless spoliation—this was the grand object which Ismail, the Khedive of Egypt, determined to accomplish.

In this humane enterprise he was firmly supported by his two Ministers, Nubar Pacha and Cherif Pacha (an Armenian and a Circassian). The young princes his sons, who are well-educated and enlightened men, took the greatest interest in the undertaking; but beyond these and a few others, the object of the expedition was regarded with ill-concealed disgust.

Having received full powers from the Khedive, I gave orders for the following vessels to be built of steel by Messrs. Samuda Brothers:—

No. 1. A paddle steamer of 251 tons, 32-horse power.
No. 2. A twin screw high-pressure steamer of 20-horse power, 108 tons.
No. 3. A twin screw high-pressure steamer of 10-horse power, 38 tons.
Nos. 4, 5. Two steel lifeboats, each 30 ft. by 9—10 tons each.

These vessels were fitted with engines of the best construction by Messrs. Pond & Co., and were to be carried across the Nubian desert in plates and sections.

In addition to the steamers were steam saw mills, with a boiler that weighed 8 cwt. in one piece—all of which would have to be transported by camels for several hundred miles across the Nubian desert, and by boats and camels alternately from Alexandria to Gondokoro, a distance of about THREE THOUSAND MILES.

In the description of this enterprise, which terminated in the suppression of the slave trade of the White Nile and the annexation of a large equatorial territory to Egypt, I shall be compelled to expose many abuses which were the result of misgovernment in the distant provinces of Upper Egypt. It must be distinctly understood that his Highness the Khedive was ignorant of such abuses, and that he took prompt and vigorous measures to reform the administration of the Soudan immediately upon receiving information of the misgovernment of that extensive territory. Throughout the expedition his Highness has exhibited a determination to succeed in the suppression of the slave trade in spite of the adverse opinion of the public; therefore, when I expose the abuses that existed, it must be accepted without hesitation that the Khedive would have been the foremost in punishing the authors and in rectifying such abuses had he been aware of their existence.

As a duty to the Khedive, and in justice to myself, I shall describe the principal incidents as they occurred throughout the expedition. The civilized world will form both judge and jury; if their verdict be favourable, I shall have my reward. I can only assure my fellow-men that I have sought earnestly the guidance of the Almighty in the use of the great power committed to me, and I trust that I have been permitted to lay a firm foundation for a good work hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLISH PARTY.

The success of an expedition depends mainly upon organization. From my former experience in Central Africa, I knew exactly the requirements of the natives, and all the material that would be necessary for the enterprise. I also knew that the old adage of “out of sight out of mind” might be adopted as the Egyptian motto, therefore it would be indispensable to supply myself with everything at the outset, so as to be independent of support hereafter.

The English party consisted of myself and Lady Baker; Lieutenant Julian Alleyne Baker, R.N.; Mr. Edwin Higginbotham, civil engineer; Mr. Wood, secretary; Dr. Joseph Gedge, physician; Mr. Marcopolo, chief storekeeper and interpreter; Mr. McWilliam, chief engineer of steamers; Mr. Jarvis, chief shipwright; together with Messrs. Whitfield, Samson, Hitchman, and Ramsall, shipwrights, boiler-makers, &c. In addition to the above were two servants.

I laid in stores sufficient to last the European party four years.

I provided four galvanized iron magazines, each eighty feet long by twenty in width, to protect all material.

Before I left England I personally selected every article that was necessary for the expedition; thus an expenditure of about 9,000 pounds was sufficient for the purchase of the almost innumerable items that formed the outfit for the enterprise. This included an admirable selection of Manchester goods, such as cotton sheeting, grey calico, cotton and also woollen blankets, white, scarlet, and blue; Indian scarfs, red and yellow; handkerchiefs of gaudy colours, chintz printed; scarlet flannel shirts, serge of colours (blue, red), linen trowsers,

&c., &c.

Tools of all sorts—axes, small hatchets, harness bells, brass and copper rods, combs, zinc mirrors, knives, crockery, tin plates, fish-hooks, musical boxes, coloured prints, finger-rings, razors, tinned spoons, cheap watches, &c., &c.

All these things were purchased through Messrs. Silber & Fleming, of Wood Street, Cheapside.

I thus had sufficient clothing for a considerable body of troops if necessary, while the magazines could produce anything from a needle to a crowbar, or from a handkerchief to a boat's sail. It will be seen hereafter that these careful arrangements assured the success of the expedition, as the troops, when left without pay, could procure all they required from the apparently inexhaustible stores of the magazines.

In addition to the merchandise and general supplies, I had several large musical boxes with bells and drums, an excellent magic lantern, a magnetic battery, wheels of life, and an assortment of toys. The greatest wonder to the natives were two large girandoles; also the

silvered balls, about six inches in diameter, that, suspended from the branch of a tree, reflected the scene beneath.

In every expedition the principal difficulty is the transport.

“Travel light, if possible,” is the best advice for all countries; but in this instance it was simply impossible, as the object of the expedition was not only to convey steamers to Central Africa, but to establish legitimate trade in the place of the nefarious system of pillage hitherto adopted by the so-called White Nile traders. It was therefore absolutely necessary to possess a large stock of goods of all kinds, in addition to the machinery and steel sections of steamers.

I arranged that the expedition should start in three divisions.

Six steamers, varying from 40 to 80-horse power, were ordered to leave Cairo in June, together with fifteen sloops and fifteen diahbeeahs—total, thirty-six vessels—to ascend the cataracts of the Nile to Khartoum, a distance by river of about 1,450 miles. These vessels were to convey the whole of the merchandise.

Twenty-five vessels were ordered to be in readiness at Khartoum, together with three steamers. The governor-general (Djiaffer Pacha) was to provide these vessels by a certain date, together with the camels and horses necessary for the land transport.

Thus when the fleet should arrive at Khartoum from Cairo, the total force of vessels would be nine steamers and fifty-five sailing vessels, the latter averaging about fifty tons each.

Mr. Higginbotham had the command of the desert transport from Korosko to Khartoum, and to that admirable officer I intrusted the charge of the steamer sections and machinery, together with the command of the English engineers and mechanics.

I arranged to bring up the rear by another route, via Souakim on the Red Sea, from which the desert journey to Berber, on the Nile, N. lat. 17 degrees 37 minutes, is 275 statute miles.

My reason for this division of routes was to insure a quick supply of camels, as much delay would have been occasioned had the great mass of transport been conveyed by one road.

The military arrangements comprised a force of 1,645 troops, including a corps of 200 irregular cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. The infantry were two regiments, supposed to be well selected. The black or Soudani regiment included many officers and men who had served for some years in Mexico with the French army under Marshal Bazaine. The Egyptian regiment turned out to be for the most part convicted felons who had been transported for various crimes from Egypt to the Soudan.

The artillery were rifled mountain guns of bronze, the barrel weighing 230 lbs., and throwing shells of 8-1/4 lbs. The authorities at Woolwich had kindly supplied the expedition with 200 Hale's rockets—three-pounders—and fifty snider rifles, together with 50,000 rounds of snider ammunition. The military force and supplies were to be massed in Khartoum ready to meet me upon my arrival.

I had taken extra precautions in the packing of ammunition and all perishable goods. The teak boxes for snider ammunition, also the boxes of Hale's rockets, were lined and hermetically sealed with soldered tin. The light Manchester goods and smaller articles were packed in strong, useful, painted tin boxes, with locks and hinges, &c. Each box was

numbered, and when the lid was opened, a tin plate was soldered over the open face, so that the lid, when closed, locked above an hermetically sealed case. Each tin box was packed in a deal case, with a number to correspond with the box within.

By this arrangement the tin boxes arrived at their destination as good as new, and were quite invaluable for travelling, as they each formed a handy load, and were alike proof against the attacks of insects and bad weather.

I had long waterproof cloaks for the night sentries in rainy climates, and sou'-wester caps; these proved of great service during active operations in the wet season, as the rifles were kept dry beneath the cloaks, and the men were protected from wet and cold when on guard.

All medicines and drugs were procured from Apothecaries' Hall, and were accordingly of the best quality.

The provisions for the troops were dhurra (sorghum vulgare), wheat, rice, and lentils. The supplies from England, and in fact the general arrangements, had been so carefully attended to, that throughout the

expedition I could not feel a want, neither could I either regret or wish to have changed any plan that I had originally determined.

For the transport of the heavy machinery across the desert I employed gun carriages drawn by two camels each. The two sections of steamers and of lifeboats were slung upon long poles of fir from Trieste, arranged between two camels in the manner of shafts. Many hundred poles served this purpose, and subsequently, were used at headquarters as rafters for magazines and various buildings.

The No. 1 steamer of 250 tons had not arrived from England. I therefore left instructions that she was to be forwarded across the desert upon the same principles as adopted for the transport of the other vessels.

I had thrown my whole heart into the expedition; but I quickly perceived the difficulties that I should encounter in the passive resistance of those whose interests would be affected by the suppression of the slave trade. The arrangements that I had made would have insured success, if carried out according to the dates specified. The six steamers and the sailing flotilla from Cairo should have started on 10th June, in order to have ascended the cataracts of Wady Halfah at the period of high

water. Instead of this, the vessels were delayed, in the absence of the Khedive in Europe, until 29th August; thus, by the time they reached the second cataract, the river had fallen, and it was impossible to drag the `steamers through the passage until the next season. Thus twelve months were wasted, and I was at once deprived of the invaluable aid of six steamers.

In addition to this difficulty was the fact of inevitable delay necessitated by the festivities attending the opening of the Suez Canal. The Khedive, with his accustomed hospitality, had made immense preparations for the reception of visitors, and every available vessel had been prepared for the occasion.

A train of forty-one railway waggons laden with sections of steamers, machinery, boiler-plates, &c., &c., arrived at Cairo, and were embarked on board eleven hired vessels. With the greatest difficulty I procured a steamer of 140-horse power to tow this flotilla to Korosko, from which spot the desert journey would commence. I obtained this steamer only by personal application to the Khedive.

At length I witnessed the start of the entire English party of engineers

and mechanics, together with Mr. Higginbotham and Dr. J. Gedge. The steamer Minieh, towed the lone line of eleven vessels against the powerful stream of the Nile. One of the tow-ropes snipped at the commencement of the voyage, which created some confusion, but when righted they quickly steamed. out of view. This mass of heavy material, including two steamers, and two steel lifeboats of ten tons each, was to be transported for a distance of about 3,000 miles, 400 of which would be across the scorching Nubian deserts!

The first division of the heavy baggage had started on 29th August, 1869, with the sloops, to ascend the cataracts direct by river to Khartoum. I dared, not trust any portions of the steamers by this dangerous route, lest by the loss of one vessel with sections I might destroy all hope of success.

It was a relief to have started the main branches of the expedition, after the various delays that had already seriously endangered the chances of the White Nile voyage. For that river all vessels should leave Khartoum early in November.

On 5th December, 1869, we brought up the rear, and left Suez on board an

Egyptian sloop of war, the Senaar. In four days and a half we reached Souakim, after an escape from wreck on the reef of Shadwan, and a close acquaintance with a large barque, with which we nearly came into collision.

The captain of our sloop was a most respectable man, apparently about eighty years of age. The first lieutenant appeared to be somewhat his senior, and neither could see, even with the assistance of a very greasy and dirty binocular. The various officers appeared to be vestiges from Noah's ark in point of antiquity; thus a close shave with a reef and a near rub with a strange vessel were little incidents that might be expected in the Red Sea.

We anchored safely in the harbour of Souakim; and landed my twenty-one horses without accident.

I was met by the governor, my old friend Moomtazz Bey, a highly intelligent Circassian officer, who had shown me much kindness on my former expedition.

A week's delay in Souakim was necessary to obtain camels. In fourteen

days we crossed the desert 275 miles to Berber on the Nile, and found a steamer and diahbeeah in readiness. We arrived at Khartoum, a distance of 200 miles by river, in three days, having accomplished the voyage from Suez in the short space of thirty-two days, including stoppages.

Khartoum was not changed externally; but I had observed with dismay a frightful change in the features of the country between Berber and the capital since my former visit. The rich soil on the banks of the river, which had a few years since been highly cultivated, was abandoned. Now and then a tuft of neglected date-palms might be seen, but the river's banks, formerly verdant with heavy crops, had become a wilderness. Villages once crowded had entirely disappeared; the population was gone. Irrigation had ceased. The night, formerly discordant with the creaking of countless water-wheels, was now silent as death. There was not a dog to howl for a lost master. Industry had vanished; oppression had driven the inhabitants from the soil.

This terrible desolation was caused by the governor general of the Soudan, who, although himself an honest man, trusted too much to the honesty of others, who preyed upon the inhabitants. As a good and true Mohammedan, he left his territory to the care of God, and thus, trusting

in Providence, he simply increased the taxes. In one year he sent to the Khedive his master 100,000 pounds in hard dollars, wrung from the poor peasantry, who must have lost an equal amount in the pillage that accompanies the collection.

The population of the richest province of the Soudan fled from oppression, and abandoned the country; and the greater portion betook themselves to the slave trade of the White Nile, where, in their turn, they might trample upon the rights of others; where, as they had been plundered, they would be able to plunder; where they could reap the harvest of another's labour; and where, free from the restrictions of a government, they might indulge in the exciting and lucrative enterprise of slave-hunting. Thousands had forsaken their homes, and commenced a life of brigandage on the White Nile.

This was the state of the country when I arrived at Khartoum. The population of this town, which was about 30,000 during my former visit, was now reduced to half the number. The European residents had all disappeared, with the exception of the Austrian Mission, and Mr. Hansall the Austrian Consul; also an extremely tough German tailor, who was proof against the climate that had carried off his companions.

I had given the necessary orders for vessels and supplies six months previous; thus, I naturally expected to find a fleet ready for departure, with the troops and stores waiting for instructions. To my surprise, I discovered that my orders had been so far neglected, that although the troops were at hand, there were no vessels prepared for transport. I was coolly informed by the governor-general that “it was impossible to procure the number of vessels required, therefore he had purchased a house for me, as he expected that I should remain that year at Khartoum, and start in the following season.”

There literally was not one vessel ready for the voyage, in spite of the positive instructions that had been given. At the same time I found that the governor-general had just prepared a squadron of eleven vessels, with several companies of regular troops, for an expedition to the Bahr Gazal, where it was intended to form a settlement at the copper-mines on the frontier of Darfur. This expedition had been placed under the command of one of the most notorious ruffians and slave-hunters of the White Nile. This man, Kutchuk Ali, originally of low extraction, had made a fortune in his abominable traffic, and had accordingly received promotion from the governor; thus, at the same time that the Khedive of

Egypt had employed me to suppress the slave trade of the Nile, a government expedition had been intrusted to the command of one of the most notorious slave-hunters.

I at once perceived that not only was my expedition unpopular, but that it would be seriously opposed by all parties. The troops had been quartered for some months at Khartoum; during this time the officers had been intimate with the principal slave-traders of the country. All were Mohammedans—thus a coalition would be natural against a Christian who commanded an expedition avowedly to annihilate the slave trade upon which Khartoum subsisted.

It was a “house divided against itself;” the Khedive in the north issued orders that would be neutralized in the distant south by his own authorities.

As in the United States of America the opinion of the South upon the question of emancipation was opposed to that of the North,—the opposition in Soudan was openly avowed to the reform believed to have been suggested to the Khedive by England.

The season was already far advanced. There is no weapon so fatal as delay in the hands of Egyptians. I knew the intentions of the authorities were to procrastinate until the departure of the expedition would become impossible. It was necessary to insist upon the immediate purchase of vessels which should have been prepared months before.

None of the steamers from Cairo had passed the cataracts. The fifteen large sloops upon which I had depended for the transport of camels had actually given up the attempt and returned to Cairo. Only the smaller vessels had mounted the cataracts, and they could not arrive at Khartoum for some months.

The first division, consisting of all merchandise that I had sent from Cairo, had arrived in Khartoum under the charge of a Syrian to whom I had given the command. I heard that Mr. Higginbotham, accompanied by Dr. Gedge and the English party, together with all the Egyptian mechanics, was on his way across the desert in charge of the steamers and machinery, carried by some thousand camels. The third division, brought up by Mr. Marcopolo, arrived from Souakim a few days later than ourselves, thus every arrangement that had been intrusted to my own officers was well executed.

After some pressure, the governor began to purchase the vessels. It may be imagined that a sudden necessity gave a welcome opportunity to certain officials. Old vessels were purchased at the price of new, and the government agent received a bribe from the owners to pass the vessels on survey. We were now fitting out under difficulties, and working at a task that should have been accomplished months before. Sailcloth was scarce; hempen ropes were rarities in Khartoum, where the wretched cordage was usually obtained from the leaves of the date-palm. The highest prices were paid for everything; thus a prearranged delay caused an immense expense for the expedition. I studiously avoided any purchases personally, but simply gave the necessary instructions to be executed by the governor. It is only fair to admit that he now worked hard, and took great interest in the outfit of the flotilla. This governor-general, Djiaffer Pacha, had formerly shown me much kindness on my arrival at Souakim, during my first journey in Africa. I had therefore reckoned upon him as a friend; but no personal considerations could palliate the secret hatred to the object of the expedition.

From morning till night I was occupied in pushing on the work; in this I was ably assisted by Lieutenant J. A. Baker, R.N., whose professional

experience was of much service. A new spirit seemed to move in Khartoum; hundreds of men were at work; a row of masts and yards rose up before the government house; and in a few weeks we had thirty-three vessels of fifty or sixty tons each, caulked, rigged, and ready for the voyage of 1,450 miles to Gondokoro.

If the same energy had been shown some months ago, I should have found a fleet of fifty ships awaiting me. I had lost a month at Khartoum at a season when every day was precious.

I reviewed the troops, about 1,400 infantry, and two batteries of artillery. The men were in fine condition, but I had no means of transport for the entire force. I therefore instructed Djiaffer Pacha to continue his exertions in preparing vessels, so that on Dr. Higginbotham's arrival he might follow with the remaining detachment.

I reviewed the irregular cavalry, about 250 horse. These were certainly VERY irregular. Each man was horsed and armed according to his individual notion of a trooper's requirements. There were lank, half-starved horses; round short horses; very small ponies; horses that were all legs; others that were all heads; horses that had been groomed;

horses that had never gone through that operation. The saddles and bridles were only fit for an old curiosity shop. There were some with faded strips of gold and silver lace adhering here and there; others that resembled the horse in skeleton appearance, which had been strengthened by strips of raw crocodile skin. The unseemly huge shovel-stirrups were rusty; the bits were filthy. Some of the men had swords and pistols; others had short blunderbusses with brass barrels; many had guns of various patterns, from the long old-fashioned Arab to the commonest double-barrelled French gun that was imported. The costumes varied in a like manner to the arms and animals.

Having formed in line, they now executed a brilliant charge at a supposed enemy, and performed many feats of valour in dense clouds of dust, and having quickly got into inconceivable confusion, they at length rallied and returned to their original position.

I complimented their officer;—and having asked the governor if these brave troops represented my cavalry force, and being assured of the fact, I dismissed them; and requested Djiaffer Pacha to inform them that "I regretted the want of transport would not permit me the advantage of their services. `Inshallah!' (Please God!) at some future time," &c.,

&c.

I thus got rid of my cavalry, which I never wished to see again. I had twenty-one good horses that I had brought from Cairo, and these together with the horses belonging to the various officers were as much as we could convey.

The flotilla was ready for the voyage. We had engaged sailors with the greatest difficulty, as a general stampede of boatmen had taken place. Every one ran from Khartoum to avoid the expedition.

This was a dodge of the slave-traders, who had incited the people to escape from any connection with such an enterprise. It was supposed that without boatmen we should be unable to start.

The police authorities were employed, and by degrees the necessary crews were secured,—all unwilling, and composed of the worst material.

I had taken the precaution of selecting from the two regiments a bodyguard of forty-six men. Their numbers were equal black and white, as I considered this arrangement might excite an esprit de corps, and

would in the event of discontent prevent a coalition.

The men having been well chosen were fine examples of physique, and being armed with the snider rifle and carefully drilled, such a body of picked troops would form a nucleus for further development, and might become a dependable support in any emergency. This corps was commanded by an excellent officer, my aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, but owing to the peculiar light-fingered character of the men, I gave it the name of “The Forty Thieves.”

Eventually the corps became a model of morality, and was distinguished for valour and fidelity throughout the expedition.

Six months’ rations were on board for all hands, in addition to the general stores of corn, and cases, bales, &c., innumerable.

On the 8th February, 1870, the bugles announced the departure. The troops hurried on board their respective transports according to the numbers painted on their sides and sails. The official parting was accomplished. I had had to embrace the governor, then a black pacha, a rara avis in terris, and a whole host of beys, concluding the affecting

ceremony with a very fat colonel whom my arms could not properly encircle.

A couple of battalions lined the shore; the guns fired the usual salute as we started on our voyage; the flotilla, composed of two steamers, respectively of thirty-two and twenty-four horsepower, and thirty-one sailing vessels, with a military force of about 800 men, got away in tolerable order. The powerful current of the Blue Nile quickly swept us past Khartoum, and having rounded the point, we steamed up the grand White Nile. The wind blew very strong from the north, thus the entire fleet kept pace with the steamers, one of which was towing my diahbeeah, and the other that of the colonel, Raouf Bey. Thank God we were off; thus all intrigues were left behind, and the future would be under my own command.

On reference to my journal, I find the following entry upon 8th February, 1870:—

“Mr. Higginbotham, who has safely arrived at Berber with the steel steamers in sections for the Albert N’yanza, will, I trust, be provided with vessels at Khartoum, according to my orders, so as to follow me to

Gondokoro with supplies, and about 350 troops with four guns.

“My original programme—agreed to by his Highness the Khedive, who ordered the execution of my orders by the authorities—arranged that six steamers, fifteen sloops, and fifteen diahbeeahs, should leave Cairo on 10th June, to ascend the cataracts to Khartoum, at which place Djiaffer Pacha was to prepare three steamers and twenty-five vessels to convey 1,650 troops, together with transport animals and supplies.

“The usual Egyptian delays have entirely thwarted my plans. No vessels have arrived from Cairo, as they only started on 29th August. Thus, rather than turn back, I start with a mutilated expedition, without a SINGLE TRANSPORT ANIMAL.”

Having minutely described the White Nile in a former work, “The Albert N’yanza,” I shall not repeat the description. In 103 hours and ten minutes’ steaming we reached Fashoda, the government station in the Shillook country, N. lat. 9 degrees 52 minutes, 618 miles by river from Khartoum.

This town had been fortified by a wall and flanking towers since I had

last visited the White Nile, and it was garrisoned by a regiment of Egyptian soldiers. Ali Bey, the governor, was a remarkably handsome old man, a Kurd. He assured me that the Shillook country was in excellent order; and that according to the instructions received from the Khedive he had exerted himself against the slave trade, so that it was impossible for vessels to pass the station.

Fashoda was well situated for this purpose, as it completely dominated the river; but I much doubted my friend's veracity.

Having taken on board a month's rations for all hands, we started; and, with a strong breeze in our favour, we reached the Sobat junction on 16th February, at 12.30 p.m.

There we took in fresh water, as that of the Sobat is superior to the White Nile. At this season the river was about eight feet below the level of the bank. The water of the Sobat is yellowish, and it colours that of the White Nile for a great distance. By dead reckoning I made the Sobat junction 684 miles by river from Khartoum.

When I saw the Sobat, in the first week of January 1863, it was

bank-full. The current is very powerful, and when I sounded in various places during my former voyage, I found a depth of twenty-six to twenty-eight feet. The volume of water brought to the Nile by this river is immense, and the power of the stream is so superior to that of the White Nile, that as it arrives at right angles, the waters of the Nile are banked up. The yellow water of the Sobat forms a distinct line as it cuts through the clear water of the main river, and the floating rafts of vegetation brought down by the White Nile, instead of continuing their voyage, are headed back, and remain helplessly in the backwater. The sources of the Sobat are still a mystery; but there can be no doubt that the principal volume must be water of mountain origin, as it is coloured by earthy matter, and is quite unlike the marsh water of the White Nile. The expeditions of the slave-hunters have ascended the river as far as it is navigable. At that point seven different streams converge into one channel, which forms the great river Sobat. It is my opinion that some of these streams are torrents from the Galla country, while others are the continuation of those southern rivers which have lately been crossed by the slave-hunters between the second and third degrees of N. latitude.

The White Nile is a grand river between the Sobat junction and Khartoum,

and after passing to the south of the great affluent the difference in the character is quickly perceived. We now enter upon the region of immense flats and boundless marshes, through which the river winds in a labyrinth-like course for about 750 miles to Gondokoro.

Having left the Sobat, we arrived at the junction of the Bahr Giraffe, thirty-eight miles distant, at 11 a.m. on 17th February. We turned into the river, and waited for the arrival of the fleet.

The Bahr Giraffe was to be our new passage instead of the original White Nile. That river, which had become so curiously obstructed by masses of vegetation that had formed a solid dam, already described by me in “The Albert N’yanza,” had been entirely neglected by the Egyptian authorities. In consequence of this neglect an extraordinary change had taken place. The immense number of floating islands which are constantly passing down the stream of the White Nile had no exit, thus they were sucked under the original obstruction by the force of the stream, which passed through some mysterious channel, until the subterranean passage became choked with a wondrous accumulation of vegetable matter. The entire river became a marsh, beneath which, by the great pressure of water, the stream oozed through innumerable small channels. In fact, the

White Nile had disappeared. A vessel arriving from Khartoum in her passage to Gondokoro would find, after passing through a broad river of clear water, that her bow would suddenly strike against a bank of solid compressed vegetation—this was the natural dam that had been formed to an unknown extent: the river ceased to exist.

It may readily be imagined that a dense spongy mass which completely closed the river would act as a filter: thus, as the water charged with muddy particles arrived at the dam where the stream was suddenly checked, it would deposit all impurities as it oozed and percolated slowly through the tangled but compressed mass of vegetation. This deposit quickly created mud-banks and shoals, which effectually blocked the original bed of the river. The reedy vegetation of the country immediately took root upon these favourable conditions, and the rapid growth in a tropical climate may be imagined. That which had been the river bed was converted into a solid marsh.

This terrible accumulation had been increasing for five or six years, therefore it is impossible to ascertain or even to speculate upon the distance to which it might extend. The slave-traders had been obliged to seek another rout, which they had found via the Bahr Giraffe, which

river had proved to be merely a branch of the White Nile, as I had suggested in my former work, and not an independent river.

I was rather anxious about this new route, as I had heard conflicting accounts in Khartoum concerning the possibility of navigating such large vessels as the steamers of thirty-two horsepower and a hundred feet length of deck. I was provided with guides who professed to be thoroughly acquainted with the river; these people were captains of trading vessels, who had made the voyage frequently.

On 18th February, at 10 A.M., the rear vessels of the fleet arrived, and at 11.40 A.M., the steamers worked up against the strong current independently. Towing was difficult, owing to the sharp turns of the river. The Bahr Giraffe was about seventy yards in width, and at this season the banks were high and dry. Throughout the voyage on the White Nile we had had excellent wild-fowl shooting whenever we had halted to cut fuel for the steamers. One afternoon I killed a hippopotamus, two crocodiles, and two pelicans, with the rifle. At the mouth of the Bahr Giraffe I bagged twenty-two ducks at a right and left shot with a No. 10-shot gun.

As the fleet now slowly sailed against the strong, current of the Bahr Giraffe, I walked along the hank with Lieutenant Baker, and shot ten of the large francolin partridge, which in this dry season were very numerous. The country was as usual flat, but bearing due south of the Bahr Giraffe junction, about twelve miles distant, is a low granite hill, partially covered with trees; this is the first of four similar low hills that are the only rising points above the vast prairie of flat plain.

As we were walking along the bank I perceived an animal ascending from the river, about two hundred yards distant, where it had evidently been drinking: we immediately endeavoured to cut off its retreat, when it suddenly emerged from the grass and discovered a fine lion with large shaggy mane. The king of beasts, as usual, would not stand to show fight in the open, but bounded off in the direction of the rocky hills.

It will be necessary to give a few extracts from my journal to convey an exact idea of the Bahr Giraffe. The river was very deep, averaging about nineteen feet, and it flowed in a winding course, through a perfectly flat country of prairie, diversified with forest all of which, although now dry, had the appearance of being flooded during the rainy season:—

“February 23.—Steamed from 6 A.M. till 7 P.M. Vast treeless marshes in wet season—now teeming with waterfowl: say fifty miles accomplished to-day through the ever-winding river. The wood from the last forest is inferior, and we have only sufficient fuel for five hours left upon the steamer. The diahbeeah in tow carries about twenty hours’ fuel: thus, should we not arrive at some forest in twenty-five hours, we shall be helpless.

“The river was exceedingly narrow about fifteen miles from our starting point this morning. The stream was strong but deep, flowing through the usual tangled grass, but divided into numerous small channels and backwaters that render the navigation difficult.

“In this spot the river is quite bank-full, and the scattered native villages in the distance are in swamps. The innumerable high white ant-hills are the only dry spots.

“February 24.—Started at 6 A.M. Everybody eaten up by mosquitoes. At 9 A.M. the steamer smashed her starboard paddle: the whole day occupied in repairing. Saw a bull elephant in the marshes at a distance. Horrible

treeless swamps swarming with mosquitoes.

“February 25.—Started at 7 A.M. At 10 A.M. arrived at a very narrow and shallow portion of this chaotic river completely choked by drift vegetation. All hands worked hard to clear a passage through this obstruction until 2.30, when we passed ahead. At 4 P.M. we arrived at a similar obstacle; the water very shallow; and tomorrow we shall have to cut a passage through the high grass, beneath which there is deeper water. I ordered fifty swords to be sharpened for the work. We counted seventy elephants in the distance, but there is no possibility of reaching them through the immense area, of floating vegetation.

“February 26.—Hard at work with forty men cutting a canal about 150 yards long through the dense mass of compressed vegetation.

“February 27.—Working hard at canal. The fleet has not arrived; thus we are short-handed.

“February 28.—The canal progresses, the men having worked well. It is a curious collection of trash that seriously impedes navigation. The grass resembles sugar-canes; this grows from twenty to thirty feet in length,

and throws out roots at every joint; thus, when matted together, its roots still increase, and render the mass a complete tangle. During the wet season the rush of water tears off large rafts of this floating water-grass, which accumulate in any favourable locality. The difficulty of clearing a passage is extreme. After cutting out a large mass with swords, a rope is made fast, and the raft is towed out by hauling with thirty or forty men until it is detached and floated down the stream. Yesterday I cut a narrow channel from above stream in the hope that the rush of water would loosen the mass of vegetation. After much labour, at 12.30 p.m. the whole obstruction appeared to heave. There was soon no doubt that it was moving, and suddenly the entire dam broke up. Immense masses were carried away by the rush of water and floated down the river; these will, I fear, cause an obstruction lower down the stream.

“We got up steam, served out grog to all the men, and started at 2 P.M. In half-an-hour’s steaming we arrived at another block vegetation. In one hour and three-quarters we cleared a passage, and almost immediately afterwards we arrived at the first piece of dry ground that we have seen for days. This piece of firm land was a few feet higher than the maximum rise of the river, and afforded about half an acre. We stopped for the night.

“March 1.—Started at 6.30 A.M., the river narrowing immediately, and after a run of half a mile we found ourselves caught in a trap. The river, although fourteen feet deep, had entirely disappeared in a boundless sea of high grass, which resembled sugar-canes. There was no possibility of progress. I returned to our halting-place of last night in a small rowing-boat, and examined it thoroughly. I found marks of occupation by the slave-traders, about three months old. Among the vestiges were the remains of fires, a piece of a lucifer-match box, a number of cartridge cases—they had been fired—and a piece of raw hide pierced with bullets, that had evidently been used as a target.

“I shot two geese and five plover, and returned to our vessel. My opinion is that the slave-hunters have made a razzia inland from this spot, but that our guide, Bedawi, has led us into a wrong channel.

“I attempted to seek a passage ahead, but it was quite impossible for the smallest rowing boat to penetrate the dense vegetation.

“An advance being impossible, I ordered the steamer and two diahbeeahs to return down the river about eighty miles to our old wooding-place at

the last forest, as we are nearly out of fuel. We thus lose time and trouble, but there is no help for it. For some days there has been no wind, except uncertain breaths from the south. Unless a change shall take place, I have no idea how the fleet will be able to come up against the stream.

“March 2.—At 6.30 a.m. we got under way and ran down stream at eight miles an hour towards our old wooding-place. Saw a few buffaloes. At 1 p.m. we passed on left bank a branch of the river. At 3.30 sighted the tall yards of the fleet in the distance. At 4.30 we arrived at the extreme southern limit of the forest, and met Raouf Bey with the steamer and twenty-five vessels, with a good supply of wood. The troops were in good health, but one unfortunate man had been carried off by a crocodile while sitting on the vessel with his legs hanging over the side.

“March 3.—Filling up with wood from the forest.

“March 4.—Sent the steamer back to the station of Kutchuk Ali, the trader, to procure some cattle for the troops. In this neighbourhood there is dry land with many villages, but the entire country has been pillaged by Kutchuk Ali’s people—the natives murdered, the women

carried off, &c.

“Raouf Bey counted the bodies of eighteen natives who had been shot near the trader’s camp. Yesterday I went to a native village, and made friends with the people, some of whom came down to our boats; they complained bitterly that they were subject to pillage and massacre by the traders. These so-called traders are the people of Kutchuk Ali, THE OFFICER EMPLOYED BY THE GOVENOR-GENERAL OF THE SOUDAN to command his expedition to the Bahr Gazal!

“Filled up with a large supply of wood ready to start tomorrow.

“March 5.—Great good fortune! A fine north wind for the first time during many days. All the vessels sailing well. We started at 7 a.m. Saw a Baleniceps Rex[*]; this is the second of these rare birds that I have seen.

[*Footnote: The whale-headed stork, or Baleniceps Rex, is only met with in the immense swamps of the White Nile. This bird feeds generally upon water shellfish, for which nature has provided a most powerful beak

armed with a hook at the extremity.)

“At 1 p.m., as we were steaming easily, I happened to be asleep on the poop-deck, when I was suddenly awakened by a shock, succeeded almost immediately by the cry, `The ship’s sinking!’ A hippopotamus had charged the steamer from the bottom, and had smashed several floats off her starboard paddle. A few seconds later he charged our diahbeeah, and striking her bottom about ten feet from the bow, he cut two holes through the iron plates with his tusks. There was no time to lose, as the water was rushing in with great force. Fortunately, in this land of marsh and floating grass, there were a few feet of tolerably firm ground rising from the deep water. Running alongside, all hands were hard at work discharging cargo with great rapidity, and baling out with every conceivable utensil, until we obtained assistance from the steamer, whose large hand pump and numerous buckets at length so far overcame the rush of water, that we could discover the leaks.

“We now found two clean holes punched through the iron as though driven by a sharp pickaxe. Some hours were occupied in repairing the damage by plastering white lead upon some thick felt; this was placed over the holes, and small pieces of plank being laid over the felt, they were

secured by an upright piece of timber tightened with wedges from a cross-beam. The leaks were thus effectually and permanently stopped.

“By sunset all was completed and the vessel reloaded; but I sent twenty-eight boxes of snider ammunition on board the tender. This miserable wood tender has sprung her yard so that she cannot carry sail. The day was entirely lost together with a fine north wind.

“March, 6.—Brisk wind from the north. Started at 5.45 a.m., but at 7 a.m. something happened to the engine, and the steamer stopped until eight. After frequent stoppages, owing to the sharp bends in the narrow river, we arrived at the spot where we had formerly opened the dam; there the current ran like a rapid.

“March 7.—Much difficulty in ascending the river, but upon arrival at the dry ground (called the ‘dubba’), we found the No. 8 steamer and the whole fleet assembled, with the exception of six that are in sight.

“March 8.—The other vessels arrived; I have thus thirty-four sail, including the two steamers. The entire country is swamp, covered with immensely high water-grass, beneath which the depth is considerable. The

reputed main channel of the river is supposed to come from S.W., this is only denoted by a stream three or four feet broad, concealed by high grass, and in places choked by the Pistia Stratiotes. These surface plants, which resemble floating cabbages with fine thready roots, like a human beard of sixteen inches in length, form dense masses which are

very difficult to clear

“Our guides are useless, as we cannot depend upon their contradictory statements. We are in a deplorable position—the whole fleet in a cul-de-sac; the river has disappeared; an unknown distance of apparently boundless marsh lies before us; there is no wood, and there is no possibility of moving without cutting a channel.

“I have ordered thirty vessels to form in line, single file, and to cut a canal.

“March. 9.—The men worked famously, but I much fear they will be laid up with fever if kept at such an unhealthy task. To-day a force of 700 men cut about a mile and a half. They are obliged to slash through with swords and knives, and then to pull out the greater portion of the grass and vegetable trash; this is piled like artificial banks on either side upon the thick floating surface of vegetation. I took a small boat and pushed on for a mile and a half. I found a very narrow stream, like a small brook, which gave hopes of lighter labour for tomorrow. I shall therefore try to force the steamer through. Thirty-two men reported on

the sick list this evening.

“March 10.—A fine north wind for about half an hour, when it suddenly chopped round to the S.E. We cut on far ahead, so that I was able to push on the steamers and the whole fleet for a distance of about five miles. I had a touch of fever.

“March 11.—Frightful stinking morass. All stopped at a black muddy pond in the swamp. The river is altogether lost. We have to cut a passage through the morass. Hard work throughout the day. One soldier died of sunstroke. No ground in which to bury him.

“It is a curious but most painful fact that the entire White Nile has ceased to be a navigable river. The boundless plains of marsh are formed of floating rafts of vegetation compressed into firm masses by the pressure of water during floods. So serious is this obstacle to navigation, that unless a new channel can be discovered, or the original Nile be reopened, the centre of Africa will be entirely shut out from communication, and all my projects for the improvement of the country will be ruined by this extraordinary impediment.

“March 12.—I think I can trace by telescope the fringe of tall papyrus rush that should be the border of the White Nile; but this may be a delusion. The wind is S.W., dead against us. Many men are sick owing to the daily work of clearing a channel through the poisonous marsh. This is the Mahommedan festival of the Hadj, therefore there is little work to-day.

“March 13.—Measured 460 yards of apparently firm marsh, through which we plumbed the depth by long poles thrust to the bottom.

“Flowing water being found beneath, I ordered the entire force to turn out and cut a channel, which I myself superintended in the advance boat.

“By 6 p.m. the canal was completed, and the wind having come round to the north, we sailed through the channel and entered a fine lake about half a mile wide, followed by the whole fleet with bugles and drums sounding the advance, the troops vainly hoping that their work was over. The steamers are about a mile behind, and I have ordered their paddles to be dismounted to enable them to be towed through the high grass in the narrow channel.

“March 14.—At 6 a.m. I started and surveyed the lake in a small rowing boat, and found it entirely shut in and separated from another small lake by a mass of dense rotten vegetation about eighty yards in width. I called all hands, and cleared it in fifty-five minutes sufficiently to allow the fleet to pass through. Upon an examination of the next lake, I found, to my intense disappointment, that not only was it closed in, but there was no outlet visible even from the mast-head. Not a drop of water was to be seen ahead, and the entire country was a perfect chaos, where the spirit of God apparently had not yet moved upon the waters. There was neither earth nor clear water, nor any solid resting-place for a human foot. Now and then a solitary bittern rose from the marsh, but, beyond a few water-rails, there were no other birds. The grass was swarming with snakes, and also with poisonous ants that attacked the men, and greatly interfered with the work.

“It is easier to clear a passage through the green grass than through the rotten vegetation. The former can be rolled in heaps so as to form banks, it is then secured by tying it to the strong grass growing behind it; the rotten stuff has no adherence, and a channel closes up almost as fast as it is made, thus our labour does no permanent good. I am in great anxiety about Mr. Higginbotham; it will be impossible for him to

proceed by this route, should he arrive with a comparatively small force and heavily-laden vessels.

“As the channel closes so rapidly, I must wait until the steamers can form a compact line with the fleet.

“The black troops have more spirit than the Egyptians, but they are not so useful in clearing channels, as they are bad swimmers. They discovered to-day a muddy spot where they had a great hunt for fish, and succeeded in capturing with their hands about 500 pounds weight of the Prolypterus, some of which were above four pounds. We caught for ourselves a number of very delicious boulti (Perca Nilotica) with a casting-net.

“March 15.—Having probed the marsh with long poles, I found deep water beneath, which denoted the course of the sub-vegetal stream. All hands at work, and by the evening we had cut a channel 300 yards in length. The marsh swarms with snakes, one of which managed to enter the cabin window of the diahbeeah. The two steamers, now far astern, have become choked by a general break up and alteration of their portion of the world. The small lake in which I left them is no longer open water, but

has become a dense maps of compressed vegetable rafts, in which the steamers are jammed as though frozen in an ice-drift in the Arctic regions! There is much work required to clear them. The only chance of progress will be to keep the entire fleet in compact line so as to push through a new channel as quickly as it is made. I shall send back the wood tender, if possible, from this spot with a letter to stop Mr. Higginbotham should he be south of the Sobat, as it will be impossible for him to proceed until next season. Many of the men are sick with fever, and if this horrible country should continue, they will all sicken.

“March 16.—I went back in a rowing boat, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, to the two steamers which we found stuck fast in the drift rafts, that had closed in upon then. Many men are sick—all are dispirited; and they worked badly. Having worked all day, we returned at 6.30 p.m., to my diahbeeah, having the good fortune to shoot seven ducks by a family shot upon a mud bank on the way home.

“I found that the main body under the colonel, Raouf Bey, had completed the channel about 900 yards long to lake No. 3. I ordered sail to be made immediately, and after five hours’ hard work, as the channel was

already beginning to close, we arrived in the open lake at 11.15 p.m., in which we found the fleet at anchor.

“March 17.—The lake is about 2 1/2 miles long, and varies from 150 to 300 yards in width, with a mean depth of ten feet. I sent men ahead in the boat to explore the exit; they now report it to be closed by a small dam, after which we shall enter another lake. Thunder and clouds threatening in the southeast.

“About half-an-hour before sunset I observed the head of a hippopotamus emerge from the bank of high grass that fringed the lake. My troops had no meat—thus I would not lose the opportunity of procuring, if possible, a supply of hippopotamus beef. I took a Reilly No. 8 breechloader, and started in the little dingy belonging to the diahbeeah. Having paddled quietly along the edge of the grass for a couple of hundred yards, I arrived near the spot from which the hippopotamus had emerged.

“It is the general habit of the hippopotami in these marsh districts to lie in the high grass swamps during the day, and to swim or amuse themselves in the open water at sunset.

“I had not waited long before I heard a snort, and I perceived the hippopotamus had risen to the surface about fifty yards from me. This distance was a little too great for the accurate firing necessary to reach the brain, especially when the shot must be taken from a boat, in which there is always some movement. I therefore allowed the animal to disappear, after which I immediately ordered the boat forward, to remain exactly over the spot where he had sunk. A few minutes elapsed, when the great ugly head of the hippopotamus appeared about thirty paces from the boat, and having blown the water from his nostrils, and snorted loudly, he turned round and seemed astonished to find the solitary little boat so near him. Telling the two boatmen to sit perfectly quiet, so as to allow a good sight, I aimed just below the eye, and fired a heavy shell, which contained a bursting charge of three drachms of fine-grained powder. The head disappeared. A little smoke hung over the water, and I could not observe other effects. The lake was deep, and after vain sounding for the body with a boathook, I returned to the diahbeeah just as it became dark.

“March 18.—A heavy shower of rain fell, which lasted for an hour and a half. When the rain ceased, the day continued cloudy with variable wind.

The body of the hippopotamus was discovered at daybreak floating near us, therefore all hands turned out to cut him up, delighted at the idea of fresh meat. There was about an acre of high and dry ground that bordered the marsh in one spot; to this the carcase of the hippopotamus was towed. I was anxious to observe the effects of the explosive shell, as it was an invention of my own that had been manufactured by Mr. Reilly, [*] the gunmaker, of London. This shell was composed of iron, covered with lead. The interior was a cast-iron bottle (similar in shape to a stoneware Seltzer water bottle); the neck formed a nipple to receive a percussion-cap. The entire bottle was concealed by a leaden coating, which was cast in a mould to fit a No. 8, or two-ounce rifle. The iron bottle contained three drachms of the strongest gunpowder, and a simple cap pressed down upon the nipple prepared the shell for service.

[*Footnote: Mr. Reilly, of 502 New Oxford Street, has been most successful in heavy rifles, with which he has supplied me in both my African expeditions.]

“On an examination of the head of the hippopotamus, I found that the shell had struck exactly beneath the eye, where the bone plate is thin.

It had traversed the skull, and had apparently exploded in the brain, as it had entirely carried away the massive bone that formed the back of the skull. The velocity of the projectile had carried the fragments of the shell onwards after the explosion, and had formed a sort of tunnel which was blackened with burnt powder for a considerable distance along the flesh of the neck. I was quite satisfied with my explosive shell.

“The hippopotamus having been divided among the men, I sent Raouf Bey with a large force to assist the steamers, which still remain fixed in the same spot.

“At 2 p.m. it poured with rain until 9 p.m. Everything is soaking; and I have great anxiety about our large stores of corn.

“March 19.—Fine day, but all cargo, stores, &c., are wet. The miserable vessels of the Soudan are without decks, thus one heavy shower creates much damage. The men are busy drying their clothes, &c. Two soldiers died. Steamers far astern in the sudd, regularly fixed.

“March 20.—A boy died. I sent fresh men to the assistance of the steamers, which have to be literally dug out.

“March 21.—Yesterday as the men were digging out the steamers, which had become blocked by the floating rafts, they felt something struggling beneath their feet. They immediately scrambled away in time to avoid the large head of a crocodile that broke its way through the tangled mass in which it had been jammed and held prisoner by the rafts. The black soldiers, armed with swords and bill-hooks, immediately attacked the crocodile, who, although freed from imprisonment, had not exactly fallen into the hands of the Royal Humane Society. He was quickly despatched, and that evening his flesh gladdened the cooking pots of the Soudani regiment.

“I was amused with the account of this adventure given by various officers who were eye-witnesses. One stated in reply to my question as to the length of the animal, `Well, sir, I should not like to exaggerate, but I should say it was forty-five feet long from snout to tail!’ Another witness declared it to be at least twenty feet; but by rigid cross-examination I came to the conclusion that it did not exceed ten.

“The steamers and tender, having been released, arrived this morning. At

1 p.m. we started with a light air from the northeast, and travelled till 3.30 p.m. along the lake, which narrowed to the dimensions of a moderate river. We at length arrived at a sudd which the advance boats had cleared for about sixty yards. Having emerged, we were introduced to a deep but extremely narrow channel flowing through the usual enormous grass.

“The whole fleet ranged in single line to widen the passage. We are now about twelve miles from the dubba, or raised dry ground, near to which we first commenced clearing. We have actually cut away about six miles of vegetation. No dependence whatever can be placed upon the guides: no place answers to their descriptions. We have now been hard at work for thirteen days with a thousand men, during which time we have travelled only twelve miles!

“March 22.—Wind S.W.—foul. The people are all lazy and despairing. Cleared a sudd. I explored ahead in a small boat. As usual, the country is a succession of sudds and small open patches of water. The work is frightful, and great numbers of my men are laid down with fever; thus my force is physically diminished daily, while morally the men are heart-broken. Another soldier died; but there is no dry spot to bury

him. We live in a world of swamp and slush. Lieutenant Baker shot a Baleniceps Rex. This day we opened about 600 yards.

“March 23.—We have been throughout the day employed in tugging the vessels through the channel. The Egyptians have quite lost heart. The Soudanis are far more valuable as soldiers; none of them are ill, and they work with a good will. I serve them out a glass of grog in the evening. The fanatical fellahs will not touch spirits, thus they succumb to fever and nervousness when exhausted by the chill occasioned by working throughout the day in mud and water.

“March 24.—Wind fresh from the S.W. All the vessels assembled last evening in a small lake. Before us there is as usual simply a narrow stream closed in by vegetation. I observed marks of the traders’ parties having broken through a few months ago. These people travel without merchandise, but with a large force of men: thus their vessels are of light draught of water. My steamers and many of the boats require four feet six inches. Every vessel is heavily laden, thus they are difficult to manage unless in open and deep water.

“There is to-day a forest on the east, about two miles distant, beyond

the swamp. After a hard day's work we made about 1,400 yards.

"March 25.—Wind fair and fresh from the N.E. This helped us to make about a mile through the narrow channel, hemmed in by thick and high grass. Another soldier died. As usual, this poor fellow was an artilleryman. These men came direct from Cairo with their guns, and not being acclimatized, they cannot resist the fever. The Egyptian troops give in and lose all heart; but there is much allowance to be made for them, as it is a fearful country, and far beyond my worst experience. There is no apparent break to the boundless marsh before and behind us, this is about fifteen miles wide, as forest trees and the tall dolape palms can sometimes be distinguished upon the horizon.

"What the unfortunate Higginbotham will do I cannot conceive, as there is no possibility of communicating with him, and he will get into the rainy season.

"Another soldier died this evening; he was an excellent man, who had been employed at the arsenal at Cairo. His friend and bosom companion was a fellow workman, and he was so grieved at the loss that he declared he should not live beyond a few days. There was no dry ground in which

to dig a grave; it was therefore necessary to cut a hole in the base of a white ant-hill, as these Babel-like towers were the only dry spots that rose above the flood.

“This death is the sixth within the last few days, exclusive of one boy. I think our black doctor assists them in departing from this life, as they die very suddenly when he attends them. Like Dr. Sangrado, he is very fond of the lancet, which is usually fatal in this climate. We made about half a mile today.

“March 26.—Wind fresh from the S.E. The ditch is completely blocked up with vegetation: thus we made only 250 yards. Before us, as usual, is the hopeless sea of high grass, along which is a dark streak which marks the course of the ditch through which we slowly clear a passage. How many days or months we may require to reach the White Nile is a problem. One hundred and fifty men are on the sick list; nearly all of them are fellahs. Upon my own diahbeeah six soldiers out of ten are down with fever, in addition to two of the sailors. I gave them all a shock with the magnetic battery, which appeared to have a wonderful effect; one fellow, who had been groaning with severe pains in his back and limbs, declared that he was instantly relieved. I made a good shot with the

Dutchman at a Baleniceps Rex, at a distance of upwards of 200 yards.

“There is no rest by night or day for our people, who are preyed upon by clouds of mosquitoes, which attack like bulldogs.

“March 27.—All hands hard at work clearing the ditch. Wind S.E.—fresh. The diahbeeah, as usual, leads the way, followed by No. 10 steamer, and the whole fleet in close line. Most of the men suffer from headache; this is owing to the absurd covering, the fez, or tarboosh, which is no protection against the sun.

“In the evening I took a small boat, and in forty-one minutes’ poling and tugging through the narrow channel, I succeeded in reaching a long narrow lake resembling a river, about 110 yards wide. The mouth of our effluent was, for a wonder, clear from obstruction; I returned with the joyful news to the fleet after sunset.

“March 28.—At 7.30 a.m. all hands turned out to clear the channel to the lake; this was about 500 yards long, and the diahbeeah, leading the way, entered the lake at 11.30 a.m. Unfortunately a shallow channel near the entrance prevented the steamers from entering, thus a passage had to

be dug in the tough clay beneath them. The wind strong from the south. I am afraid the north wind has deserted us for the season.

“Having entered the lake, I went about a mile and a half ahead in my diahbeeah, and anchored for the night in a broad and shallow portion of the water, a forest being about a mile distant on the east bank: this was a good sign of terra firma, but there was no dry spot upon which we could land.

“The river winds to the S.E., and apparently then turns to the west. The effluent through which we joined this lake or river meets it at right angles, and the river continues its course to the N.N.W., as though it were the main channel of a far more important stream than the horrible ditch by which we arrived. The guide, however, assures me that it is blocked up, and loses itself in boundless grass and reeds.

“In the evening I spied a hippopotamus which had just come out of the high grass into the open river. It snorted loudly at the strange sight of the handsomely-painted diahbeeah. I took the boat, and upon my near approach it was foolish enough to swim towards us angrily. A shot from the Reilly No. 8, with one of my explosive shells, created a lively

dance, as the hippopotamus received the message under the eye. Rolling over and over, with the legs frequently in the air, it raised waves that rocked my little boat and made shooting difficult; but upon a close approach, taking good care to keep out of the reach of its struggles, I gave it a quietus with a hardened spherical ball from the same rifle, which passed right through the head. By sounding with the long boathook, I found the body at the bottom in about ten feet of water. My excellent captain of the diahbeeah, Faddul-Moolah, dived to the bottom, and secured the leg of the hippopotamus by a rope. We towed it to the diahbeeah, from the deck of which my wife had had a capital view of the sport. This is a fine feast for the people. My explosive shell is frightful in its effects.

“March 29.—Wind strong from the south; the steamer is not yet out of difficulty. My men are busy cutting up the hippopotamus. I sent off the iron boat with three quarters of the animal to the troops astern. During the night a crocodile took away all the offal from the stern of the diahbeeah. The weather is much cooler, owing to the south wind and the clear space in which we are now anchored.

“March 30.-The river is now clear and unmistakable. We travelled about

ten miles by poling; this is the best day's work that we have made since we entered this chaotic region. Lieutenant Baker came on board my diahbeeah, having brought up the steamers.

"The country began to look more hopeful. A forest at a few miles' distance on both the right and left bank of the river betokened dry land. The river flowed between actual honest banks, which although only a few inches above the water were positive boundaries. The flat plain was covered with large white ant-hills, and the ground was evidently firm in the distance, as we could distinguish a herd of antelopes.

"As we were quietly poling the diahbeeah against the sluggish stream, we observed wild buffaloes that, at a distance of about 400 yards, appeared to be close to the bank of the river. I accordingly stopped the diahbeeah, and, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, I approached them in the small boat, rowed by two men. A fortunate bend of the river, and several clumps of high rushes, concealed the boat until by a sudden turn we came within sixty yards of two bull buffaloes. Having told Mr. Baker to take the first shot, he sent a spherical No. 8 through the shoulder of the nearest bull, which, after a few plunges, fell dead. The other, startled at the shot, dashed off; at the same time he received a shell

from my rifle in the flank, and a shot from the left-hand barrel in the rear. With these shots he went off about three hundred paces, and lay down, as we thought, to die. I intended to stalk him from behind the white ant-hills, but my sailors, in intense excitement, rushed forward, supposing that his beef was their own, and although badly hit, he again rose and cantered off till lost in high rushes.

“March 31.-As we proceeded, the banks became drier. The two steamers had arrived during the night, and the whole fleet is coming up astern. The river is now about fifty yards wide, but I am getting nervous about the depth; the water is very shallow in some of the bends, and I fear there will be great difficulty in getting through with the steamers and heavy vessels. My diahbeeah, which is of iron, although roomy, is exceedingly light, and only requires two feet three inches of water. We have been fifty-one days from Khartoum. Never have I known so miserable a voyage. Wind fresh from the south.”

CHAPTER III

THE RETREAT

“April 1.—All the vessels are stuck fast for want of water! This is terrible. I went on in advance with my diahbeeah, accompanied by Mr. Baker, for about three miles to explore. Throughout this distance the greatest depth was about four feet, and the average was under three feet. At length the diahbeeah, which drew only two feet three inches, was fast aground! This was at a point where two raised mounds, or dubbas, were on opposite sides of the river. I left the vessel, and with Mr. Baker, I explored in the rowing boat for about two miles in advance. After the first mile, the boat grounded in about six inches of water upon firm sand. The river, after having deepened for a short space, was suddenly divided into three separate channels, all of which were too shallow for the passage of the diahbeeah, and two were even too shallow to admit the small boat. The boatmen jumped out, and we hauled her up the shallows until we reached the main stream, above the three channels, which ran from the S.S.E., but having no greater mean depth than about two feet six inches.

“We continued for some distance up the stream with the same unfortunate

results. The banks, although flooded during the wet season, were now dry, and a forest was about a mile distant. Having left the boat and ascended a white ant-hill, about eight feet high, in order to take a view of the country, I observed a herd of very beautiful antelopes, of a kind that were quite un known to me.

“By careful stalking on the flat plain from one ant-hill to another, I obtained a fair shot at about 140 yards, and killed. Both male and female have horns, therefore I found it difficult to distinguish the sex at that distance. I was delighted with my prize; it was a female, weighing, I should estimate, about twenty stone, clean. The hide was a deep reddish yellow, with black shoulders and legs, also black from the hind quarters down the hind legs. It belonged to the species hippotragus, and had horns that curved backwards, something similar to the hippotragus niger, but much shorter.[*]

[*Footnote: Vide Appendix. This antelope, which I considered to be a new species, proved to be the Damalis Senegalensis of Western Africa.]

“We soon cut it into quarters, and carried it to the boat. This little success in sport had cheered me for the moment; but the happy excitement

quickly passed away, and we returned to the diahbeeah quite disheartened. It is simply impossible to continue the voyage, as there is no means of floating the vessels.

“Tomorrow I shall explore the channel No. 3, which runs from the W.S.W.

“April 2.—I explored the west channel. This is very narrow, and overgrown with grass. After about a mile we arrived at a shallow place only two feet deep. The whole river is absolutely impracticable at this season. During the rains, and even to the end of December, when the river is full, the vessels could pass, but at no other time. All my labour has been useless, but it would be utterly absurd to attempt a further advance. I have therefore determined to return at once to the Shillook country, and establish a station. Mr. Higginbotham and party will then unite with us, and I will collect the entire force from Khartoum, and start with the expedition complete in the end of November. Although I am grievously disappointed, I am convinced that this is the wisest course. During the rainy season the troops shall cultivate corn, and I shall explore the old White Nile in a steamer, and endeavour to discover a navigable channel via the original route by the Bahr Gazal.

“I was obliged with a heavy heart to give the sad order to turn back; at 3 p.m. we arrived at the assembled fleet.

“I summoned all the officers, and in the presence of Raouf Bey I explained the necessity. The vessels immediately commenced the return voyage, all the officers and men being delighted at the idea of a retreat which they imagined would take them to Khartoum, and terminate the expedition; thus I had little sympathy.—However, I determined to make arrangements for the following season that would enable me to cut through every difficulty. I kept these intentions to myself, or only shared them with my wife and Lieutenant Baker.

“April 3.—Washed decks early, and sent off three soldiers, thus reducing the escort on the diahbeeah to seven men.

“The entire fleet was in full retreat with wind and stream in favour. I would not permit the diahbeeah that had always led the advance to accompany them in the retreat; therefore I allowed them to push on ahead.

“A shower of rain fell to-day; also yesterday.

“A few minutes after starting, both the steamers stuck fast. As I was walking the poop of the diahbeeah, I noticed with the telescope an antelope standing on the summit of an ant-hill about a mile and a quarter distant. There is no change so delightful as a little sport if you are in low spirits; thus, taking the rifle, I rowed up the river for about half a mile in the small boat, and then landing, I obtained the right wind. It was exceedingly difficult to approach game in these extensive treeless flats, and it would have been quite impossible, had it not been for the innumerable hills of the white ants; these are the peculiar features of these swampy countries, and the intelligence of the insects directs their architecture to a height far above the level of the highest floods. The earth used in their construction is the subsoil, brought up from a considerable depth, as the ant-hills are yellow, while the surface soil is black. The earth is first swallowed by the insect and thus it becomes mixed with some albuminous matter which converts it into a cement that resists the action of rain. These hills were generally about eight feet high in the swampy districts, but I have frequently seen them above ten feet. The antelopes make use of such ant-hills as watch towers, from which lofty position they can observe an enemy at a great distance. It is the custom of several varieties to

place sentries while the herd is grazing, and upon this occasion, although the sentry was alone visible, I felt sure that the herd was somewhere in his neighbourhood. I have noticed that the sentries are generally bulls. On this occasion I resolved, if possible, to stalk the watchman. I was shooting with a very accurate express rifle, a No. 70 bore of Purdey's, belonging to my friend, Sir Edward Kerrison, who had kindly lent it to me as a favourite weapon when I left England. The grass was very low, and quite green, as it had been fired by the wandering natives some time since; thus, in places there were patches of the tall withered herbage that had been only partially consumed by the fire while unripe: these patches were an assistance in stalking.

"It was, of course, necessary to keep several tall ant-hills in a line with that upon which the antelope was standing, and to stoop so low that I could only see the horns of the animal upon the sky-line. In some places it was necessary to crawl upon the ground; this was trying work, on account of the sharp stumps of the burnt herbage which punished the hands and knees. The fine charcoal dust from the recent fire was also a trouble, as the wind blew it into the eyes. The watermark upon the ant-hills was about eighteen inches above the base, proving the height of the annual floods; and a vast number of the large water helix, the

size of a man’s fist, lay scattered over the ground, destroyed and partially calcined by the late prairie fire.

“The sun was very hot, and I found crawling so great a distance a laborious operation; my eyes were nearly blinded with perspiration and charcoal dust; but every now and then, as I carefully raised my head, I could distinguish the horns of the antelope in the original position. At length I arrived at the base of the last ant-hill from which I must take my shot.

“There were a few tufts of low scrub growing on the summit; to these I climbed, and digging my toes firmly into an inequality in the side of the hill, I planted my elbows well on the surface, my cap being concealed by the small bushes and tufts of withered grass. The antelope was standing unconsciously about 170 yards, or, as I then considered, about 180 yards from me, perfectly motionless, and much resembling a figure fixed upon a pedestal. The broadside was exposed, thus it would have been impossible to have had a more perfect opportunity after a long stalk. Having waited in a position for a minute or two, to become cool and to clear my eyes, I aimed at his shoulder. Almost as I touched the trigger, the antelope sank suddenly upon its knees, in which position it

remained for some seconds on the summit of the ant-hill, and then rolled down to the base, dead. I stepped the exact distance, 169 paces. I had fired rather high, as the bullet had broken the spine a little in front of the shoulder-blade. It was a very beautiful animal, a fine bull, of the same kind that I had killed on 1st April. This antelope was about thirteen hands high at the shoulder, the head long, the face and ears black, also the top of the head; the body bright bay, with a stripe of black about fifteen inches in width extending obliquely across the shoulder, down both the fore and the hind legs, and meeting at the rump. The tail was long, with a tuft of long black hair at the extremity. The horns were deeply annulated, and curved backwards towards the shoulders.

“This was a very large animal, that would have weighed quite thirty stone when gralloched. My boatman, who had been watching the sport, immediately despatched a man for assistance to the diahbeeah. I enjoyed the beauty of this animal: the hide glistened like the coat of a well-groomed horse.

“I did not reach the diahbeeah until 6 p.m.; we then started without delay, and reached the fleet at midnight, at the junction of the ditch through which we had previously arrived at the main river.

“April 4.—The vessels are passing with great difficulty over the shallow entrance of the ditch.

“April 5.—All the vessels have passed. At 6 p.m. we succeeded, after much labour, in getting the last of the steamers through. This accomplished, and having the stream in our favour, we passed along in a compact line for about a mile and a half, the ditch that we had opened being clear and in good order.

“April 6.—Another soldier died. This poor man was the companion of him who, a few days ago, prophesied his own end when he lost his friend. Curiously enough, he died as he was passing the spot where his friend was buried, and we had to bury him in the same ant-hill. The Egyptian troops are very unhealthy. When they first joined the expedition, they were an exceedingly powerful body of men, whose PHYSIQUE I much admired, although their MORALE was of the worst type. I think that every man has lost at least a stone in weight since we commenced this dreadful voyage in chaos, or the Slough of Despond.

“The boats reached the small lake, and continued their voyage through

the channel, and anchored for the night at the northern extremity of the five-mile lake. We catch delicious fish daily with the casting-net; the best are the Nile perch, that runs from a pound to four or five pounds, and a species of carp. One of my boatmen is a professional fisherman who understands the casting-net, but he is the only man who can use it.

“April 7.—The channel is again blocked up; all hands clearing into the next lake. Another soldier died—making a total of nine; with two sailors and a boy—total twelve.

“April 8.—Passed into lake No. 2, and by the afternoon reached lake No. 3, where we found our old channel blocked up. I set men to work to open the passage, but there is no chance of its completion until about noon tomorrow. Since we passed this lake a change has taken place, the obstruction through which we cut a channel has entirely broken up. Large rafts of about two acres each have drifted asunder, and have floated to the end of the lake. It is thus impossible to predict what the future may effect. There can be no doubt that the whole of this country was at some former period a lake, which has gradually filled up with vegetation. The dry land, which is only exposed during the hot season, is the result of the decay of vegetable matter. The ashes of the grass

that is annually burnt, by degrees form a soil. We are even now witnessing the operation that has formed, and is still increasing, the vast tract of alluvial soil through which we have passed. There is not a stone nor even a small pebble for a distance of two hundred miles; the country is simple mud.

“April 9.—Passed the old channel at 11.45 a.m., after much labour, and we found the long five-mile cutting pretty clear, with the exception of two or three small obstructions. At 5.30 p.m. we reached the Bahr Giraffe, from which extremely narrow channel we had first commenced our difficult work of cutting through many miles of country.

“Who could believe the change? Some evil spirit appears to rule in this horrible region of everlasting swamp. A wave of the demon’s wand, and an incredible change appears! The narrow and choked Bahr Giraffe has disappeared; instead of which a river of a hundred yards’ width of clear running water meets us at the junction of our cutting. As far as the eye can reach to the E.S.E., there is a succession of large open sheets of water where a few days ago we saw nothing but a boundless plain of marsh grass, without one drop of water visible. These sheets of water mark the course of a river, but each lake is separated by a dam of floating

vegetation. The volume of water is very important, and a stream is running at the rate of three miles an hour. Nevertheless, although in open water, we now find ourselves prisoners in a species of lake, as we are completely shut in by a serious dam of dense rafts of vegetation that have been borne forward and tightly compressed by the great force of this new river. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that this river can ever be rendered navigable. One or two vessels, if alone, would be utterly helpless, and might be entirely destroyed with their crews by a sudden change that would break up the country and inclose them in a trap from which they could never escape.

“We passed the night at anchor. Many hippopotami are snorting and splashing in the new lakes.

“April 10.—After a hard day’s labour, a portion of the fleet succeeded in cutting through the most serious dam, and we descended our old river to the dubba, or dry mound, where we had first discovered vestiges of the traders. The No. 10 steamer arrived in the evening. The river is wider than when we last saw it, but is much obstructed by small islands, formed of rafts of vegetation that have grounded in their descent. I fear we may find the river choked in many places below stream. No

dependence can ever be placed upon this accursed river. The fabulous Styx must be a sweet rippling brook, compared to this horrible creation. A violent wind acting upon the high waving plain of sugar-cane grass may suddenly create a change; sometimes islands are detached by the gambols of a herd of hippopotami, whose rude rambles during the night, break narrow lanes through the floating plains of water-grass, and separate large masses from the main body.

“The water being pent up by enormous dams of vegetation, mixed with mud and half-decayed matter, forms a chain of lakes at slightly-varying levels. The sudden breaking of one dam would thus cause an impetuous rush of stream that might tear away miles of country, and entirely change the equilibrium of the floating masses.

“April 11.—I sent a sailing vessel ahead to examine the river, with orders that she should dip her ensign in case she met with an obstruction. Thank God, all is clear. I therefore ordered the steamers to remount their paddles.

“We started at 10 p.m.

“April 12.—At 11.30 p.m. we met five of Ghatta’s [*] boats bound for the White Nile. These people declared their intention of returning, when they heard the deplorable account of the river.

[*Footnote: one of the principal Khartoum ivory and slave-traders]

“At 2 a.m. we arrived at our old position, close to our former wood station in the forest.

“April 13.—Started at 11.30 a.m. The river has fallen three feet since we were here, and the country is now dry. Mr. Baker and I therefore walked a portion of the way upon the banks as the diahbeeah slowly descended the stream. There were great numbers of wild fowl; also hippopotami, and being provided with both shot guns and heavy rifles we made a very curious bag during the afternoon, that in England or Scotland would have been difficult to carry home; we shot and secured two hippopotami, one crocodile, twenty-two geese, and twenty ducks.

“At 7 p.m. we arrived at the station of Kutchuk Ali. I sent for the vakeel, or agent, commanding the company, to whom I thoroughly explained the system and suppression of the slave trade. He seemed very

incredulous that it would actually be enforced; but I recommended him not to make the experiment of sending cargoes of slaves down to Khartoum, as he had done in previous years. He appeared to be very confident that because his employer, Kutchuk Ali, had been promoted to the rank of sandjak, with the command of a government expedition, no inquiry would be made concerning the acts of his people. No greater proof could be given of the insincerity of the Soudan authorities in professing to suppress the slave trade, than the fact that Djiaffer Pacha, the governor-general of the Soudan, had given the command of an expedition to this same Kutchuk Ali, who was known as one of the principal slave-traders of the White Nile.

“April 14.—One of my black soldiers deserted, but was captured. We also caught a sailor who had deserted to the slave-hunters during our passage up the river, but as we returned unexpectedly he was discovered. The colonel, Raouf Bey, reported this morning that several officers and soldiers had actually purchased slaves to-day from Kutchuk Ali’s station; thus, the Khedive’s troops, who are employed under my command to suppress the slave trade, would quickly convert the expedition into a slave market. I at once ordered the slaves to be returned, and issued stringent instructions to the officers.

“I saw this afternoon a number of newly-captured slave women and girls fetching water under the guard of a scoundrel with a loaded musket. I know that the station is full of slaves; but there is much diplomacy necessary, and at present I do not intend to visit their camp.

“April 15.—To prevent further desertions, it was necessary to offer an example to the troops. I therefore condemned the deserter who was captured yesterday to be shot at noon.

“At the bugle call, the troops mustered on parade in full uniform. The prisoner in irons was brought forward and marched round the hollow square, accompanied by muffled drums.

“The sentence having been declared, after a short address to the men, the prisoner was led out, and the firing party advanced. He was a fine young man of about twenty years of age, a native of Pongo, who had been taken as a slave, and had become a soldier against his will.

“There was much allowance for desertion under the circumstances, and I was moved by the manly way in which he prepared for death. He cast his

eye around, but he found neither sympathy nor friends in the hard features of the officers and men. The slave-trader's people had turned out in great numbers, dressed in their best clothes, to enjoy the fun of a military execution. The firing party was ready; the prisoner knelt down with his back towards them, at about five paces distant. At that moment he turned his face with a beseeching expression towards me; but he was ordered immediately to look straight before him.

"The order, 'Present,' was given, and the sharp clicking of the locks, as the muskets were brought on full cock and presented, left but another moment … . .

"At that instant I ordered the firing party to retire, and I summoned the prisoner, who was brought up in charge of the guard. In the presence of all the troops I then explained to him the necessity of strict discipline, and that the punishment of death must certainly follow desertion, at the same time I made such allowance for his youth and ignorance that I determined to reduce the punishment to that of flogging, which I trusted would be a warning to him and all others. I assured him, and the troops generally, that although I should never flinch from administering severe punishment when necessary, I should be

much happier in rewarding those who should do their duty. The prisoner was flogged and kept in irons. The troops formed into sections of companies and marched past with band playing; each company cheering as they passed before me; but the crowd of slave-hunters slunk back to their station, disappointed that no blood had been spilt for their amusement.[*]

[Footnote: It was satisfactory to me that this young man, who was pardoned and punished as described, became one of the best and most thoroughly trustworthy soldiers of my bodyguard; and having at length been raised to the rank of corporal, he was at the close of the expedition promoted to that of sergeant. His name was Ferritch Ajoke.]

“No person except Lieutenant Baker and the colonel, Raouf Bey, had been in the secret that I HAD NEVER INTENDED TO SHOOT THE MAN. I had merely arranged an impressive scene as a coup de theatre, that I trusted might benefit the MORALE of the men.

“We were now in the fine clear stream of the Bahr Giraffe, which, having received numerous affluents from the marsh regions, was united in one

volume. We got up steam and started at 4.30 p.m., and the diahbeeah, towed by the steamer down stream, travelled at about nine miles an hour until 8 a.m., making a run of 125 miles.

“We then stopped at a large forest on the west bank to cut wood for the steamer.

“April 16.—Went out shooting with Mr. Baker, and shot two Ellipsyprymna antelopes. The country is beautiful, but game is scarce. The forest is much broken by elephants, which appear to frequent it during the wet season. These animals are very useful in preparing wood for the steamers’ fires. They break down the green trees, which dry and become good fuel. Were it not for the elephants, we should only find dead wood, which is nearly all either hollow or rotten, and of little use as firewood. Today we met four vessels from Khartoum that had followed me with a reinforcement of one company of troops, with letters from Djiaffer Pacha and Mr. Higginbotham.

“April 17.—We steamed about thirty-seven miles and then halted at a good forest to fill up our supply of wood. The forest on the left bank is about thirty-seven miles in length, but it is merely a few hundred

yards in width, beyond which the country is prairie. On the east bank, where there is no forest, we saw giraffes, buffaloes, and antelopes in considerable numbers during the day.

“April 18.—Filling up wood in the morning. We then travelled three hours, and halted eleven miles from the White Nile junction. During the voyage we saw a lion and lioness with five cubs running off alarmed at the steamer.

“In the afternoon I went out and shot seven geese and two fine black bucks.

“Lieutenant Baker was unfortunately ill with fever. Here we met four more vessels with a company of soldiers from Khartoum. They of course remained with us.

“April 19:—In an hour and a half we arrived at the White Nile, and twenty minutes later we saw three vessels belonging to the mudir, or governor, of Fashoda. We heard from the people on these boats that the governor (Ali Bey, the Koordi) was making a razzia on the Shillook tribe. The banks of the river were crowded with natives running away in

all directions; women were carrying off all their little household goods, and children were following their parents, each with a basket on their heads containing either food or something too valuable to be left behind. I immediately went off in a rowing boat, and, after much difficulty, I succeeded in inducing some of the natives who could speak Arabic to stop and converse with me. They declared that the Turks had attacked them without provocation, and that the Koordi (as the governor of Fashoda was called) had stolen many of their women and children, and had killed their people, as he was generally plundering the country. I begged the natives not to fly from their district, but to wait until I should make inquiries on the following day; and I promised to restore the women and children, should they have been kidnapped.

“I halted at a forest about nine miles from the junction of the Bahr Giraffe, where a bend of the river concealed the steamers and diahbeeah.

“Late at night, when most people were asleep, I sent orders to the chief engineer of the No. 10 steamer to have the steam up at five on the following morning.

“April 20.—We started punctually at the appointed hour; my diahbeeah,

as usual, being towed by the steamer. As we rounded the point and quickly came in sight of the governor's vessels, I watched them with a powerful telescope. For some time we appeared to be unobserved. I knew that the troops were not celebrated for keeping a sharp lookout, and we arrived within three-quarters of a mile before the sound of our paddles attracted their attention. The telescope now disclosed some of the mysteries of the expedition. I perceived a considerable excitement among the troops on shore. I made out one tent, and I distinguished men hurrying to and fro apparently busy and excited. During this time we were rapidly approaching, and as the distance lessened, I could distinctly see a number of people being driven from the shore on board a vessel that was lying alongside the bank. I felt convinced that these were slaves, as I could distinguish the difference in size between the children and adults. In the mean time we were travelling at full speed (about eight miles an hour) in the broad but slack current of that portion of the White Nile.

"At 6.35 we ranged up alongside the bank opposite the tent which belonged to the Koordi governor of Fashoda. We had passed close to the three vessels, but no person was visible except their crews. My arrival was evidently quite unexpected, and not very agreeable.

“The governor shortly appeared, and was invited on the poop deck of my diahbeeah; this was always furnished with carpets and sofas so as to form a divan.

“After a pipe and coffee, I commenced the conversation by describing the impossibility of an advance at this season via the Bahr Giraffe, therefore I had found it necessary to return. He simply replied, `God is great! and, please God, you will succeed next year.’

“I now asked him how many troops he had with him, as I noticed two brass guns, and a number of irregular cavalry, in addition to some companies of infantry. He replied that he had five companies in addition to the cavalry and mounted Baggara Arabs; and that he was `collecting the taxes.’

“I begged him to explain to me his system of taxation; and to inform me whether he had established a poll, or a house tax, or in what special form the dues were represented. This seemed to be a great puzzle to the mind of the governor, and after applying to my colonel, to whom he spoke in Turkish, he replied that the people were very averse to taxation,

therefore he made one annual tour throughout the country, and collected what he thought just.

“I asked him whether he captured women and children in the same way in which he annexed the natives’ cattle. To this he replied by a distinct negative, at the same time assuming an expression of horror at such an idea.

“I immediately ordered my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, to visit the vessels that were lying a few yards astern. This was a very excellent and trustworthy officer, and he immediately started upon an examination. In the mean while the Koordi governor sat rigidly upon the sofa, puffing away at his long pipe, but evidently thinking that the affair would not end in simple smoke.

“In a few minutes I heard the voice of my colonel angrily expostulating with the crew of the vessel, who had denied that any slaves were on board. Almost at the same time a crowd of unfortunate captives emerged from below, where they had been concealed, and walked singly along the plank to the shore; being counted by the officer according to sex as they disembarked. The Koordi governor looked uncomfortable, as this

happened before our eyes. I made no remark, but simply expressed a wish to walk round his encampment.

“Having passed through the place of bivouac, where the foulest smells attacked us from all sides, I thoroughly examined the spot, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker and a few officers of my staff. There was no military order, but the place was occupied by a crowd of soldiers, mingled with many native allies, under the command of an extremely blackguard-looking savage, dressed in a long scarlet cloak made of woollen cloth. This was belted round his waist, to which was suspended a crooked Turkish sabre; he wore a large brass medal upon his breast, which somewhat resembled those ornaments that undertakers use for giving a lively appearance to coffins. This fellow was introduced to me by the Koordi as the `king of the Shillooks.’

“In the rear of the party, to which spot I had penetrated while the Koordi was engaged in giving orders to certain officers, I came suddenly upon a mass of slaves, who were squatted upon the ground, and surrounded by dirty clothes, arranged like a fence, by the support of lances, pieces of stick, camel saddles, &c. These people were guarded by a number of soldiers, who at first seemed to think that my visit was one

of simple curiosity.

“Many of the women were secured to each other by ropes passed from neck to neck. A crowd of children, including very young infants, squatted among the mass, and all kept a profound silence, and regarded me with great curiosity. Having sent for my notebook, I divided the slaves into classes, and counted them as follows:—

Concealed in the boat we had discovered, 71 Those on shore guarded by sentries were 84 –- 155

including 65 girls and women, 80 children, and 10 men. The governor of Fashoda, whom I thus had caught in the act of kidnapping slaves, was the person who, a few weeks before, had assured me that the slave trade was suppressed, as the traders dared not pass his station of Fashoda. The real fact was, that this excellent example of the Soudan made a considerable fortune by levying a toll upon every slave which the traders’ boats brought down the river; this he put into his own pocket.

“I immediately informed him that I should report him to the Khedive, at the same time I insisted upon the liberation of every slave.

“At first he questioned my authority, saying that he held the rank of bey, and was governor of the district. I simply told him that `if he refused to liberate the slaves, he must give me that refusal in writing.’ This was an awkward fix, and he altered his tone by attempting to explain that they were not slaves, but only held as hostages until the people should pay their taxes. At the same time he was obliged to confess that there was no established tax. I heard that he had received from one native ten cows for the ransom of his child, thus the stolen child was sold back to the father for ten cows! and this was the Soudan method of collecting taxes! If the unfortunate father had been shot dead in the razzia, his unransomed child would have been carried away and sold as a slave; or should the panic-stricken natives be afraid to approach with a ransom for fear of being kidnapped themselves, the women and children would be lost to them for ever.

“I was thoroughly disgusted. I knew that what I had happened to discover was the rule of the Soudan, and that the protestations of innocence of governors was simply dust thrown into the eyes. It was true that the Shillook country was not in my jurisdiction; but I was determined to interfere in behalf of the slaves, although I should not meddle with the

general affairs of the country. I therefore told the Koordi that I had the list of the captives, and he must send for some responsible native to receive them and take them to their homes. In the mean time I should remain in the neighbourhood. I then returned to the fleet that I had left at the forest. In the evening we were joined by most of the rear vessels.

“April 21.—At 9.30 a.m. we sighted eleven vessels in full sail, approaching from Khartoum, with a strong N.E. wind, and shortly afterwards we were delighted by the arrival of Mr. Higginbotham, Dr. Gedge, and the six English engineers, shipwrights, &c., all in good health.

“April 22.—I paid a visit to the Koordi’s camp, accompanied by Mr. Baker and Mr. Higginbotham, as I wished to have European witnesses to the fact. Upon arrival, I explained to the governor that he had compromised the Egyptian Government by his act, and as I had received general instructions from the Khedive to suppress all slave-hunters, I could only regard him in that category, as I had actually found him in the act. I must, therefore, insist upon the immediate and unconditional release of all the slaves. After an attempt at evasion, he consented,

and I at once determined to liberate them personally, which would establish confidence among the natives.

“Accompanied by Lieutenant Baker and Mr. Higginbotham, and the various officers of the staff, I ordered the ropes, irons, and other accompaniments of slavery to be detached; and I explained through an interpreter to the astonished crowd of captives, that the Khedive had abolished slavery, therefore they were at liberty to return to their own homes. At first, they appeared astounded, and evidently could not realize the fact; but upon my asking them where their homes were, they pointed to the boundless rows of villages in the distance, and said, `Those are our homes, but many of our men are killed, and all our cattle and corn are carried off.’ I could only advise them to pack off as quickly as possible, now that they had the chance of freedom.

“The women immediately took up their little infants (one had been born during the night), others led the very small children by the hand, and with a general concert, they burst into the long, quavering, and shrill yell that denotes rejoicing. I watched them as they retreated over the plain to their deserted homes, and I took a coldly polite farewell of the Koordi. The looks of astonishment of the Koordi’s troops as I passed

through their camp were almost comic. I shall report this affair to the Khedive direct; but I feel sure that the exposure of the governor of Fashoda will not add to the popularity of the expedition among the lower officials.

“April 23.—I started with two steamers and two diahbeeahs to explore a favourable spot for a permanent station. We reached the Sobat junction in three hours and a quarter, about twenty-five miles. From the Sobat, down stream, we steamed for forty minutes, arriving at a forest, on a high bank to the east, where some extraordinary high dome palms (palma Thebaica), together with dolape palms (Borassus Ethiopicus), gave an air of tropical beauty to a desolate and otherwise uninviting spot.

“I fixed upon this place for a station as the ground was hard, the position far above the level of high floods, and the forest afforded a supply of wood for building purposes and fuel.

“April 24.—We steamed for half-an-hour down stream to a large village on the west bank, named Wat-a-jook. Thence I went down stream for one hour to the grove of dolape palms and gigantic India rubber trees. This was formerly a large village, known as Hillet-el-dolape, but it has been

entirely destroyed by the governor of Fashoda. After much difficulty, I induced some natives to come to me, with whom I at length made friends: they all joined in accusing the Koordi governor of wanton atrocities.

“In the afternoon, not having discovered a spot superior to that I had already selected for a station, we returned; but we had not travelled more than an hour and a half when the engine of the No. 10 steamer broke down. On examination, it appeared that the air pump was broken. Fortunately the accident occurred close to the spot selected for a station.

“April 25.—At 12.30 p.m. I sent back the No. 8 steamer to call the fleet to the station. I soon made friends with the natives, great numbers of whom congregated on the west bank of the river. All these people had heard that I had liberated the women and children.

“April 26.—The steamer and entire fleet arrived in the afternoon.

“The natives brought a bullock and a Pongo slave as a present from the chief. I freed the slave, and sent a piece of cloth as an introduction to the chief.

“April 27.—This was a busy day passed in measuring out the camp. I set several companies at work to fell the forest and to prepare timber for building.

“April 28.—Pouring rain. No work possible.

“April 29.—The Englishmen set up their forge and anvil; and we commenced unloading corrugated iron sheets to form our magazines. Fortunately, I had a number of wall-plates, rafters, &c., that I had brought from Egypt for this purpose, as there is no straight wood in the country.

“The sheik or head of the Shillook tribe sent envoys with a present of four bullocks and two small tusks, with a message that he wished to see me, but he was afraid to come. I accordingly sent the messengers back in the No. 8 steamer with ten soldiers as an escort to bring him to my station.

“April 30.—We commenced erecting the iron magazines. Lieutenant Baker, Mr. Higginbotham, and the Englishmen all actively employed, while Raouf

Bey and his officers, instead of attending to the pressing work of forming the permanent camp, sit under a tree and smoke and drink coffee throughout the day.

“The artillerymen are nearly all ill; likewise many of the Egyptian regiment, while the black troops are well and in excellent spirits. There is no doubt that for this service the blacks are very superior to the Egyptians: these are full of religious prejudices combined with extreme ignorance, and they fall sick when deprived of the vegetable diet to which they are accustomed in Egypt.

“In the evening the steamer returned with the true Shillook king, accompanied by two of his wives, four daughters, and a retinue of about seventy people.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAMP AT TEWFIKEEYAH.

“May 1.—The camp is beginning to look civilized. Already the underwood has been cleared, and the large trees which border the river have their

separate proprietors. There is no home like a shady tree in a tropical climate; here we are fortunate in having the finest mimosas, which form a cool screen. I have apportioned the largest trees among the higher officers. The English quarter of the camp is already arranged, and the whole force is under canvas. A few days ago this was a wilderness; now there are some hundred new tents arranged in perfectly straight rows so as to form streets. This extensive plot of white tents, occupying a frontage of four hundred yards, and backed by the bright green forest, looks very imposing from the river.

“The English quarter was swept clean, and as the surface soil on the margin of the river was a hard white sand, the place quickly assumed a neat and homely appearance. I had a sofa, a few chairs, and a carpet arranged beneath a beautiful shady mimosa, where I waited the arrival of the true king of the Shillooks—Quat Kare.

“In a few minutes he was introduced by an aide-de-camp, accompanied by two wives, four daughters, and a large retinue. Like all the Shillooks, he was very tall and thin. As his wardrobe looked scanty and old, I at once gave him a long blue shirt which nearly reached to his ankles, together with an Indian red scarf to wear as a waistband. When thus

attired I presented him with a tarboosh (fez); all of which presents he received without a smile or the slightest acknowledgment. When dressed with the assistance of two or three of the soldiers who had volunteered to act as valets, he sat down on the carpet, upon which he invited his family to sit near him. There was a profound silence. The king appeared to have no power of speech; he simply fixed his eyes upon myself and my wife; then slowly turned them upon Lieutenant Baker and the officers in attendance. The crowd was perfectly silent.

“I was obliged to commence the conversation by asking him `whether he was really Quat Kare, the old king of the Shillooks? as I had heard his death reported.’

“Instead of replying, he conferred with one of his wives, a woman of about sixty, who appeared to act as prime minister and adviser. This old lady immediately took up the discourse, and very deliberately related the intrigues of the Koordi governor of Fashoda, which had ended in the ruin of her husband. It appeared that the Koordi did not wish that peace should reign throughout the land. The Shillooks were a powerful tribe, numbering upwards of a million, therefore it was advisable to sow dissension amongst them, and thus destroy their unity. Quat Kare was a

powerful king, who had ruled the country for more than fifty years. He was the direct descendant of a long line of kings; therefore he was a man whose influence was to be dreaded. The policy of the Koordi determined that he would overthrow the power of Quat Kare, and after having vainly laid snares for his capture, the old king fled from the governor of Fashoda as David fled from Saul and hid in the cave of Adullam. The Koordi was clever and cunning in intrigue; thus, he wrote to Djiaffer Pacha, the governor-general of the Soudan, and declared that Quat Kare the king of the Shillooks was DEAD; it was therefore necessary to elect the next heir, Jangy for whom he requested the firman of the Khedive. The firman of the Khedive arrived in due course for the pretender Jangy, who was a distant connexion of Quat Kare, and in no way entitled to the succession. This intrigue threw the country into confusion. Jangy was proclaimed king by the Koordi, and was dressed in a scarlet robe with belt and sabre. The pretender got together a large band of adherents who were ready for any adventure that might yield them plunder. These natives, who knew the paths and the places where the vast herds of cattle were concealed, acted as guides to the Koordi; and the faithful adherents of the old king, Quat Kare, were plundered, oppressed, and enslaved without mercy, until the day that I had fortunately arrived in the Shillook country, and caught the Koordi in

the very act of kidnapping.

“I had heard this story a few days before, and I was much struck with the clear and forcible manner in which the old wife described the history.

“Here we have an average picture of Soudan rule. In a country blessed with the most productive soil and favourable climate, with a population estimated at above a million, the only step towards improvement, after seven years of possession, is a system of plunder and massacre. Instead of peace, a series of intrigues have thrown the country into hopeless anarchy. With a good government, this fertile land might produce enormous wealth in the cultivation of corn and cotton. I arranged with the king that he should wait patiently, and that I would bring the affair before the proper authority; in the mean time, his people should return to their villages.

“After a feast upon an ox, and the entertainment of the magnetic battery and the wheel of life, I gave Quat Kare, and the various members of his family, an assortment of presents, and sent them back rejoicing in the No. 8 steamer. I had been amused by the stoical countenance of the king

while undergoing a severe shock from the battery. Although every muscle of his arms was quivering, he never altered the expression of his features. One of his wives followed his example, and resisted a shock with great determination, and after many attempts she succeeded in extracting a necklace from a basin of water so highly charged, that her hand was completely cramped and paralysed.

“I have thoroughly gained the confidence of the natives, as vast herds of cattle are now fearlessly brought to graze on the large island opposite the camp. The natives assure me that all the male children that may be born this year will be called the `Pacha,’ in commemoration of the release given to the captives.

“A soldier was caught this afternoon in the act of stealing a fowl from a native. I had him flogged and secured in irons for five days. I have determined upon the strictest discipline, in spite of the old prejudice. As the greater portion of the Egyptian regiment is composed of felons, convicted of offences in Cairo, and transported to the White Nile, my task is rather difficult in establishing a reformation. The good taste of the authorities might be questioned for supplying me with a regiment of convicts to carry out an enterprise where a high state of discipline

and good conduct are essential to success."

I gave the name Tewfikeeyah [*] to the new station, which rapidly grew into a place of importance. It was totally unlike an Egyptian camp, as all the lines were straight. Deep ditches, cut in every necessary direction, drained the station to the river. I made a quay about 500 yards in length, on the bank of the river, by which the whole fleet could lie, and embark or disembark cargo. A large stable contained the twenty horses, which by great care had kept their condition. It was absolutely necessary to keep them in a dark stable on account of the flies, which attacked all animals in swarms. Even within the darkened building it was necessary to light fires composed of dried horse-dung, to drive away the these persecuting insects. The hair fell completely off the ears and legs of the donkeys (which were allowed to ramble about), owing to the swarms of flies that irritated the skin; but in spite of the comparative comfort of a stable, the donkeys preferred a life of out-door independence, and fell off in condition if confined to a house. The worst flies were the small grey species, with a long proboscis, similar to those that are often seen in houses in England.

[*Footnote: After the Khedive's eldest son, Mahomed Tewfik Pacha]

In an incredibly short time the station fell into shape. I constructed three magazines of galvanized iron, each eighty feet in length, and the head storekeeper, Mr. Marcopolo, at last completed his arduous task of storing the immense amount of supplies that had been contained in the fleet of vessels.

This introduced us to the White Nile rats, which volunteered their services in thousands, and quickly took possession of the magazines by tunneling beneath, and appearing in the midst of a rat's paradise, among thousands of bushels of rice, biscuits, lentils, &c. The destruction caused by these animals was frightful. They gnawed holes in the sacks, and the contents poured upon the ground like sand from an hour-glass, to be immediately attacked and destroyed by white ants. There was no lime in the country, nor stone of any kind, thus it was absolutely impossible to stop the ravages of white ants except by the constant labour of turning over the vast masses of boxes and stores, to cleanse them from the earthen galleries which denote their presence.

I had European vegetable seeds of all kinds, and having cleared and grubbed up a portion of forest, we quickly established gardens. The

English quarter was particularly neat. The various plots were separated by fences, and the ground was under cultivation for about two acres extending to the margin of the river. I did not build a house for myself, as we preferred our comfortable diahbeeah, which was moored alongside the garden, from the entrance of which, a walk led to a couple of large shady mimosas that formed my public divan, where all visitors were received.

In a short time we had above ground sweet melons, watermelons, pumpkins, cabbages, tomatoes, cauliflowers, beet-root, parsley, lettuce, celery, &c., but all the peas, beans, and a very choice selection of maize that I had received from England, were destroyed during the voyage. Against my express orders, the box had been hermetically sealed, and the vitality of the larger seeds was entirely gone. Seeds should be simply packed in brown paper bags and secured in a basket.

The neighbouring country was, as usual in the White Nile districts, flat and uninteresting. Forest and bush clothed the banks of the river, but this formed a mere fringe for a depth of about half a mile, beyond which all was open prairie.

Although there was a considerable extent of forest, there was a dearth of useful timber for building purposes. The only large trees were a species of mimosa, named by the Arabs “kook.” We were very short of small rowing boats, those belonging to the steamers were large and clumsy, and I wished to build a few handy dingies that would be extremely useful for the next voyage up the obstructions of the Bahr Giraffe. I therefore instructed the English shipwrights to take the job in hand, and during a ramble through the forest they selected several trees. These were quickly felled, and the sawyers were soon at work cutting planks, keels, and all the necessary wood for boat-building. It is a pleasure to see English mechanics at work in a wild country; they finish a job while an Egyptian workman is considering how to do it. In a very short time Mr. Jarvis, the head shipwright, had constructed an impromptu workshop, with an iron roof, within the forest; several sets of sawyers were at work, and in a few days the keel of a new boat was laid down.

The chief mechanical engineer, Mr. McWilliam, was engaged in setting up the steam saw-mills, and in a few weeks after our first arrival in this uninhabited wilderness, the change appeared magical. In addition to the long rows of white tents, and the permanent iron magazines, were

hundreds of neat huts arranged in exact lines; a large iron workshop containing lathes, drilling machines, and small vertical saw machine; next to this the blacksmith's bellows roared; and the constant sound of the hammer and anvil betokened a new life in the silent forests of the White Nile. There were several good men who had received a European mechanical education among those I had brought from Egypt; these were now engaged with the English engineers in repairing the engine of the No. 10 steamer, which required a new piston. I ordered a number of very crooked bill-hooks to be prepared for cutting the tangled vegetation during our next voyage. The first boat, about sixteen feet long, was progressing, and the entire station was a field of industry. The gardens were green with vegetables, and everything would have been flourishing had the troops been in good health. Those miserable Egyptians appeared to be in a hopeless condition morally. It was impossible to instil any spirit into them, and if sick, they at once made up their minds to die.
It is to be hoped that my regiment of convicts was not a fair sample of the spirit and intelligence of the Egyptian fellah. Some of them DESERTED.

There is an absurd prejudice among the men that the grinding of flour upon the usual flat millstone is an unmanly task that should always be

performed by a woman. This is a very ancient prejudice, if we may judge by the symbols found upon the flat millstones of the ancient Egyptians. We also hear in the Testament, “two women shall be grinding together; one shall be taken, the other left.” There was a scarcity of women in our station, and the grinding of the corn would have given rise to much discontent had I not experienced this difficulty in a former voyage, and provided myself with steel corn-mills. I had one of these erected for each company of troops, and in addition to the usual labour, I always sentenced men under punishment to so many hours at the mill.

Although this country was exceedingly rich in soil, it was entirely uninhabited on our side (the east) of the river. This had formerly been the Dinka country, but it had been quite depopulated by razzias made for slaves by the former and present governors of Fashoda. These raids had been made on a large scale, with several thousand troops, in addition to the sharp slave-hunters, the Baggara Arabs, as allies. The result was almost the extermination of the Dinka tribe. It seemed incomprehensible to the Shillook natives that a government that had only lately made slave-hunting a profession should suddenly turn against the slave-hunters.

I frequently rode on horseback about the country, and wherever I found a spot slightly raised above the general level, I was sure to discover quantities of broken pottery, the vestiges of villages, which had at a former time been numerous. There was very little game, but now and then ostriches were seen stalking about the yellow plains of withered grass.

On one occasion I was riding with Lieutenant Baker, accompanied by a few orderlies, when I distinguished the forms of several ostriches at a great distance. They were feeding on the flat plain where it was hopeless to attempt an approach. I was just replacing my telescope, when I observed an ostrich emerge from behind some bushes, about 400 yards' distance. This was a male bird, by the black colour, and it appeared to be feeding towards the scattered bush on my left. We were at the moment partially concealed by the green foliage. I immediately dismounted, and leaving the party behind the bushes, I ran quickly forward, always concealed by the thick thorns, until I thought I must be somewhere within shot, unless the bird had discovered me and escaped without my knowledge. I now went cautiously and slowly forward, stooping under the bushes when necessary, and keeping a good look out on all sides, as I expected that the ostrich must be somewhere in the jungle. At length, as I turned round a clump of thick thorns, I sighted the bird racing away with immense speed straight from me at about 130 yards. I raised the

150-yard sight of the Dutchman, and taking him very steadily, as the bird kept a perfectly straight course, I fired. The ostrich at once fell with so great a shock upon the hard, parched ground, that the air was full of feathers. I stepped 130 long paces, and found that the bullet had struck the bird in the centre of the back, killing it instantly. My party came up to my whistle, and I despatched a mounted orderly to camp to bring men and donkeys.

Although I have been many years in Africa, this was the first and the last ostrich that I have ever bagged. It was a very fine male, and the two thighs and legs were a very fair load for a strong donkey.

I have seen erroneous accounts of ostriches designated as two varieties, the black and the grey. The black, with white feathers in the wings and tail, is simply the male, and the grey the female. The feathers of this bird were old and in bad order. The fat is much esteemed by the Arabs as an external application for rheumatism. I found the stomach rich in scorpions, beetles, leaves of trees, and white rounded quartz pebbles. The bird must have come from a considerable distance as there was neither rock nor pebble in the neighbourhood.

On my return to camp I carved an artificial ostrich head from a piece of wood, and made false eyes with the neck of a wine bottle. I intended to stick this head upon a pole, concealed in a linen fishing rod case, and to dress up my cap with thick plumes of ostrich feathers. I have no doubt that it would be possible to approach ostriches in grass by this imitation, as the pole would be carried in the left hand, and all the movements of the ostriches might be easily imitated. The pole in the left hand rested on the ground would make a good rest for the rifle when the moment arrived for the shot.

Heavy rains set in, and the hitherto dry plains became flooded and swampy, thus I never had an opportunity to try my false ostrich.

The Shillooks were now become our fast friends. The camp was crowded daily with natives who came by water from a considerable distance to traffic with the soldiers. Like all negroes, they were sharp traders, with a Jewish tendency in their bargains. They brought raw cotton and provisions of all kinds in exchange for cotton manufactures and iron. Their country consists simply of rich alluvial soil, therefore all iron must be imported, and it is of great value. The best articles of exchange for this country would be pieces of wrought iron of about four

ounces in weight and six inches long, and pieces of eight ounces, and eight inches in length. Also cotton cloth, known as grey calico, together with white calico, and other cheap manufactures. The cotton that is indigenous to the country is short in staple, but it grows perfectly wild. The Shillooks are very industrious, and cultivate large quantities of dhurra and some maize, but the latter is only used to eat in a green state, roasted on the ashes. The grain of maize is too hard to grind on the common flat millstones of the natives, thus it is seldom cultivated in any portion of Central Africa on an extended scale. I gave some good Egyptian cotton-seed to the natives, also the seed of various European vegetables. Tobacco was in great demand by the troops, and I considered the quality supplied by the Shillooks superior to that cultivated in the Soudan.

Although the camp was visited by hundreds of natives, including their women, daily, there were seldom any quarrels over the marketing, and when a disagreement took place it was generally the fault of a soldier, who took something on credit, and pleaded inability to pay. I administered a rough-and-ready justice, and appointed an officer to superintend the bazaar to prevent squabbles.

I was much struck with the honesty of the natives, who appeared thoroughly to appreciate the protection afforded them, and the fair dealing insisted upon on the part of the troops. The river was about 700 yards wide, but the land on the west shore was only a large island, through which several small streams cut deep channels. This island was separated from the main western shore by a branch of the White Nile. The west bank was thickly lined with villages for about 200 miles of river frontage throughout the Shillook country, thus affording admirable opportunities for direct trade with vessels from Khartoum. It was a tedious journey for the natives to visit us daily, as they had to cross first their western branch of the Nile, then to carry their canoes across the island for about a mile, and again to cross the main river to arrive at our camp. The Shillook canoe has often been described. It is formed of long pieces of the ambatch-wood, which is lighter than cork. These curious trees, which grow in the swamps of the White Nile, are thick at the base, and taper to a point, thus a number are lashed securely together, and the points are tied tightly with cord, so as to form a bow. These canoes or rafts generally convey two persons, and they are especially adapted for the marshy navigation of the river, as they can be carried on the head without difficulty, when it may be necessary to cross an island or morass.

Our native traders arrived daily in fleets of ambatch canoes from a considerable distance. The soldiers trusted them with their rations of corn to grind, rather than take the trouble to prepare it themselves. The natives took the corn to their homes, and invariably returned with the honest complement of flour. I never had a complaint brought before me of dishonesty when a Shillook had been trusted. I have great hopes of these people, they simply require all assurance of good faith and protection to become a valuable race.

From the Shillook country to Khartoum the river is superb and can be navigated at all seasons. The northern end of this country is rich in forests of the Acacia Arabica (Soont), a wood that is invaluable as fuel for steamers, and is the only really durable wood for ship-building in the Soudan. The rains begin in May, and are regular throughout four months, thus cotton may be cultivated without the expense of artificial irrigation; at the same time the dry summer offers an inestimable advantage for gathering the crop.

The Dinka country on the east bank would have been of equal value, but, as I have already described, it has been depopulated.

There was an old blind sheik who frequently visited us from the other side, and this poor old fellow came to an untimely end when returning one day with his son from marketing at Tewfikeeyah. I was walking on the quay, when I heard a great commotion, and I saw a splashing in the river, the surface of which was covered with the ambatch fragments of a native canoe. There were many canoes on the river, several of which immediately went to the assistance of two men who were struggling in the water. A hippopotamus had wantonly charged the canoe, and seizing it in his mouth, together with the poor old blind sheik who could not avoid the danger, crunched the frail boat to pieces, and so crushed and lacerated the old man that, although he was rescued by his comrades, he died during the night.

As peace and confidence had been thoroughly established among the Shillooks, I determined to send for the governor of Fashoda, and to introduce him personally to the old king, Quat Kare, whom he had officially reported to be dead. I therefore summoned Quat Kare, and having informed him of my intention, I sent the steamer to Fashoda (sixty-five miles), and invited the Koordi to pay me a visit.

When he arrived, I received him beneath the tree which formed my divan, and after a preliminary pipe and coffee, we proceeded to business. I told him that he must have been in error when he reported the death of the old king, as I had proved him to be still alive. He replied that he did not believe the real Quat Kare was in existence, as he had heard on the best authority that he was dead. I gave an order to an aide-de-camp, and in a few minutes the tall and stately figure of the old king was seen approaching, accompanied by his wives, ministers, and a crowd of most orderly retainers, including several of his sons. The king sat down upon a carpet in a dignified manner, without taking the slightest notice of the Koordi governor. His two wives sat down by him, but his sons stood with his followers a few yards distant.

The Koordi, who was a remarkably handsome old man, with a snow-white beard, sat equally unmoved, smoking the long chibook, without apparently regarding the king or his people. The chibook is a most useful instrument for a diplomat. If the situation is difficult, he can puff, puff, puff, and the incorrigible pipe will not draw; in the mean time, he considers a reply. At length the pipe draws, a cloud of smoke issues from the mouth. “I beg your pardon,” says the embarrassed diplomat, evidently relieved by the little unreal difficulty with his pipe, “what

were we talking about?” and having considered his reply, he is ready for argument. The pipe then draws leisurely, the smoke ascends in steady clouds, while he listens to the arguments of the other side. There is no necessity for a too sudden reply. Even if the conversation has ceased, the pipe may be calmly smoked, while the facts of the case are arranged in the owner’s mind before he commits himself to an answer.

In the present instance nobody spoke, but the Koordi governor of Fashoda smoked steadily. Presently Quat Kare fixed his eyes upon him with a steady and determined stare, but with his usual immovable features, and he thus silently regarded him during several minutes. “Have I found thee, O mine enemy?” might have been the Shillook king’s idea, but he kept silence.

How long this tableau vivant would have continued it is impossible to say, therefore I proceeded to business by asking the governor if he knew Quat Kare by sight? He only replied “yes.”

At this reply, the king, without altering his position or expression, said, “Then who am I?”

The Koordi raised his eyes for the first time, and looked at Quat Kare, but said nothing; he only puffed—the pipe did not seem to draw well. At length a fair volume of smoke was emitted, and the Koordi answered by a question: “If you are Quat Kare, why did you hide yourself? why did you not present yourself before me at Fashoda? then I should have known that you were alive.”

Quat Kare regarded him fixedly, and he replied slowly, “Where are all my cattle that you stole? where are the women and children that you kidnapped? I considered that if you took my cattle and captured my people, you might probably take ME, therefore I declined the opportunity.”

The Koordi puffed and puffed vigorously, but the long pipe did not draw; something had evidently choked the tube.

It would be tedious to describe the whole dialogue, but there was no question that the old Shillook king had the best of the argument; therefore, after a long discussion, during which the king was continually prompted by his favourite wife, in excited whispers that every one could hear, I examined both the governor and the king upon

various points; and came to the conclusion that the governor was a great scoundrel, and the king a very cunning fellow; at the same time he had been shamefully treated. The Koordi had reported him as dead, and obtained a firman conferring the title of Sheik of the Shillooks upon an impostor, who had been a brand enemy of Quat Kare. Since that time the adherents of Quat Kare had been subject to constant raids and pillage, and the old king was a fugitive, who, if caught by the Koordi, would assuredly have been quietly put OUT OF THE WAY.[*]

[*Footnote: Eventually the old king, Quat Kare, was imprisoned at Fashoda, and died in a mysterious manner. There are no coroners' inquests in Central Africa.)

I decided that the affair must be settled in the following manner:—I explained that I had no jurisdiction in the Shillook country, which was under the government of Ali Bey, the Koordi; but as I held the positive and special orders of the Khedive to suppress the slave trade, I had been compelled to interfere and to release those captives who had been thus shamelessly kidnapped.

With regard to the general pillage of the country instead of direct

taxation, the governor would explain his conduct to the Khedive.

With regard to the false report of Quat Kare's death, there could be no doubt that the firman for his rival Jangy had been obtained from the Khedive under false pretences.

I therefore recommended Quat Kare and his sons to go direct to Khartoum, and plead his cause at the divan of Djiaffer Pacha, who was the governor-general of the Soudan, which included the Shillook country; thus the whole affair was within his jurisdiction. I also explained that I should send an official despatch to the Khedive of Egypt, and also to Djiaffer Pacha, describing the general state of the Shillook country and the special case of Quat Kare, with a direct report upon the kidnapping of slaves by the government's representative.

At the same time, I assured Quat Kare and his people that the Khedive had only one object in forming a government: this was to protect the natives and to develop the resources of the country. I persuaded the Koordi and Quat Kare to become friends and at once to declare peace; thus, all hostilities having ceased, the responsibility for further disturbance would rest with him who should recommence a breach of the

peace.

I advised the Shillook king to forget the past, where there had evidently been a mistake, and he should trust to his application to Djiaffer Pacha, who would speedily give him justice. The Shillook king then replied, without moving a muscle of his features, “If I forget the past, what is to become of all my cattle that the Koordi has stolen from me? Is he going to return them, or keep them himself, and forget the past? I can’t forget my cows.”

This practical question was difficult to answer. The Koordi’s pipe was out: he therefore rose from his seat and retired, leaving the stoical Quat Kare master of his position, but not of his cattle. I advised him to say nothing more until he should see Djiaffer Pacha, and he would receive a direct reply from the Khedive.

Quat Kare, with his wives and daughters and general retinue, determined to pass the night in our station.

I therefore ordered an ox to be killed for their entertainment. I gave the king a large Cashmere scarf, also one of red printed cotton, and a

dozen small harness bells, which he immediately arranged as anklets. His usually unchangeable countenance relaxed into a smile of satisfaction as he took leave, and the bells tinkled at every footstep as he departed.

Quat Kare never eats or drinks in the presence of his people, but his food is taken to him either within a hut or to a lonely tree.

On the following morning both the governor of Fashoda and the old king returned to their respective homes.

On the 10th May, a sail was reported by the sentries in the south. None of the slave-traders had any intelligence of my station at Tewfikeeyah. The people of Kutchuk Ali, on the Bahr Giraffe, were under the impression that we had returned direct to Khartoum. I was rather curious to know whether they would presume to send slaves down the White Nile during this season, knowing that the Khedive had sent me expressly to suppress the trade. I could not believe that the Koordi governor of Fashoda would have the audacity to allow the free passage of slave vessels after the stringent orders that had been given. Although I had heard that this governor had amassed a considerable fortune by the establishment of a toll per head for every slave that passed Fashoda, I

imagined that he would this year make up his mind that the rich harvest was over.

If any vessels should attempt to descend with slave cargoes, they must pass my new station, of which they were ignorant, and the fact would prove the complicity of the governor of Fashoda, as it would substantiate all the reports that I had heard concerning his connivance with the slave-traders. The strange sail now reported was rapidly approaching on her route to Khartoum, without the slightest suspicion that a large military station was established within four miles of the Sobat junction. If guilty, she was thus approaching the jaws of the lion.

As she neared the station, she must have discovered the long row of masts and yards of the fleet moored alongside the quay. Of these she appeared to take no notice, and keeping well in the middle of the river, she would have passed the station, and continued on her voyage. This looked very suspicious, and I at once sent a boat to order her to halt.

When she was brought alongside, I sent my trusty aide-de-camp, Colonel Abd-el-Kader, on board to make the necessary inquiries. She was quite

innocent. The captain and the vakeel (agent and commander of station) were amazed at my thinking it necessary to search their vessel. She had a quantity of corn on board, stowed in bulk. There was not a person beside the crew and a few soldiers from Kutchuk Ali's station.

The vakeel was the same whom I had seen at the station at the Bahr Giraffe, to whom I had given advice that he should not attempt to send slaves down the river again. All was in order. The vessel belonged to Kutchuk Ali, who now commanded the government expedition sent by Djiaffer Pacha to the Bahr Gazal. She was laden with ivory beneath the corn, which was for the supply of the crew and soldiers.

Colonel Abd-el-Kader was an excellent officer; he was one of the exceptions who took a great interest in the expedition, and he always served me faithfully. He was a fine powerful man, upwards of six feet high, and not only active, but extremely determined. He was generally called "the Englishman" by his brother officers, as a bitter compliment reflecting on his debased taste for Christian society. This officer was not the man to neglect a search because the agent of Kutchuk Ali protested his innocence, and exhibited the apparently naked character of his vessel. She appeared suspiciously full of corn for a boat homeward

bound. There was an awkward smell about the closely-boarded forecastle which resembled that of unwashed negroes. Abd-el-Kader drew a steel ramrod from a soldier’s rifle, and probed sharply through the corn.

A smothered cry from beneath, and a wriggling among the corn, was succeeded by a woolly head, as the strong Abd-el-Kader, having thrust his long arm into the grain, dragged forth by the wrist a negro woman. The corn was at once removed; the planks which boarded up the forecastle and the stern were broken down, and there was a mass of humanity exposed, boys, girls, and women, closely packed like herrings in a barrel; who under the fear of threats had remained perfectly silent until thus discovered. The sail attached to the mainyard of the vessel appeared full and heavy in the lower part; this was examined, and upon unpacking, it yielded a young woman who had thus been sewn up to avoid discovery.

The case was immediately reported to me. I at once ordered the vessel to be unloaded. We discovered one hundred and fifty slaves stowed away in a most inconceivably small area. The stench was horrible when they began to move. Many were in irons; these were quickly released by the blacksmiths, to the astonishment of the captives, who did not appear to

understand the proceeding.

I ordered the vakeel, and the reis or captain of the vessel, to be put in irons. The slaves began to comprehend that their captors were now captives. They now began to speak, and many declared that the greater portion of the men of their villages had been killed by the slave-hunters.

Having weighed the ivory and counted the tusks, I had the vessel reloaded; and having placed an officer with a guard on board, I sent her to Khartoum to be confiscated as a slaver.

I ordered the slaves to wash, and issued clothes from the magazine for the naked women.

On the following day I inspected the captives, and I explained to them their exact position. They were free people, and if their homes were at a reasonable distance they should be returned. If not they must make themselves generally useful, in return for which they would be fed and clothed.

If any of the women wished to marry, there were many fine young men in the regiments who would make capital husbands. I gave each person a paper of freedom, signed by myself. This was contained in a hollow reed and suspended round their necks. Their names, approximate age, sex, and country were registered in a book corresponding with the numbers on their papers.

These arrangements occupied the whole morning. In the afternoon I again inspected them. Having asked the officer whether any of the negresses would wish to be married, he replied that all the women wished to marry, and that they had already selected their husbands!

This was wholesale matrimony, that required a church as large as Westminster Abbey, and a whole company of clergy!

Fortunately, matters are briefly arrranged in Africa. I saw the loving couples standing hand in hand. Some of the girls were pretty, and my black troops had shown good taste in their selection. Unfortunately, however, for the Egyptian regiment, the black ladies had a strong antipathy to brown men, and the suitors were all refused. This was a very awkward affair. The ladies having received their freedom, at once

asserted “woman’s rights.”

I was obliged to limit the matrimonial engagements, and those who were for a time condemned to single blessedness were placed in charge of certain officers to perform the cooking for the troops and other domestic work. I divided the boys into classes; some I gave to the English workmen to be instructed in carpenter’s and blacksmith’s work; others were apprenticed to tailors, shoemakers, &c., in the regiment, while the best looking were selected as domestic servants. A nice little girl, of about three years old, without parents, was taken care of by my wife.

When slaves are liberated in large numbers there is always a difficulty in providing for them. We feel this dilemma when our cruisers capture Arab dhows on the east coast of Africa, and our government becomes responsible for an influx of foundlings. It is generally quite impossible to return them to their own homes, therefore all that can be done is to instruct them in some useful work by which they can earn their livelihood. If the boys have their choice, they invariably desire a military life; and I believe it is the best school for any young savage, as he is at once placed under strict discipline, which teaches

him habits of order and obedience. The girls, like those of other countries, prefer marriage to regular domestic work; nevertheless, if kindly treated, with a due amount of authority, they make fair servants for any rough employment.

When female children are about five years old they are most esteemed by the slave-dealers, as they can be more easily taught, and they grow up with an attachment to their possessors, and in fact become members of the family.

Little Mostoora, the child taken by my wife, was an exceedingly clever specimen of her race, and although she was certainly not more than three years old, she was quicker than most children of double her age. With an ugly little face, she bad a beautifully shaped figure, and possessed a power of muscle that I have never seen in a white child of that age. Her lot had fallen in pleasant quarters; she was soon dressed in convenient clothes and became the pet of the family.

On June 17, 1 sent the No. 9 steamer to Khartoum with the post, together with three sons of Quat Kare, who were to represent their father at the divan of Djiaffer Pacha. The old man declined the voyage, pleading his

age as an excuse. Mr. Wood also returned, as his health required an immediate change to Egypt. On the 25th, four vessels arrived from the south, two belonging to Kutchuk Ali, one to Agad, and one to a trader named Assaballa, from the Bahr Gazal. The latter had thirty-five slaves on board. The others had heard, by some vessels that had gone up from Khartoum, that I had formed a station near the Sobat, and had captured the vessel and slaves of Kutchuk Ali, thus they had landed their slaves at the Bahr Giraffe station. The Bahr Gazal vessel having arrived from a different direction had not received the information. I seized the boat and cargo, and liberated the slaves.

On board the diahbeeah of Kutchuk Ali were four musicians, natives of Pongo, on the river Djoor. Their band consisted of two iron bells, a flageolet and an instrument made of hard wood that was arranged like the musical glasses of Europe. The latter was formed of ten pieces of a metallic sounding-wood suspended above long narrow gourd shells. Each piece of wood produced a separate note, and the instrument was played by four sticks, the ends of which were covered with india-rubber. The general effect, although a savage kind of harmony, was superior to most native attempts at music.

The station of Tewfikeeyah had now assumed an important aspect, and I much regretted that when the time should arrive for our departure to the south it would be abandoned: however, I determined to keep all hands employed, as there is nothing so demoralizing to troops as inaction. At the same time there was a general dislike to the expedition, and all trusted that something might happen that would prevent another attempt to penetrate the marshes of the Bahr Giraffe. There was much allowance to be made for this feeling. The seeds of dangerous disorders, that had been sown by the malaria of the swamps, had now exhibited themselves in fatal attacks of dysentery, that quickly formed a cemetery at Tewfikeeyah.

The Egyptian troops were generally sickly and dispirited, and went to their daily work in a slouching, dogged manner, that showed their passive hatred of the employment.

I arranged that the sailors should cultivate a piece of ground with corn, while the soldiers should be employed in a similar manner in another position. The sailors were all Nubians, or the natives of Dongola, Berber, and the countries bordering the Nile in the Soudan. These people were of the same class as the slave-hunter companies, men

who hated work and preferred a life of indolence, lounging sleepily about their vessels. I quickly got these fellows into order by dividing them into gangs, over which I placed separate headmen, the captains of vessels; one superior officer commanded, and was responsible for the whole.

They only worked six hours daily, but by this simple organization I soon had thirty acres of land cleaned. The grass and roots were burnt in piles, the ashes spread, and the entire field was dug over and sown with barley, wheat, and dhurra. There is a civilizing influence in cultivation, and nothing is so cheering in a wild country as the sight of well-arranged green fields that are flourishing in the centre of the neglected wilderness. I had now a promising little farm of about thirty acres belonging to our naval brigade; and a very unpromising farm, that had been managed by my Colonel, Raouf Bey. The soldiers had never even cleared the rough native grass from the surface, but had turned up the soil in small lots at intervals of about a foot, into which they had carelessly dropped a few grains of corn.

We now found agricultural enemies that were unexpected. Guinea-fowl recognized the importance of cultivation, and created terrible damage.

Small birds of the sparrow tribe infested the newly-sown land in clouds, but worse than these enemies were the vast armies of great ants.

These industrious insects, ever providing for the future, discovered the newly sown barley and wheat, and considering that such an opportunity should not be neglected, they literally marched off with the greater portion of the seed that was exposed. I saw them on many occasions returning in countless numbers from a foray, each carrying in its mouth a grain of barley or wheat. I tracked them to their subterranean nests, in one of which I found about a peck of corn which had been conveyed by separate grains; and patches of land had been left nearly barren of seed.

The large crimson-headed goose of the White Nile quickly discovered that barley was a food well adapted for the physical constitution of geese, and great numbers flocked to the new farm. The guinea-fowl were too wild to approach successfully; however, we shot them daily. I set little boys to scream from daylight till sunset to scare the clouds of small birds; but the boys screamed themselves to sleep, and the sparrows quickly discovered the incapacity of the watchers. Wild fowl were so numerous on an island opposite the farm that we not only shot them as we required,

but on one occasion Lieutenant Baker and myself bagged in about two hours sixty-eight ducks and geese, most of which were single shots in flight overhead.

I found the necessity of re-sowing the land so thickly that there should be sufficient grain to allow for the depredations of our enemies. I set vermin traps and caught the guinea-fowl. Then the natural enemy appeared in the wild cats, who took the guinea-fowls out of the traps. At first the men were suspected of stealing the birds, but the unmistakable tracks of the wild cats were found close to the traps, and shortly after the wily cats themselves became victims. These were generally of the genus Herpestris.

When the crops, having resisted many enemies, appeared above ground, they were attacked by the mole crickets in formidable numbers. These destructive insects lived beneath the small solid clods of earth, and issuing forth at night, they bit the young shoot clean off close to the parent grain at the point of extreme sweetness. The garden suffered terribly from these insects, which destroyed whole rows of cucumber plants.

I had brought ploughs from Cairo. These were the native implements that are used throughout Egypt. There is always a difficulty in the first commencement of agricultural enterprise in a wild country, and much patience is required.

Some of my Egyptian soldiers were good ploughmen, to which employment they had been formerly accustomed; but the bullocks of the country were pigheaded creatures that for a long time resisted all attempts at conversion to the civilized labour of Egyptian cattle. They steadily refused to draw the ploughs, and they determined upon an “agricultural strike.” They had not considered that we could strike also, and tolerably hard, with the hippopotamus hide whips, which were a more forcible appeal to their feelings than a “lock-out.” However, this contest ended in the bullocks lying down, and thus offering a passive resistance that could not be overcome. There is nothing like arbitration to obtain pure justice, and as I was the arbitrator, I ordered all refractory bullocks to be eaten as rations by the troops. A few animals at length became fairly tractable; and we had a couple of ploughs at work, but the result was a series of zigzag furrows that more resembled the indiscriminate ploughings of a herd of wild boar than the effect of an agricultural implement. Nothing will ever go straight at the

commencement, therefore the ploughs naturally went crooked; but the whole affair forcibly reminded me of my first agricultural enterprise on the mountains of Ceylon twenty-five years earlier. [*]

[*Footnote: See “Eight Years’ Wanderings in Ceylon,” published by Longman & Co.]

The mean temperature at the station of Tewfikeeyah had been:

In the month of May, at 6 a.m. 73 degrees Fahrenheit

” at Noon 92 degrees “

” June, at 6 a.m. 72 degrees “

” at Noon 86 degrees “

” July, at 6 a.m. 71 degrees “

” at Noon 81 degrees “

During May we had heavy rain during 3 days.

” ” light ” ” 4 ” 7 days.

During June we had heavy rain during 5 days.

” ” light ” ” 6 ” 11 days

” July heavy ” ” 10 “

” ” light ” ” 4 ” 14 days

Sickness increased proportionately with the increase of rain, owing to the sudden chills occasioned by the heavy showers. The thermometer would sometimes fall rapidly to 68 degrees Fahr. during a storm of rain, accompanied by a cold rush of air from the cloud. Fortunately I had provided the troops with blankets, which had not been included in their kit by the authorities at Khartoum.

CHAPTER V.

EXPLORATION OF THE OLD WHITE NILE.

I had long since determined to explore the sudd, or obstructions of the main Nile, in the hope of discovering some new passage which the stream might have forced through the vegetation. A Shillook, named Abdullah, closely connected with Quat Kare, had promised to accompany me, and to supply the necessary guides. The river was full—thus I started on 11th August, 1870.

The engines of the No. 10 steamer had been thoroughly repaired during our stay at Tewfikeeyah. I had loaded her to the maximum with well-cut “Soont” (Acacia Arabicce), which is the best fuel; and knowing, by the experience of former years, that a scarcity of wood existed near the Bahr Gazal, I had loaded one of the largest vessels (about seventy tons) with a supply, to accompany us as a tender. I had also filled my diahbeeah with selected fuel.

We steamed thirteen hours from Tewfikeeyah, with the tender and diahbeeah in tow, and reached the old sudd about twelve miles beyond the Bahr Giraffe junction. The water below the sudd was quite clear from floating vegetation, as it had been filtered through this extraordinary obstruction.

I will not fatigue the reader by a description of this voyage. We were as usual in a chaos of marshes. We found a small channel, which took us to the Bahr Gazal. This swampy and stagnant lacustine river was much changed since I had last seen it in 1865. It was now a succession of lakes, through which we steamed for several hours, but without discovering any exit, except the main passage coming from the west, which is the actual Bahr Gazal.

This was the third time that I had visited this river. Upon the former occasions I had remarked the total absence of current; this was even still more remarkable at the present time, as the river was not only full, but the surface, formerly clogged and choked with dense rafts of vegetation, was now clear. I sounded the depth of the lakes and main channel, which gave a remarkable mean of seven feet throughout, showing that the bottom was remarkably flat, and had not been subjected to the action of any stream that would have caused inequalities in the surface of the ground.

When the vessels lay at anchor, the filth of the ships remained alongside, thus proving the total absence of stream. It has always appeared to me that some western outlet concealed by the marsh grass must exist, which carries away the water brought down by the Djour, and other streams, into the lacustrine regions of the Bahr Gazal. There is no doubt that the evaporation, and also the absorption of water by the immense area of spongy vegetation, is a great drain upon the volume subscribed by the affluents from the south-west; nevertheless, I should have expected some stream, however slight, at the junction with the Nile. My experience of the Bahr Gazal assures me that little or no water

is given to the White Nile by the extraordinary series of lakes and swamps, which change the appearance of the surface from year to year, like the shifting phases of a dream.

Our lamented traveller, Livingstone, was completely in error when he conjectured that the large river Lualaba that he had discovered south-west of the Tanganyika lake was an affluent of the Bahr Gazal. The Lualaba is far to the west of the Nile Basin, and may possibly flow to the Congo. I have shown in former works, in describing the system of the Nile, that the great affluents of that river invariably flow from the southeast—vide, the Atbara, Blue Nile, Sobat; and the Asua, which is very inferior so the three great rivers named.

We have lastly the Victoria Nile of the Victoria N’yanza, following the same principle, and flowing from the southeast to the Albert N’yanza. This proves that the direct drainage of the Nile Basin is from the southeast to the north-west; it is therefore probable that, as the inclination of the country is towards the west, there may be some escape from the lake marshes of the Bahr Gazal in the same direction.

On 21st August, having been absent ten days, during which we had been

very hard at work, exploring in the unhealthy marshes of the Bahr Gaza], we returned hopelessly to Tewfikeeyah.

The great river Nile was entirely lost, and had become a swamp, similar to the condition of the Bahr Giraffe. It was impossible to guess the extent of the obstruction; but I was confident that it would be simply a question of time and labour to clear the original channel by working from below the stream. The great power of the current would assist the work, and with proper management this formerly beautiful river might be restored to its original condition. It would be impossible to clear the Bahr Giraffe permanently, as there was not sufficient breadth of channel to permit the escape of huge rafts of vegetation occupying the surface of perhaps an acre; but the great width of the Nile, if once opened, together with the immense power of the stream, would, with a little annual inspection, assure the permanency of the work.

I came to the conclusion that a special expedition must be sent from Khartoum to take this important work in hand, as it would be quite useless to annex and attempt to civilize Central Africa, unless a free communication existed with the outer world by which a commercial channel could be opened. My exploration, in which I had been ably assisted by

Lieutenant Baker and Mr. Higginbotham, had proved that for the present it was impossible to penetrate south by the main river, therefore I must make all preparations for an advance by the Bahr Giraffe, where I hoped that our past labour might have in some degree improved the channel.

The close of August showed a mean temperature of 73 6/10 degrees at 6 a.m., and 85 degrees Fahrenheit at noon, with seven days of heavy and seven of light rain. Although the station was admirably drained, the climate acted unfavourably upon the people. On 9th September it was necessary for the unfortunate Dr. Gedge, my chief medical officer, to return to Khartoum, as his state of health required immediate change.

Just as the diahbeeah was leaving the station, a vessel arrived from the Bahr Gazal, by which I received a letter from the German traveller, Dr. Schweinfurth. This gentleman, to whom I was quite unknown personally, had the extreme courtesy and generosity to intrust me with all the details of his geographical observations, collected in his journey in the Western Nile Basin.

It was necessary for me to return personally to Khartoum to assure myself that my arrangements should be carried out without delay. I had

determined that the expedition should start for the south from Tewfikeeyah on 1st Dec., at which time the Nile would be full, and the wind strong from the north. As Tewfikeeyah was nearly half way in actual distance from Khartoum to Gondokoro, I trusted that we should have time to accomplish the work of cutting through the marshes, and be enabled to pass the shallows before the river should begin to fall. I therefore sent Mr. Higginbotham to Khartoum to engage vessels; I followed on 15th September, with the No. 10 steamer towing my diahbeeah—and ten empty vessels to bring up a supply of corn.

We reached Khartoum on the 21st Sept. at 9.30 a.m., to the astonishment of the governor and population, who could not understand why I had returned. I now met for the first time the Vicomte de Bizemont, who was to accompany the expedition. This gentleman had been intrusted by the Empress of the French with a very gracious token of her interest in the expedition, which he presented as a gift from her Majesty to my wife. I now heard for the first time the startling news of the war between France and Prussia. I found Dr. Gedge alive, but in a deplorable state of health. It was impossible for him to travel north, therefore he was carefully attended by the Greek physician to the forces, Dr. Georgis. I at once saw that there was no hope of recovery. Mr. Higginbotham had

been exceedingly kind and attentive to his wants.

I was very well received by my old friend, Djiaffer Pacha, the governor-general, but as usual the work was all behind-hand, and Mr. Higginbotham had been in despair until my arrival. Only seven vessels were forthcoming. I had expected thirty! Thus, it would again be impossible to transport the camels that were indispensable for the transport of the steamers from Gondokoro. This was very heartbreaking. Instead of completing the expedition by a general direct move south with all material, transport animals, store, &c., in travelling order, the operation would extend over some years, for the simple reason that the government had not the means of transport. Even now the steamers had not arrived from Cairo. The fifteen large sloops had failed to pass the cataract; thus, I was reduced to the miserable open vessels of Khartoum, and even these were of an inferior description and few in number. Fortunately I had brought ten empty vessels with me from Tewfikeeyah, otherwise we should not have had sufficient transport for the necessary supply of corn. However, now that I had arrived, things began to move a little faster. I find this entry in my journal, dated “1st October, 1870. Thermometer, 6 a.m., 80 degrees; noon, 94 degrees. Wind, north. The fact of my having captured the boats of Kutchuk Ali and Agad with

slaves on board, has determined a passive, but stubborn, resistance in Khartoum to the expedition. This is shared by the officials.

“Although I wrote to Djiaffer Pacha months ago requesting him to send me thirty vessels, there is not one actually ready, neither are there more than seven to be obtained. Even these are not prepared for the journey. The object appears to be to cause such delay as shall throw me back until the river shall be too low for the passage of the Bahr Giraffe.

“October 2.—I wrote an official letter to Djiaffer Pacha, protesting against delay, and reminding him of the Khedive’s instructions.”

The only authority who, I believe, takes a real interest in the expedition is Ismail Bey, who is a highly intellectual and clever man. This Bey is the President of the Council, and I have known him during many years. He speaks excellent French, and is more European in his ideas than any of my acquaintances.[*]

[*Footnote: Since this was written Ismail Bey has become Pacha, and is governor of the Khartoum province.]

The action that I had taken against the proceedings of the governor of Fashoda was very distasteful to the Khartoum public. I much regretted the necessity, but I could not have acted otherwise. This complication placed my friend, Djiaffer Pacha, in a most unpleasant position, as the Koordi of Fashoda was his employee; it would therefore appear that no great vigilance had been exercised by the governor-general at Khartoum, and suspicions might be aroused that the character and acts of the Fashoda governor must have been previously known to the Khartoum authorities.

The curtain began to rise, and disclosed certain facts of which I ought to have been informed many months ago, when I first arrived at Khartoum. I heard from Mr. Higginbotham that the principal trader of the White Nile (Agad) had a contract with the government, which gave him the exclusive right of trading throughout certain distant countries. This area comprised about NINETY THOUSAND SQUARE MILES! Thus, at the same time that I was employed by the Khedive to suppress the slave trade, to establish commerce, and to annex the Nile Basin, the White Nile countries that were to be annexed had already been leased by the governor-general of the Soudan for several thousand pounds sterling per

annum, together with the monopoly of the ivory trade.

A country that was in no way connected with Egypt, and over which Egypt had no more authority than England has over China, had actually been leased-out to adventurers of the class known as merchants at Khartoum, but thoroughly well known to the authorities as slave-hunters.

It was hardly credible that such dust should be thrown in the eyes of the Khedive, after the stringent orders he had given; but Egypt is celebrated for dust; the Soudan is little else but dust, therefore we must make some allowance for the blindness of the authorities. My eyes had evidently been filled with Khartoum dust, for it was only now upon my return from Tewfikeeyah that I discovered that which should have been made known to me upon my first arrival from Cairo to command the expedition. It was the trader and lessee, Achmet Sheik Agad, who had applied to Mr. Higginbotham as a mediator, and he stated clearly a case of great hardship. He had paid annually about 3000L for the sole right of trading. Thus, if he paid rent for a monopoly of the ivory, and the government then started as traders in ivory in the country leased to him, he would be in the same position as a man who rented a cow at a fixed sum per week, but the owner, nevertheless, insisted upon a right

to her milk.

It would be a hard case upon the traders at any rate, even should they trade with equal rights to the government.

There was no actual bartering of merchandise for ivory, neither was any merchandise shipped from Khartoum, except that required as clothing for the people who belonged to the slave-hunters' companies. If an honest, legitimate trade were commenced by the government, and law and order thoroughly established, it would become impossible for the slave hunters to exist in the White Nile districts. Their so-called trade consisted in harrying one country to procure cattle and slaves, which they exchanged for ivory in other districts. If a government were established, such razzias must cease at once—and the Khartoum traders would be without an occupation.

I had originally proposed that the districts of the White Nile south of latitude 14 degrees N. should be placed under my command; this, for some unexplained reason, was reduced to latitude 5 degrees N., thus leaving the whole navigable river free from Gondokoro to Khartoum, unless I should assume the responsibility of liberating slaves and seizing the

slavers wherever I might find them. This power I at once assumed and exercised, although I purposely avoided landing and visiting the slave-hunters' stations that were not within my jurisdiction. I regarded the river as we regard the high seas.

It was clearly contrary to all ideas of equity that the government should purchase ivory in countries that had been leased to the traders. I was therefore compelled to investigate the matter with the assistance of Djiaffer Pacha, who had made the contract in the name of the government. It was then explained that the entire White Nile was rented by the traders. The government had assumed the right and monopoly of the river, and in fact of any part of Africa that could be reached, south of Khartoum; thus no trader was permitted to establish himself, or even to start from Khartoum for the interior, until he should have obtained a lease from the government. If Central Africa had been already annexed, and the Egyptian government had been established throughout the country, I should not have complained; but I now found that my mission from the Khedive placed me within "a house divided against itself." I was to annex a country that was already leased out by the government.

My task was to suppress the slave trade, when the Khartoum authorities

well knew that their tenants were slave-hunters; to establish legitimate commerce where the monopoly of trade had already been leased to traders; and to build up a government upon sound and just principles, that must of necessity ruin the slave-hunting and ivory-collecting parties of Khartoum.

It was easy to conceive that my mission was regarded as fatal to the interests of the Soudan. Although the actual wording of the contracts was pure, and the lessees bound themselves to abstain from slave-hunting, and to behave in a becoming manner, it was thoroughly understood that they were simply to pay a good round sum per annum punctually, and that no questions would be asked. There were no authorities of the government in those distant countries, neither consular agents to send home unpleasant reports; thus, when fairly away from all restraint, the traders could act as they pleased. It appears hardly credible that although the wording of the contracts was almost holy, no examination of the vessels was made before their departure from Khartoum. Had the Soudan government been sincere in a determination to lease out the White Nile for the purpose of benefiting the country by the establishment of legitimate commerce, surely the authorities would have convinced themselves that the traders' vessels contained cargoes of

suitable merchandise, instead of being loaded with ammunition, and manned by bands of armed pirates.

If the owner of a pack of wolves were to send them on a commission to gather wool from a flock of sheep, with the simple protection of such parting advice as “Begone, good wolves, behave yourselves like lambs, and do not hurt the mutton!” the proprietor of the pack would be held responsible for the acts of his wolves. This was the situation in the Soudan. The entire country was leased out to piratical slave-hunters, under the name of traders, by the Khartoum government; and although the rent, in the shape of large sums of money, had been received for years into the treasury of the Soudan, my expedition was to explode like a shell among the traders, and would at once annihilate the trade. I now understood the reason for the alteration in my proposed territorial limit from the 14 degrees N. lat. to the 5 degrees. Khartoum is in lat. 15 degrees 35’ N. Gondokoro is N. lat. 4 degrees 54’, thus, if my jurisdiction should be reduced to the south of Gondokoro, the usual traffic of the White Nile might continue in the north during my absence in the south, and the original contracts would be undisturbed.

It is a duty that I owe to the Khedive of Egypt to explain these

details. It would at first sight appear that the expedition to suppress the slave-trade was merely a theatrical announcement to court the sympathy of Europe, but which, in reality, had no solidity. I am perfectly convinced that the Khedive was thoroughly sincere in his declared purpose of suppressing the slave-trade, not only as a humanitarian, but as an enlightened man of the world, who knew, from the example of the great Powers of Europe, that the time had arrived when civilization demanded the extinction of such horrors as were the necessary adjuncts of slave-hunting. The Khedive had thus determined to annex the Nile Basin, and establish his government, which would afford protection, and open an immense country to the advantages of commerce. This reform must be the death-blow to the so-called traders of Khartoum, who were positively the tenants of the governor-general of the Soudan.

The expedition of the Khedive, launched with admirable determination on his part, was thus inimical to every local interest, and was in direct opposition to public opinion. It was therefore a natural consequence that pressure should be exerted by every interest against the governor-general of the Soudan. Djiaffer Pacha was an old friend of mine, for whom I had a great personal regard, and I regretted the false

position in which both he and I were placed. My title and position as governor-general of Central Africa to a certain extent weakened his authority.

He had by the force of circumstances, and according to former usages, so far tolerated the acts of the White Nile traders as to acknowledge them as contracting parties with his own government. The most important lessee had no less than ten stations situated within the territory under my jurisdiction, for which he was paying a large annual rent. I knew, and the lessee, Achmet Sheik Agad, well knew, that his so-called trade was simply brigandage. My former travels, as described in “The Albert N’yanza,” had led me behind the curtain, and the traders were well aware that I knew every secret of their atrocities; thus my reappearance upon the scene with rank of pacha and major-general, at the head of a small army, together with the possession of absolute and supreme power, threw the entire population into a state of consternation. The traders, as Mohammedans and subjects, trusted to the protection of their own governor-general. Already I had captured their vessels, imprisoned their agents, liberated their slaves, and confiscated the ivory, subject to the decision of the Khedive. Already I had caught the governor himself (Ali Bey of Fashoda) in the act of kidnapping helpless women and

children, whom I had immediately insisted upon liberating, although I had no legal jurisdiction in his province. I simply depended upon the personal support of the Khedive, whose sincerity I never doubted; thus I acted as I firmly believed the Khedive would have desired me to act under the circumstances. The Khedive proved that my confidence in his sincerity was well founded. He at once dismissed from his service and disgraced the governor of Fashoda. These facts cast shadows of coming events. The Soudan authorities were compromised; my interference in the Shillook country was naturally distasteful to the governor-general. Both the government of the Soudan and the traders at Khartoum perceived that I should act in strict accordance with the instructions I had received from the Khedive. There was no hope left, except in delays, that might render an advance impossible with a heavily-laden fleet through the obstructions of the river.

It was necessary to modify the terms of the contract entered into between the governor-general and Sheik Achmet Agad. This trader represented his case to me as one of considerable injustice, which I was forced to acknowledge. As a mark of respect to Djiaffer Pacha, who had originally entered into the contract, I requested him to arrange the terms of the new agreement together with myself in the public divan. It

was argued by Sheik Achmet Agad that the fact of the government being established in countries where he had been independent would cause a great loss to his trade, as it would upset the confidence of the natives, and they would cease to bring ivory for sale. In reality, this argument should be interpreted: “If the government is established, there will be an end to our razzias, and we shall have neither slaves nor cattle to offer in exchange for ivory.”

He also justly argued that “it would be unfair should the government purchase ivory from countries already leased for trading purposes to the merchant.”

I therefore arranged that, until the expiration of his original contract, no ivory should be purchased by the government.

Also, that instead of the money payment now annually made to the government, the rent should be paid in ivory, at the rate of two-fifths of the amount collected. The ivory was to be delivered and weighed in Gondokoro, at which place the rent was to be paid to the government in tusks.

The original contract would expire on April 9, 1872.

My hands were to a certain extent tied by these engagements, but I resolved that at the expiration of the term I should assume a monopoly of the ivory trade for the government, on the principle of the fur trade of the Hudson's Bay Company; as it would be impossible to permit the acts of the Khartoum traders, who, I was convinced, would never deal honestly with the natives.

The working representative of Achmet Sheik Agad was his son-in-law—a man named Abou Saood: I had seen this person when at Tewfikeeyah; he had arrived in charge of several vessels from Gondokoro during the rainy season, when the flooded river and strong south wind had allowed the passage of his boats. At that time he had no slaves on board, but I subsequently discovered that upon hearing that I had formed a station near the Soba, he had discharged a large cargo of slaves at the station of Kutchuk Ali on the Bahr Giraffe, so as to pass Tewfikeeyah in a state of innocence and purity, and thus save the confiscation of his ivory. This man was present at the divan when the final agreement was signed by myself and his principal. He vowed fidelity in so forcible a manner that I entertained serious doubts of his sincerity. An arrangement was

entered into, that he was to supply the government troops with beef, mutton, butter, &c., together with the native carriers for the transport of baggage, stores, &c., at an established rate then agreed upon; the provisions were to be delivered from the resources at his command at his various stations. In the event of any native war, he was to furnish assistance when called upon by the government for irregular troops, of which he had about 1,800 in the districts included in my territory.

I did not admire the personal appearance of Abou Saood. A judge of physiognomy would have objected to the downcast look of humility, the uncertain squint of one eye, the furtive expression of countenance, added to the ultra-holiness of his ejaculations when called upon for an answer, and the pious cant of his protestation against all wrong-doings. At the same time that he was acting the part of saint, I knew him to be a bird of the same feather as the rest of the White Nile slave-hunters.

Some little diplomacy was necessary to smooth the troubled waters of Khartoum. I made every allowance for the passive obstructiveness of the authorities; it was perfectly natural under the circumstances of a sudden reform that affected materially the interests of the entire population, both high and low. At the same time, it was necessary to win

the game. I was much attached to Djiaffer Pacha in his unofficial capacity, as I could never forget the kindness that I had received from him at Souakim when he welcomed my wife and myself on our return from a long and arduous expedition. He was a perfectly honest man in his dealings, and most generous to all around him. His great desire was to earn a good reputation, thus he was not sufficiently vigilant or severe with the sub-officials throughout the vast territory which he governed.

He had formerly been an admiral in the Egyptian navy, and he had visited England, where he had learnt to respect the English name of “gentleman.” To be considered a “gentleman” (which he pronounced in English), was in his estimation a great honour.

I was delighted with the lasting impression that had been made by the manners of our country; and certainly, in courtesy and hospitality, Djiaffer Pacha thoroughly represented the qualities of the name he coveted. Whenever we differed in opinion upon official matters, we were always cordial in our private capacity.

On 6th October the post arrived from Cairo with the astounding news of the battle of Sedan; the capture of the Emperor Napoleon; the revolution

in Paris; and the fall of the Napoleon dynasty! Never were so many grave events condensed in one despatch. I felt much for de Bizemont: he had become a general favourite, and I had received him con amore as one of our party. This was a blow too terrible even for his high spirit. He had received the greatest kindness from the emperor and empress, and his loyalty was shown by the deepest grief, and an immediate resolve to give up the expedition, and to return to share the trembling fortunes of his country. We had ourselves received much kindness from the empress. Only a few days before this grave news arrived, my wife had received a token from her Majesty, graciously bestowed when she was in power and prosperity; this was now more deeply prized since adversity had fallen so heavily upon her.

De Bizemont had vigorously commenced his work as a member of the expedition by accompanying the sections of the third steamer from Cairo to Berber. The desert journey was intrusted to the great sheik of the Arabs, Hussein Halifa, who had already so notably distinguished himself in the transport of the two steamers that had arrived with Mr. Higginbotham. I was very sorry to say good-bye, and I parted with de Bizemont and his companion, Le Blanc, with sincere regret.

I had now set everything in order; the vessels were loaded.

On 10th October, 1870, I find this entry in my journal:-

“Started for Tewfikeeyah. Thankful to be free from that hateful spot, Khartoum. Nothing can exceed the misery of the place at this season. No drainage—mud—dense population, with exaggerated stench. These enemies to civilization have at length vanquished the European settlers.

“Djiaffer Pacha, accompanied by all the big people, came on board to take an official farewell: embracing—bands of music—salutes of cannon—steam up, and off, thank God!—I with a horrid cold and Julian with nasty fever.”

We were short of hands for wood-cutting, thus we only arrived at Tewfikeeyah on 22d October. The river was now at its maximum, and had risen at this spot from the lowest level of the dry season, fourteen feet and one inch.

We were now busily employed, as I had arranged to start the first division of the fleet for Gondokoro on the 1st December.

On 25th October several vessels attempted to pass the station with slaves. All were captured and the slaves liberated.

“Many of the women slaves who were released from the slave vessels at the first capture seemed thoroughly to realize the principle of ‘liberte, fraternite, egalite,’ as they ran away during the night, not only with their new clothes recently given them by the government, but they also stole some of the soldiers’ kit. It is very difficult to manage these people. The fact of their having been kidnapped by the slave-hunters destroys all confidence, and they cannot understand their true position. It is difficult to persuade them that the government has interfered in their behalf simply with a view to their welfare; they imagine that we have some ulterior object in their release; and many have a strong suspicion that they may at some future time be transported to some distant country and sold. They have been so often deceived that they cannot understand the truth; and having been accustomed to brutal treatment, they cannot comprehend the intention of kindness, which they attribute to a wish to deceive them. This is a dreadful state of moral degradation, which nothing but time and patience will overcome.”

On the 23rd November the wind began steadily from the north. I was

nearly ready. Every vessel had been thoroughly repaired, but many were so rotten that the caulking was considered by the English shipwrights as quite unreliable for a long voyage. I had dragged the iron diahbeeah out of the water, and had substituted new plates in many places where the metal was honeycombed with rust. The plate that had been pierced by the tusks of the hippopotamus was removed, as it proved to be very defective, and could be broken through with the blow of a heavy hammer, therefore it was not astonishing that it had been easily penetrated by the sharp ivory of so powerful an animal.

When the diahbeeah was re-launched, I had her thoroughly painted inside and out. In the mean time, I had formed a Robinson-Crusoe-like house, comprising two small rooms, open on the river-side, but secured at night and morning by simple Venetian blinds. The three sides were closed with planks. I had paved the floor with the cast-iron plates of the steamer's engine room, thus it was both level and proof against the white ants. The two rooms were separated by a partition with a doorway, but no door.

I had not resided in a house since I first occupied the diahbeeah, ten months ago, as the vessel was more convenient.

On the 29th November, at about four A.M., I was awakened by a noise in the adjoining room. My bedstead was exactly opposite the partition doorway; that of my wife was on the other side of the room. At first I thought the sound proceeded from rats scampering over the tin boxes; but upon listening attentively, I distinctly heard the lid of a metal box opened by some person, and again carefully closed.

After a few moments, I heard another box open, and a sound as though some one was searching among the contents.

Unfortunately my bedstead was the most horrible creaker, in which it was impossible to turn without producing a noise that would create an alarm, should a thief be on the alert.

I always slept with a pistol under my pillow, therefore, I gently grasped the revolver in my hand, and endeavoured quietly to get out of my noisy bed.

The wretched piece of furniture gave the most alarming creak; this was immediately succeeded by a sound in the next room of the sudden closing of a box, and the movement of some person. I could not be sure that it

was not Lady Baker, who had perhaps required something from a box, and did not wish to disturb me. This was not likely, and I felt that no time must be lost, as my bedstead had given the alarm. I therefore sprang out of bed and rushed through the open doorway, just in time to see some person jump through the Venetian blinds on the river side of the house.

To cry out “Who’s there?” and to fire a shot was the work of an instant, and jumping after him in pursuit I found myself in darkness, and no one visible outside my house. Where was the sentry? Nowhere!

At the cry of “Guard!” not a soul appeared; the sentry was not to be found. At length, after a search, he turned up in the wrong place, looking confused, and confessed that he had been asleep, but awakened by the sound of a shot. By this time a number of non-commissioned officers had arrived, who had been alarmed by the pistol-shot and the cry of “Guard!” The sentry was put under arrest. A search was made everywhere, but no trace of the thief could be found. On making an examination of the premises, we found a dirty shirt that the thief had in his hurry left behind him; this was evidently intended to receive the spoil in lieu of a bag. I could not find the trace of a bullet-mark either upon the planks or upon the Venetian blinds, therefore, I considered that the

thief must have been hit, or if missed, the ball must have passed out as he pushed the blinds aside when in the act of springing through.

I suspected the sentry, who was an Egyptian belonging to the “Forty Thieves.” He was stripped and examined, but there was no wound. All the shirts were alike, therefore the shirt in my possession was no clue. My wife had been startled, but she quickly recovered herself; the sentry was flogged, and there the matter ended; we had no London detectives.

CHAPTER VI.

THE START.

December 11.—The first division of the fleet, composed of eight vessels, had started, according to my previous arrangement, on 1st inst. Every third or fourth day another division followed the advance, until on the 11th I brought up the rear, and completed the departure with twenty-six vessels, including the No. 10 steamer and my diahbeeah. The wind was fair from the north.

The extensive and neat station of Tewfikeeyah was completely dismantled.

The iron magazines and their contents were now safely stowed in the various ships, and were already on their voyage towards Gondokoro. The horses were shipped and the stables had been pulled down, and the wood cut up for fuel. The long rows of white tents had vanished, and little remained of the station except a few rows of deserted huts. It seemed extraordinary that so large a place could be packed up and stowed away among the fifty-nine vessels of the fleet.

The English shipwrights had constructed three very useful boats, each exactly the same size, about 16 ft. x 5 ft.; thus we had a total of seven small boats to assist in the explorations of the obstructed river.

I left the Shillook country at peace. Djiaffer Pacha had paid much attention to the sons of Quat Kare at Khartoum, and the Khedive, in reply to my representations, had appointed him chief of the country in place of the pretender Jangy. The governor of Fashoda had been condemned to disgrace. I left a handsome present for the old king Quat Kare, and we departed excellent friends. The English party had been reduced by the departure of Mr. Wood, Dr. Gedge, and two servants.

We had been deeply grieved by the sad news of the death of Dr. Gedge, at

Khartoum, a few days before we broke up the station of Tewfikeeyah. This unfortunate gentleman was a great loss to the expedition, as he was not only my chief medical officer, but combined the scientific attainments of a botanist and naturalist.

I had made every preparation for cutting through the sudd, and we were well prepared with many hundred sharp bill-hooks, switching-hooks, bean-hooks, sabres, &c. I had also some hundred miners' spades, shovels, &c., in case it might be necessary to deepen the shallows. While the whole English party were full of spirit and determined to succeed, I regret to say there was a general feeling of disappointment among the Egyptian troops (including officers) that the expedition was once again in full sail towards the south. Their hearts were either at Khartoum, or sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. I had lost many men from sickness during our sojourn at Tewfikeeyah, and the men were disheartened and depressed. This feeling was increased by the unfortunate recurrence of the fast of Ramadan, during which month the Mohammedans will neither eat, drink, nor smoke from sunrise till sunset. The Koran exempts them from the observance of this pernicious fast when on a long journey, but my people preferred to keep it religiously, as it would be a plausible excuse for neglecting work.

The Nile was full and unusually high; this was in favour of the voyage, as success depended upon our crossing the shallows during the flood; it was, therefore, necessary to push on with all speed so as to reach the shallows which had been impassable last April, before the river should fall.

It will now be necessary to refer to my original journal, as it would be difficult to convey an idea of the voyage by a general description. A few hours after starting, on 11th December 1870, I find this entry:—"Thank goodness, we are off, and in good time, as the river is exceedingly high, although it has already fallen about five inches from its maximum. Mr. Higginbotham has been ill for a long time. Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, my first aide-de-camp, although an excellent officer, is almost useless from ill-health; thus the whole work falls on myself and Julian (Lieutenant Baker) personally, and had I not driven the officers forward from sunrise to sunset, we should not have been off for another two months. These miserable people do not understand energy, and the Ramadan increases their incapacity.

"December 12.—At 2.30 A.M., we were hailed when ten minutes within the

Bahr Giraffe, by two noggurs (vessels) in distress. Stopped the steamer immediately, and then heard that the No. 15 noggur, their consort, had sunk in deep water, close to this spot.

“At daybreak I searched the river, and discovered the wreck in eighteen feet depth of water. Two good divers worked for about two hours, and recovered three muskets and several copper cooking pots belonging to the soldiers. The story of the reis (captain) is, that she sprang a plank at about 4 A.M., six days ago, while under sail with a light wind, and she filled and sank immediately, the men having barely time to save themselves. Unfortunately, she had on board, in addition to one hundred urdeps of corn (450 bushels), a section of one of Samuda’s steel lifeboats; this was placed upon the corn, before the mast, but having an air-tight compartment, it must have floated away in the dark without being noticed.

“The story of the reis is false; there can be no doubt that the crew and soldiers were fast asleep, and the vessel was run into by one of her consorts. Had the people been awake, the least movement of the helm would have run the vessel high and dry in this narrow river, as the banks are flooded, and she was close to the side. As the collision

occurred, the people, suddenly awakened from sleep, were seized with panic, and only thought of saving themselves; thus the noggur lies in three-fathom water, and the invaluable section of a lifeboat is lost. The worry and disappointment, together with the loss of property, occasioned by these people, is beyond all description. Every man detests the expedition. The boats are nearly all old and rotten, and with such wretched material I have to conduct this fleet with 30,000l. worth of property. I dread the probable loss of some vessel laden with sections of the lake steamers, in which case the expedition would be ruined in spite of all my care. I trust that the floating portion of the life boat may be picked up by some of Agad's vessels in the rear.

"Leaving the hopeless wreck, we continued the voyage at 10.50 A.M., in company with the two noggurs, with a brisk north wind. At 5.20 P.M., we stopped at a forest to collect firewood.

"December 14.—Started at 7.30 A.M. Thermometer, Fahrenheit, at 6 A.M., 67 degrees; noon, 85 degrees. This is the lowest temperature we have had.

"Passed a number of our vessels, one having broken her yard. At 12.5

stopped at a forest to fill up with wood. While looking for wood, a soldier found a dead elephant with tusks that weighed about 120 lbs. I gave him a present of five dollars, also one dollar to Saat for having recovered from the sunken vessel the cooking pots and muskets.

“Wind very strong from north. The north wind always commences at about 7 A.M. and increases in power as the sun rises. It sinks together with the setting sun. Although the country is all that we could wish, there is no game. The watermarks upon the trees show that the maximum of the river has been a foot above its present level.

“December 16.—Suleiman Effendi’s diahbeeah with six horses passed this morning; he left in company with us, as did also the new noggur that passed us yesterday morning; thus there must be gross negligence on the part of the twenty-one vessels still remaining in the rear. Thermometer, 6 A.M., 69 degrees; noon, 88 degrees. We shot seven guinea-fowl.

“December 17.—I see four vessels about six miles ahead that are only now making sail! thus they have been stopping for two days. In the afternoon the two diahbeeahs of the Englishmen came up, and gave us the terrible news that one of the vessels had sunk near the mouth of the

river Sobat on the day of our departure from Tewfikeeyah; this vessel was laden with portions of the 38-ton steamer.

“I immediately ordered steam to be got up, and at 4.20 P.M. we started to return 120 miles to the wreck. It appears that Raouf Bey, with many other vessels, was in company with the lost noggur. To work in this country is simply heartbreaking; the material is utterly worthless, boats, officers, and men are all alike. The loss of invaluable time is ruinous, and the ignorance of the people is such that they can do nothing by themselves; thus I must be everywhere and superintend everything personally.

“The boatmen say the rats drag out the rags with which the vessels are caulked from within, thus occasioning sudden and dangerous leaks; but in such a case, why does not the captain run his vessel ashore to prevent sinking?

“Before starting, I despatched a letter by a vessel to Suleiman Effendi at the sudd, with orders to commence clearing the channel without loss of time.

“At 7.40 P.M. made out a light ahead, and shortly afterwards we met Raouf Bey’s diahbeeah tied to the bank alongside of Achmet Effendi, the bimbashi’s vessel. Raouf Bey came on board and confirmed the bad news. They describe the sunken vessel as lying with her stem about a foot below the surface, but her stern is in very deep water. I gave orders for steam to be up at daylight, and we halted for the night, as it is dangerous to travel down stream with a steamer in this narrow winding river.

“December 18.—Started at 6.25 A.M. Then, 68 degrees; noon, 81 degrees. At noon we met Colonel Tayib Agha and twelve vessels. I ordered three of these vessels to turn back immediately to the wreck, as I am determined to raise her, if possible.

“At 12.37 P.M. we reached the spot where we had passed the first wreck in the Bahr Giraffe. At exactly 2 P.M. we reached the Nile junction. At 6.50 P.M. we distinguished the mast of the wreck above water, almost opposite the Sobat junction, on the west side of the river. Having passed the wreck we reached our old station Tewfikeeyah at 7.30 P.M. Here we found a number of Shillooks, with Quat Kare’s counsellor, Abdullah, who were guarding a quantity of corn that I had left in the

king’s charge, as our vessels were too heavily laden to carry it.

“December 19.—Thermometer, 6 A.M., 64 degrees; noon, 79 degrees. I sent Abdullah with orders to the king, Quat Kare, to collect all his people with their ambatch canoes to assist us in raising the wreck.

“The Shillooks have already taken possession of our old station, and have divided it into lots for planting.

“December 20.—Thermometer at 6 A.M. 66 degrees; noon, 78 degrees; the water in the goolah (cooler), 59 degrees. The wind blows a gale from the north daily.

“I have just heard that Raouf Bey and the two colonels, Tayib Agha and Achmet Effendi, together with about 400 men, actually abandoned, not only the wrecked vessel and her invaluable cargo, but they also left a section of one of the lifeboats upon the mud bank of the river and forsook it. Such conduct is incredible, and could only be found in this country.

“At 3.15 P.M., the steamer having replenished her wood, we started and

arrived at the wreck at 4.35 P.M. After a careful examination we passed the night at the high ground near the Sobat junction.

“The section of the lifeboat is no longer on the mud, but I have no doubt it has been secured by the governor of Fashoda, together with the yard and sail. This entails the necessity of my sending him a letter seventy miles distant to order the return of the boat section immediately.

“December 21.—Thermometer at 6 A.M., 63 degrees; water in goolah, 52 degrees. I sent Abdullah Uz Bashi to Tewfikeeyah with a letter to the governor of Fashoda, which the Shillooks were to forward immediately. The letter demands eight oxen, ten sheep, the section of lifeboat saved from the wreck, together with the yard and sail.

“I shot two small antelopes, also some guinea-fowl, francolin partridge, and five pelicans.

“December 22.—Waiting for the arrival of Quat Kare and his Shillooks. Shot two geese and knocked over a large antelope, but lost him in the high grass. The country is all flooded, except for a space of about a

mile from our little camp on the Sobat dubba, which is the highest ground for a great distance, being about fourteen feet above the maximum level of the river. A few Shillooks started off after my wounded antelope, and quickly brought me the head: it was a fine specimen of the new species of Hippotragus.

“December 23.—I sent the steamer up the White Nile to bring down the wind-bound kyassas (vessels). When she returned with them, all hands were immediately employed in discharging cargo and taking down masts and yards in readiness for operations on the sunken vessel.

“December 21.—Thermometer, 6 A.M., 67 degrees; noon, 82 degrees. Abdullah, the Shillook, arrived. The natives have not forwarded my letter to the governor of Fashoda, as they fear to pass certain villages with which they have been lately quarrelling. To-day is the close of the

Ramadan fast, and the first of the Bairam, therefore it is kept as a holiday. All my people have turned out in new clothes.

“December 25.—Christmas Day. Thermometer, 6 A.M., 65 degrees. We began work at the sunken vessel. By filling the barges with water and sinking them within a foot of the surface, and then securing them by chains to the wreck, we obtained a firm hold. The water having been baled out of the barges, they gradually rose and lifted the vessel several feet. Having thus raised her, we hauled her a few feet nearer the bank, and the day’s work concluded by proving that with care and additional force we shall be able to manage her.

“December 26.—We continued the same operations as those of yesterday. Having lashed the masts of the barges transversely across the gunwales, to these we attached chains secured by divers beneath the bottom of the wreck. This was not possible yesterday until we had lifted her from the ground. At the same time that we were thus engaged, the men, by diving; secured ropes to the heavier pieces of iron sections, and we saved several tons of her cargo, which we placed upon the steamer and upon my diahbeeah. This lightened the wreck, and we then prepared a bed for her

by cutting away the abrupt bank, and forming a shelf on the flooded shore in a depth of three feet of water, upon which we might be able to haul her when floated to the surface. We laid out the steamer's purchase with an anchor secured upon the shore, and the day ended successfully by hauling the wreck exactly parallel to the bank, with her stem and stern-post above the surface. As the current was very powerful, the bow of the wreck had throughout the operation been firmly secured by two anchors laid out up stream. It is very hard work, as we are in the sun from early morning till night. Julian (Lieutenant Baker), being a sailor, is just the fellow for this sort of work, and no other person knows how to make fast the ropes and chains so that they shall not slip. Higginbotham, as usual, is very energetic. Colonel Abd-el-Kader, who is my only reliable Egyptian officer, has been diving all day like a wild duck, and bringing up heavy boxes of rivets which few men but himself can lift. Altogether the men have worked famously, especially the black soldiers.

"December 27.—Julian is laid up with fever to-day; this is the effect of daily exposure to the sun. I laid out the steamer's second purchase at right angles fastened to the bow of the wreck; we thus had her bow and stern secured in the same manner. Having manned both purchases, we

could manage her as she became lighter. About 250 Shillooks came to assist us under the command of old Quat Kare, who sat in his canoe and directed his people. Having lightened the vessel by taking out more cargo, I divided the labour; Higginbotham sinking two kyassas and making them fast as lifters, while other men cut away the flooded bank with spades and improved the shelf.

“After breakfast, the sunken kyassas being well-secured to the wreck with chains, we baled them out for the last time, and the vessel thus supported came bodily to the surface. All hands now hauled on the purchases, while the Shillooks, with screams and yells, tugged at four ropes fastened amidships, and we succeeded in dragging the vessel from the river’s bed, and placing her upon the new shelf that we had prepared for her in little more than three feet of water. During this time many men had been baling out with large buckets, and now that she was safe, a general rush was made on board to empty the water with every conceivable utensil—gourd-shells, basins, cooking pots, &c.

“When baled out, we discovered and stopped the leaks, and floated her. She was one of the largest and finest vessels of the fleet, perfectly new, and was laden with steamer sections and machinery, the loss of

which would have been fatal to the object of the expedition.

“I ran a flag up the mast as a signal to those at the station that she was safe. I then ordered the steamer to light her fires, and the wreck, together with the two kyassas and my diahbeeah, were taken in tow, and delivered at the bank that we had made our headquarters. Thus we have happily saved the vessel and cargo that had been so disgracefully abandoned, when a large force was at hand to have assisted her.

“During the morning, a vessel arrived from Khartoum, laden with goods on speculation, from a French trader of my acquaintance, Monsieur Jules Poncet. She also brought the section of the lifeboat which my officers had neglected on the wreck, and which the governor had taken to Fashoda.

“December 28.—I sent the steamer to Fashoda for the sail and yard of the wrecked vessel. All hands are engaged in caulking ship, re-hoisting yards, rigging, &c., and refitting. Thermometer, 6 A.M., 66 degrees; noon, 81 degrees.

“December 29.-Thermometer, 6 A.M., 66 degrees; noon, 81 degrees. Julian and Higginbotham both ill with fever. Vessels progressing.

“December 30.—I shot a waterbuck at daybreak (Redunca Ellipsyprimna). Yesterday evening, Quat Kare and his two favourite wives came to take leave. I gave him a musical box and a meerschaum pipe, with a lovely woman’s face carved on the bowl. He was very much amused with the idea of the smoke issuing from the head. I also gave his wives some grey calico, red handkerchiefs, and gaudy earrings. They went away delighted.

“At 9 P.M., the steamer’s boat came up to report her arrival at Tewfikeeyah. I immediately sent off a kyassa to join her for a cargo of wood.

“December 31.—The steamer arrived with the kyassa in tow at 11 A.M., with an immense supply of wood, together with ten oxen and ten sheep from Fashoda. The wreck will be taken in tow by the steamer, as her yard was taken on the day of the accident by Colonel Tayib Agha. She is now the most valuable vessel in the fleet. The new year 1871 commences well.

“January 1st, 1871.—At 1.30 P.M., I started the kyassas, having kept back twenty men from their complement of troops to man the vessel we

have saved. Abdullah, the Shillook, came, and I gave him an order to receive half the corn that I left at Tewfikeeyah. This is a reward for Quat Kare, for having assisted to raise the sunken vessel with his people. The extraordinary rise in the river this season has destroyed a large portion of the Shillook crops, therefore the present of corn will be most acceptable to the old king.

“January 2.—At 8.35 A.M., we started in tow of the steamer. Wind fresh from the north. At 2.40 P.M. we passed the second of the three noggurs that sailed yesterday, and at 3 P.M. we passed the third exactly at the Giraffe junction. We have thus been six hours and twenty-five minutes from the Sobat to the Giraffe junction. Thermometer, 6 A.M., 66 degrees; noon, 86 degrees.

“January 3.—Last midnight stopped at a forest cutting wood; we started at 3.50 P.M. One of the rear boats came in sight at 11 A.M., which reached us at 3.40 P.M.

“January 4.—At 5.50 A.M. we actually overtook the nine vessels with Tayib Agha that we had left seventeen days ago; these miserable people have thus been wasting their time. The trading vessel of Jules Poncet,

that left the Sobat only six days ago, is in sight ahead; thus she has in six days passed the boats that have been twenty-four days from the same starting-point. I took the sail belonging to the wrecked noggur from one, and passed ahead of all, except one that I kept back for repairs while we cut wood at the forest.

“January 5.—Arrived at Kutchuk Ali’s station at 10.30 A.M., and took in wood. The country is all flooded, and both the natives and the traders are without corn, the crops having been destroyed by the extraordinary rise of the river. The people have no other grain than the scanty supply yielded by the seeds of the lotus, which they collect from the river. I met several men who had formerly served under Ibrahim, when we accompanied Khoorshood Agha’s party to Unyoro many years ago.

“January 6.—Cutting wood. I wrote to Colonel Tayib Agha, desiring him to take in as much fuel as his vessels can stow, as there is no wood ahead. The vakeel of the station supplied five cows and six goats. I gave him five urdeps of dhurra (22 bushels). We started at 4 P.M.

“January 7.—During the night, at 12.40 A.M., to my intense disgust, we passed a great number of our vessels with Raouf Bey. Shortly after, we

passed others, together with the boat of Achmet Effendi, bimbashi. These officers and people are incorrigible; they have idled their time on the road to such an extent that I can only conclude it is done purposely. We wasted about an hour during the night in stopping to make inquiries.

“At 11.30 A.M., we passed the solitary ambatch bush on the west bank where the steamer smashed her paddle last year. The wind is strong from the north. Last year we were five hours from the ambatch bush to the dubba. We shall therefore arrive to-day at about 4 P.M. We have been exactly 19 1/2 hours steaming from Kutchuk Ali’s station to the ambatch. We left Tewfikeeyah at 11 o’clock; we have therefore been twenty-seven days to the spot at the dubba that we should reach this evening. Last year we left Khartoum on 8th February, and we arrived at the station in the following order:—

“February 15th—Fashoda. 16th—Sobat junction. 18th—Bahr Giraffe junction. March 2nd—arrived at the forest beyond Kutchuk Ali’s station. This is the same spot where we overtook Raouf Bey last night, he having left Tewfikeeyah on 11th December. Thus he has been twenty-six days from Tewfikeeyah in reaching the spot this year which he arrived at from the great distance of Khartoum in our former voyage in twenty-two days! Last

year the fleet was fourteen days on the voyage from the Sobat to the above spot; this year they have been twenty-six days! I believe thoroughly that they delay purposely, in the hope of thwarting the expedition.

“Last year the whole fleet assembled at the dubba in twenty days from Fashoda.

“We arrived at the dubba at 5.30 P.M., having been delayed two hours by obstructions and rapids.

“January 8.—We cut through a horrid accumulation of floating rafts that have filled the open space of last year between the dubba and the mouth of our old channel. This being completed, I ordered the boats to keep in close line until the arrival of the main body, otherwise the floating rafts would again block up the channel should the boats proceed.

“January 9.—Hauled the dingy over the marsh, and explored the old channel for a distance of fifty minutes. Thank goodness, this was clear to that point, a distance of about two miles; but at length we were stopped by vegetation. The latter is of a light character, and can be

easily removed. Clouds of mosquitoes; the dew very heavy at night.

“Shot a Baleniceps Rex, with rifle.

“January 10.—At daybreak we distinguished eight sail on the northern horizon.

“January 11.—Brisk north wind. Raouf Bey arrived in the evening.

“January 12.—Started and passed the choked river with much difficulty, and entered the channel of last year’s clearing.

“January 13.—We only made about two miles yesterday and to-day, being stopped by vegetation.

“January 14.—Cutting partially, but the channel is much improved since last year. Made two and a half miles.

“January 15.—Made three-quarters of a mile, and having reached the lake Timsah (crocodile lake) we found the river blocked up; we therefore cut our way into an open but shallow channel which last year was impassable

from want of depth.

“January 16.-The diahbeeah went ahead, but the steamer and heavy vessels were much delayed by shallows. I went on and determined upon the passage, the open lake being visible about 600 yards distant.

“January 17.-Made about 300 yards of heavy cutting through rafts of vegetation. The lake of last year nearly choked up; about 100 acres of rafts having completely destroyed it.

“January 18.-Cut about 350 yards, and at 3.30 p.m. we entered the lake. From the mast-head it appears that an unbroken sheet of water now exists for some miles. I trust this may be true, and that no mirage deceives us.

“January 19.-Sailed four miles, at which place we found a new channel coming from the south, while our channel of last year from southeast appeared to be closed at half a mile distance. Explored the new channel for about two miles; in appearance it was a river of 200 or 300 yards wide. At length we arrived at a sudd of small dimensions with open water beyond. We returned to the junction, and passed the night at a sudd half

a mile up our old channel.

“January 20.-At 7 a.m. I took the dingy, and with much difficulty pushed about a mile through the grass until I found the whole country closed by vegetation. I think the river has opened a new channel, and that the passage of yesterday will take us to nearly the same spot above the sudd that we reached by another route last year.

“Many vessels having arrived, I visited the Englishmen and physicked Ramsall and Mr. Higginbotham. At 4.15 p.m. we started, poling round the angle to enter the new channel discovered yesterday. In the evening we all sailed with a light breeze, and found the river open for three and a half miles ahead. Halted for the night.

“January 21.-The river being closed ahead, I took the dingy, and after much trouble succeeded in reaching our old channel in the clear river. Having started at 7 a.m., I returned at 1 p.m. I had sounded the channel the whole distance, and I have determined to cut a passage through tomorrow.

“January 22.-Cut 350 yards through heavy sudd. Last year this piece was

600 yards. We at length reached the small lake where we last year buried the two artillerymen in an ant-hill.

“January 23.-I took the diahbeeah a mile and a quarter up the river, while the fleet was being squeezed through our spongy channel.

“January 24.-Yesterday the five vessels that were left behind by Raouf Bey arrived, and the fleet assembled.

“I am in great anxiety about Tayib Agha who has twelve vessels with him, none of which are yet in sight.

“This black colonel is not clever, and should an accident occur, he will be at a loss how to act. Julian is unwell with fever, but Higginbotham is better.

“I went a long way in the dingy, and succeeded in finding the true channel of the stream by probing with the twelve-foot pole through the grass. Tomorrow we shall begin cutting, as the whole country is closed.

“The tree that marks the open water of last year is about a mile and a

half distant. There is a solitary dry spot near this, the heart of desolation—a tumulus of about half an acre, like the back of a huge tortoise, is raised about five feet above the highest water level. Upon this crocodiles love to bask in undisturbed sleep.

“January 25.-The men cut about 300 yards.

“January 26.-We again accomplished about 300 yards, and pushed the vessels within the channel.

“January 27.-We are thankful for a comparatively open ditch, deep, but covered with grass, through which the diahbeeah cut her path by sailing before a strong breeze, and we entered the lake at 11.20 a.m. There is no change here since last year. The steamer and fleet are close up, but there is a little deepening necessary at the mouth of the channel. The diahbeeah went ahead for six miles along the lake and broad river, and anchored for the night.

“January 28.-With a light breeze, the diahbeeah sailed four miles, and stopped at the three dubbas, whence we turned back last year. Even now there is only three feet and a half of water, and we shall have great

trouble. Our fisherman, Howarti, caught a great haul of fine boulti with the casting-net.

“January 29.-I shot some ducks and geese. A slight shower fell in early morning. I explored about seven miles of the river in advance. The depth is very unsatisfactory, varying from shallows to deep channels.

“January 30.-The fleet joined in sections during last night and to-day. Set to work with the long-handled hoes, and cut a channel through the shallows for fifty yards, and took the vessels forward.

“January 31.-Cut a channel through the shallows, but we could not get the steamer along.

“February 1.-About 1,200 men at work cutting a channel and towing the steamer and noggurs through. The diahbeeah and two noggurs passed ahead for about a mile. We then stopped to await the steamer and other vessels that were delayed by the powerful current.

“February 2.-Stopped all day waiting for the steamer about a mile ahead of the noggurs. When we left the dubba, I had left a letter in a bottle,

addressed to Tayib Agha, to order him to come on without delay, and deepen the channels we have cut, should it be necessary.

“February 3.-The steamer came up at 10 a.m. At 10.45 the diahbeeah made sail, and after two miles was delayed by a small sudd. Care must be taken to sail by the west branch of the two streams, as there is no water in the east channel.

“For six miles we have had nothing but shallows. Even at this season there is only a depth of four feet in many places, and a month hence the river will be impassable.

“Tayib Agha’s boats are in sight, about four miles distance, bearing north. We cut through the small sudd, and in a quarter of a mile, we arrived at an open water, very shallow: in many places only three feet deep. Stopped for the fleet, and upon arrival of the steamer and others, I had marked out the channel to be cleared. The men set to work immediately. I then passed ahead with the diahbeeah for about a mile and a half, the depth of water, as usual, varying, but often as low as four feet. We were at length stopped at the confluence of two channels, each shallow. The sun was setting, therefore we halted for the night. A

buffalo crossed the river about 200 yards ahead.

“February 4.-I took the dingy early in the morning and explored both channels; that on the right has no water beyond a depth of about two feet. The left is the true stream, but the depth in some places is only three feet; thus there is more work for the men upon their arrival. Had we arrived here a month earlier, we could have just passed the shallows, as our vessels draw an average of a little over four feet. No vessels should arrive here later than 1st of January; the entire river is a ridiculous imposition; a month later, the bed will be nearly dry. A mile ahead, both channels are closed by a sudd of vegetation, we must thus await until the boats arrive. Altogether the entire journey by the Bahr Giraffe is a painful absurdity, and my expedition will be fruitless in all but geographical results unless the authorities of the Soudan will clear the main channel of the White Nile.

“February 5.-None of the vessels arrived yesterday. I went back and found them in a terrible fix, as the water is leaving us rapidly, and we must cut a fresh channel through the sand, about one hundred yards long.

“February 6.-I took the diahbeeah a mile and a quarter ahead to a sudd,

passing over several shallows of only two feet eight inches, and three feet, which will again cause great delay and labour. I returned to the fleet and assisted in the tedious work of dragging the vessels over the shallows. In the evening I returned to the diahbeeah, and having dragged the dingy across the sudd, I explored the channel ahead for an hour, for about three miles; passed over distressing shallows for a space of a quarter of a mile ahead of the diahbeeah, after which I entered a deep, narrow channel with very rapid current.

“It is quite impossible to say where we are as the professed guides seem to know nothing of this horrible chaos, which changes its appearance constantly. It is most harassing.

“February 7.-Last evening I brought the diahbeeah back to the fleet, so as to push the work forward personally. The soldiers and officers hope we shall return as failures, in the same manner as last year. I have, therefore, informed them and Raouf Bey officially, that no boats shall retreat, but that should the river run dry, they shall remain here until the rise of the water during the next wet season, when they shall go on to Wat-el-Shambi. This decision has frightened them, and they are working to-day with better spirit.

“I unpacked and served out a hundred spades for digging channels; and I have ordered them to commence tomorrow morning and dig out a straight passage for the thirty one vessels that still remain in the shallows.

“February 8.-This is the date of departure last year from Khartoum; an inconceivable madness had any one known the character of the river. All hands as usual tugging, hauling, and deepening the river with spades and hoes; but the more we dig, the faster the water runs out of the bed, which threatens to leave us high and dry.

“February 9-The work as usual. All hands thoroughly disgusted. I am obliged to lighten the vessels by discharging cargo in the mud. Our waggons make excellent platforms for the luggage. Even with this assistance we only drew seven vessels through the shallows into the true river channel.

“Tomorrow we must discharge more cargo.

“The anxiety of leading 1,600 men, and fifty-eight vessels with heavy cargoes, through this horrible country is very distressing.

“When I shall have succeeded in dragging the vessels into the true channel, I shall construct a dam in the rear, so as to retain the water at a higher level. I have no doubt that a series of such dams will be required to enable us to reach the Nile. Should it be impossible to proceed with the heavy vessels, I shall leave them thatched over as floating stores, with a small guard, until the next wet season shall raise the river level.

“February 10.-I gave orders to discharge all cargoes, so that no vessel should draw more than three feet. All hands are now employed at this work, as it is impossible to cut a channel through the sand, which fills in as fast as it is deepened.

“February 11.-Twenty-seven vessels passed the diahbeeah, having lightened their cargoes; these vessels must discharge everything at Khor, one and a half mile ahead, and return to fetch the remaining baggage. The work is tremendous, and the risk great. The damage of stores is certain, and should a heavy shower fall, which the cloudy state of the weather renders probable, the whole of our stores, now lying on the soft mud, will be destroyed.

“To-day I cut a deeper channel near the diahbeeah, and divided the men into gangs on the various shallow spots, to tow each boat past as she may arrive. The steamer is hard and fast, although she has discharged everything, and she must be literally dug out of the passage.”

March 9.-From Feb. 11 to this date we had toiled through every species of difficulty. The men had cut one straight line of canal through a stiff clay for a distance of 600 yards. Many were sick, some had died; there appeared to be no hope. It was in vain that I endeavoured to cheer both officers and men with tales and assurances of the promised land before them, should they only reach the Nile. They had worked like slaves in these fetid marshes until their spirits were entirely broken,—the Egyptians had ceased to care whether they lived or died.

The enormous quantity of machinery, iron sections of steamers, supplies, &c., had actually been discharged from fifty-eight vessels. The river had fallen still lower, and upon the quickly sun-baked surface I made a road, and having set up my waggons, I conveyed the great mass of cargo across the land by a short cut, and thus reached my long line of vessels, and reloaded them after great labour. The waggons were then

taken to pieces and re-shipped. It would be wearying to give the journal of every incident during this trying period, but from the description already given, the fatigue and anxiety may be imagined. Thank God, I seemed to bear a charmed life. From morning till night I was exploring in a small boat through mud and marsh, but I was completely fever-proof. My wife was also well. Lieutenant Baker and Mr. Higginbotham had suffered frequently from fever, but these energetic officers rendered me most important service. While I was ahead exploring, sounding, and planning out the route, Lieutenant Baker was commanding and directing the steamer, which appeared more like a huge stranded whale among the rushes than an object adapted for the navigation of this horrible country. I had a first-rate crew on my diahbeeah, and some picked men of the “Forty Thieves” who always accompanied me. The best and most devoted man that I have ever seen was a corporal of the “Forty Thieves” named Monsoor. This man was a Copt (Christian descendant of the true Egyptians); he was rather short, but exceedingly powerful; he swam and dived like an otter, and never seemed to feel fatigue. He was always in good health, very courageous, and he accompanied me like my own shadow; he seemed to watch over me as a mother would regard an only child. In fact, this excellent man appeared to have only one thought and object.

I had been as usual exploring far ahead of the toiling and labouring fleet, when, after pulling our little boat with the aid of fourteen men for several hours over a great mass of high floating grass, we suddenly emerged upon open water. We at once took to our boat, and hoisted the sprit-sail. The men stowed themselves as ballast in the bottom. The wind was strong from the north, and we travelled at about five miles per hour, the lake expanding as we rounded a promontory until it attained a width of about half a mile. Following the course of the lake for about five miles, we found a river flowing directly into the long-sought channel. Only one mile and a quarter from the lake, by this small river, we entered the great White Nile! I cannot describe my joy and thankfulness. My men shared my feelings. We all drank water from the turbid river, so unlike the marsh-filtered water of the swamps; and as each man washed his hands and face in the noble stream, he ejaculated from his heart, “El hambd el Illah!” (“Thank God!”) I also thanked God. It was an hour after dark when we returned that night, after much difficulty, to my diahbeeah, to which we were guided by a lantern at the mast-head, thoughtfully placed there by my wife’s orders. The good news made all happy. We had actually that day drunk water from the White Nile!

The great difficulty remained of bringing the larger vessels into the lake that communicated with the river. After all the labour of the last two months, I had succeeded in assembling the entire fleet in a sort of shallow pond, from which there was actually no exit. I had certainly escaped from this place by dragging the little dingy over about a mile of frightful sudd; but although this sudd covered deep water, it appeared to be shut out from us by solid mud, through which numerous streams percolated, the largest of which was about three feet broad and six inches deep. These small drains concentrated in a narrow ditch, which was the principal feeder of the pond, in which, with such infinite trouble, the fleet had been assembled. It was an anxious moment, as it would be necessary to cut a canal through solid mud for a great distance before we could reach the lake; and as we had made a free exit for the water behind us, while it only slowly oozed through before us, we stood a fair chance of being left helplessly around.

On the following morning, the good news of the discovery of the White Nile flew through the expedition. Many did not believe it, but considered it was a dodge to induce them to extra exertion. I immediately gave orders for a channel to be opened through the mud and large obstruction into the lake. After some days' hard work, a passage

was completed that was sufficiently deep to admit the diahbeeah. It required a whole day to force her through this narrow channel, and in the evening we entered the lake, and hoisted the flag at the end of the tall yard, as a signal to the fleet that we had accomplished the passage.

It was now only necessary to work hard and improve the channel sufficiently to admit the passage of the steamer and heavier vessels.

Unfortunately my fears had proved correct; the fleet was hard and fast aground! The steamer was so helplessly deserted by the water, that she would have served for a Nilometer upon which to mark the level, like the rock at Assouan. It was simply impossible to move her, as she was as solidly fixed as a church. Every other vessel of the fleet stood high out of the water, which had run out by the clear channel we had opened in the rear.

The officers and men were in consternation. With the prize within our grasp, it would be physically impossible to proceed Those sort of people are soon disheartened, and I made great allowance for them, as the work of the last two months had been sufficient to destroy all energy.

I at once determined to make a dam behind the vessels so as to inclose the position in which we lay like a mill pond. Common sense assured me that this must succeed in raising the level, provided we could construct a dam of sufficient strength to bear the pressure of water.

I had a great quantity of fir timber in the shape of beams and rafters for building purposes. I therefore instructed Mr. Higginbotham to prepare two rows of piles which were to be driven across the river. This able engineer set to work with his usual energy, assisted by Lieutenant J. A. Baker and the Englishmen, together with all the mechanics that had been brought from Cairo.

The piles were driven with some difficulty, and diagonal struts were fastened from the top of the front row to the base of the rear. Horizontal beams then secured the entire line of skeleton bridge.

For two days 1,500 men were employed in making fascines of long, thick reeds tied in large bundles, in the centre of which was concealed a mass of about fifty pounds of stiff clap. These bundles were firmly lashed with twisted rushes. I had 500 corn sacks filled with sand and clay,

these were to form the foundation of the dam, and to prevent the water from burrowing beneath.

Every company of troops had to prepare a certain number of fascines, which were piled on the side of the river, which had now exposed solid banks overgrown with the high reedy grass. This immensely long and thick grass, resembling sugar-canes, was exactly the material that we required. It was this gratis that created natural obstructions, and would therefore assist us in our artificial obstruction or dam. The sailors of the fleet worked in divisions under separate officers.

On March 13, all the preparations were completed for the work of filling in the dam. Great piles of solid balls of clay, of about 40 lbs. each, had been arranged in convenient places to stop up any leaks that should occur.

I stood on one of the stranded boats only a few yards from the row of piles. The men were all in their places. The buglers and drummers stood upon another vessel ready to give the signal.

At the first bugle, every two men lifted the sacks of sand and clay. At

once all the drums and bugles then sounded the advance, and 500 heavy sacks were dropped into the row of piles, and firmly stamped down by the men. The troops now worked with intense energy. It was a race between the Soudanis and the Egyptians; this was labour to which the latter were accustomed in their own country. The sailors worked as vigorously as the troops; piles of fascines and clay balls were laid with extraordinary rapidity, while some stamped frantically and danced upon the entangled mass, all screaming and shouting in great excitement, and the bugles and drums kept up an incessant din. A long double line of men formed a transport corps, and passed a never-failing supply of fascines to the workers who stood in the water and kneaded firmly the adhesive mass.

At 2.15 P.M. the river was completely shut in, and the people with increased energy worked at the superstructure of the dam, which now rose like a causeway for about one hundred and ten yards from shore to shore.

At 3.30 the water had risen to an extent that obliged the men in some places to swim. The steamer that had been hopelessly stranded, and the entire fleet, were floating merrily in the pond. Thank God, I had forgotten nothing in the preparatory arrangements for the expedition. Without the spades, hoes, grass-knives, bill-hooks, timber, &c., &c.,

we never could have succeeded in this journey.

My diahbeeah was in the lake waiting for the fleet to accomplish the passage. I had made an excursion one day in the dingy to examine the south end of the lake, which I found to be about eight miles in length. On returning, I was rather anxious for the small boat, as a bull hippopotamus made a hostile demonstration. The water was not more than five feet six inches deep; thus as the hippo, after having snorted and sunk, continued to approach the boat, I could distinguish the path of his advance by the slight wave raised upon the surface. He presently raised his head about twenty yards from the boat, but at the same time he received a Reilly explosive shell under the eye which ended his worldly cares.

There were many hippopotami in this lake, and, very shortly after I had killed the first, I shot a second much in the same manner. I always carried a harpoon in the boat with the rope and ambatch float. The latter was painted red, so that it could be easily observed. I therefore, stuck the harpoon in the dead hippopotamus as a mark, and hastened back to my diahbeeah for assistance, as the flesh of two hippopotami would be very welcome to the people, who had not received

rations of butcher's meat for many weeks. On arrival at the diahbeeah we quickly made sail, and soon returned to the hippopotamus. By the time we had cut up this large animal and secured the flesh, the sun was so low that I considered it would be better to fasten the other hippo by a rope attached to the hind legs, and tow it bodily astern of the diahbeeah. It could then be divided on the following day.

In this manner we returned to our anchorage at the tail of the lake, close to the entrance of the new channel. By the time we arrived, the moon was up. The diahbeeah was close to a mud-bank covered with high grass, and about thirty yards astern of her was a shallow part of the lake about three feet deep. A light boat of zinc was full of strips of hippopotamus' flesh, and the dingy was fastened alongside.

After dinner and a pipe, the usual arrangements were made for the night. There were many servants, male and female, on board; these began to suspend their mosquito curtains to the rigging and to creep beneath; the sailors, after chatting for a considerable time, dropped off to sleep—until the sentry was the only man on board who was on the alert. I always slept on the poop-deck, which was comfortably arranged with sofas and carpets.

The night was cold, and the moon clear and bright. Every one was wrapped up in warm blankets, and I was so sound asleep, that I cannot describe more until I was suddenly awoke by a tremendous splashing quite close to the diahbeeah, accompanied by the hoarse wild snorting of a furious hippopotamus. I jumped up, and immediately perceived a hippo which was apparently about to attack the vessel. The main deck being crowded with people sleeping beneath their thick mosquito curtains, attached to the stairs of the poop-deck, and to the rigging in all directions, rendered it impossible to descend. I at once tore away some of the ties, and awakened the sleepy people. My servant, Suleiman, was sleeping next to the cabin door. I called to him for a rifle. Before the affrighted Suleiman could bring the rifle, the hippopotamus dashed at us with indescribable fury. With one blow he capsized and sank the zinc boat with its cargo of flesh. In another instant he seized the dingy in his immense jaws, and the crash of splintered wood betokened the complete destruction of my favourite boat. By this time Suleiman appeared from the cabin with an unloaded gun in his hand and without ammunition. This was a very good man, but he was never overburdened with presence of mind; he was shaking so fearfully with nervousness, that his senses had entirely abandoned him. All the people were shouting and endeavouring to

scare the hippo, which attacked us without ceasing with a blind fury that I have never witnessed in any animal except a bulldog.

By this time I had procured a rifle from the cabin, where they were always kept fixed in a row, loaded and ready for action, with bags of breechloading ammunition on the same shelf.

The movements of the animal were so rapid as he charged and plunged alternately beneath the water in a cloud of foam and wave, that it was impossible to aim correctly at the small but fatal spot upon the head.

The moon was extremely bright, and presently, as he charged straight at the diahbeeah, I stopped him with a No. 8 Reilly shell. To my surprise, he soon recovered, and again commenced the attack.

I fired shot after shot at him without apparent effect. The diahbeeah rocked about upon the waves raised by the efforts of so large an animal; this movement rendered the aim uncertain. At length, apparently badly wounded, he retired to the high grass; there he lay by the bank, at about twenty-five yards' distance, snorting and blowing.

I could not distinguish him, as merely the head was above water, and this was concealed by the deep shadow thrown by the high grass. Thinking that he would die, I went to bed; but before this I took the precaution to arrange a white paper sight upon the muzzle of my rifle, without which, night shooting is very uncertain.

We had fallen asleep; but in about half an hour we were awoke by another tremendous splash, and once more this mad beast came charging directly at us as though unhurt. In another instant he was at the diahbeeah; but I met him with a ball in the top of his head which sent him rolling over and over, sometimes on his back, kicking with his four legs above the surface, and again producing waves which rocked the diahbeeah. In this helpless manner he rolled for about fifty yards down the stream, and we all thought him killed.

To our amazement he recovered, and we heard him splashing as he moved slowly along the river through the high grass by the left bank. There he remained snorting and blowing, and as the light of the moon was of no service in the dark shadows of the high grass, we waited for a considerable time and then went to bed, with the rifle placed in readiness on deck.

In a short time I heard louder splashing. I again got up, and I perceived him about eighty yards distant, walking slowly across the river in the shallows. Having a fair shot at the shoulder, I fired right and left with the No. 8 Reilly rifle, and I distinctly heard the bullets strike. He nevertheless reached the right bank, when he presently turned round and attempted to re-cross the shallow. This gave me a good chance at the shoulder, as his body was entirely exposed. He staggered forward at the shot, and fell dead in the shallow flat of the river.

He was now past recovery. It was very cold: the thermometer was 54 degrees Fahrenheit, and the blankets were very agreeable, as once more all hands turned in to sleep.

On the following morning I made a post-mortem examination. He had received three shots in the flank and shoulder; four in the head, one of which had broken his lower jaw; another through his nose had passed downward and cut off one of his large tusks. I never witnessed such determined and unprovoked fury as was exhibited by this animal—he appeared to be raving mad. His body was a mass of frightful scars, the result of continual conflicts with bulls of his own species; some of

these wounds were still unhealed. There was one scar about two feet in length, and about two inches below the level of the surface skin, upon the flank. He was evidently a character of the worst description, but whose madness rendered him callous to all punishment. I can only suppose that the attack upon the vessels was induced by the smell of the raw hippopotamus flesh, which was hung in long strips about the rigging, and with which the zinc boat was filled. The dead hippopotamus that was floating astern lashed to the diahbeeah had not been molested.

We raised the zinc boat, which was fortunately unhurt. The dingy had lost a mouthful, as the hippopotamus had bitten out a portion of the side, including the gunwale of hard wood; he had munched out a piece like the port of a small vessel, which he had accomplished with the same ease as though it had been a slice of toast.

I sent the boat to the English shipwrights for repair, and these capital workmen turned it out in a few days nearly as good as new.

The success of the dam was most complete. The river rose so as to overflow the marshes, which enabled us to push all the vessels up the channel without the necessity of deepening it by spade labour.

“March 14.—Should we succeed in reaching Gondokoro without serious loss, it will be the greatest possible triumph over difficulties, which no one can understand who has not witnessed the necessities of the journey.

“A diahbeeah arrived in the lake, breaking her yard in a sudden shift of wind, and giving a man a fall from aloft, which was fatal.

“The steamer and fleet are coming through the sudd as fast as the troops clear the channel.

“March 15.—The steamer arrived in the lake at 3.30 P.M.

“March 16.—Thermometer, 6 A.M., 61 degrees; noon, 82 degrees. Eleven vessels entered the lake last night. The wind has been very variable for the last few days, and the true north wind appears to have deserted us; the absence of a fair breeze delays us sadly in pushing through the narrow channels against the stream.

“Dysentery and scurvy are prevalent among the Egyptians. Four Egyptian

soldiers and two Soudanis have deserted. Where these wretched fools intend to wander is quite a speculation;—they appear to have yielded to a temptation to run away upon the first dry land that they have seen for months.

“The fleet assembled in the lake. The Egyptian troops cut a passage for fifty yards through a sudd in a channel through which the fleet must pass, as there is a shallow that will prevent them from taking the main course of the lake.

“Tomorrow the whole force will turn out and cut the remaining portion of about 300 yards; there will then be no difficulty except a sudd of about three quarters of a mile between the lake and the White Nile.

“March 17.—We cut through the sudd, and all the vessels entered the broad waters of the lake and anchored in the evening opposite some native huts, close to the channel that we must open tomorrow. These huts are the first habitations that we have seen for more than two months;—they are now deserted by the frightened fishermen who had occupied them.

“March 18.—The diahbeeah led the way at 7.30 A.M. through the channel that is closed by grass and the Pistia Stratiotes. At 10.15 we arrived in the White Nile. There is plenty of water throughout the closed channel, but there was some heavy work to clear the vegetation.

“March 19.—All the vessels came through into the White Nile, and there was great rejoicing throughout the fleet. At length the men really believed that a country of dry land might lie before them, and that they were delivered from the horrible chaos or ‘Slough of Despond’ in which they had now laboured for sixty days.

“I served out new tow-ropes to the fleet, and ordered No. 13 transport to discharge and divide her cargo among other vessels, and to take on board thirty soldiers to accompany the steamer tomorrow. We remounted the steamer’s paddles and tautened all the rigging of the diahbeeah; mended sails, and thoroughly repaired for a start tomorrow. No. 31 being a rotten vessel, I ordered her cargo to be divided among the lighter boats. I gave stringent orders to the officers to protect all ammunition and bales of goods with galvanized iron plates in case of rain.

“March 20.—All the vessels got away by 9 A.M. with a rattling breeze. The steamer started at 10.8 A.M., but was delayed one hour and twenty minutes by her stupidly dragging the nogger ashore in rounding a sharp corner.

“At 5.15 P.M. we arrived at a forest on the west bank. At 6.45 P.M. we stopped, as I was afraid we might pass the station of Wat-el-Shambi in the dark.

“March 21.—At 8.25 A.M. we started. Three natives came to the vessel and reported the zareeba to be close ahead.

“I served out fifteen rounds of snider ammunition per man to the ‘Forty Thieves,’ thus filling up their pouches to thirty rounds. The banks are now dry, and about two feet six inches above the river’s level. The country is as usual flat, but covered with forest on the west. Cattle numerous, and bellowing in all directions.

“At 9.15 A.M. we arrived at Wat-el-Shambi. The forest is distant from the river, therefore at 10 we started with light southeast wind, and at 10.30 we returned to a good station for cutting fuel in the forest about

four miles below Wat-el-Shambi.

“The few representatives of Ali Amouri, the trader at the latter station, declared that they could not supply us with cattle, they being hard up for provisions themselves. Their looks belied the excuse. Wind south all day, but changed to north at 6.30 P.M. The boat of the French trader, Jules Poncet, that had accompanied the fleet, arrived in the evening.

“A number of natives, stark naked, and smeared with wood ashes, came as usual to beg for corn. I have given strict orders that on no account shall corn be exchanged in purchases from the natives—otherwise our supply will be stolen wholesale. This order was broken through by Mustapha Ali, who therefore received a hundred lashes, as I was determined to enforce obedience.

“March 22.—Much lightning and wind from the south during the night. I fear rain. At daybreak we found Raouf Bey’s vessel close up, and many others near. The north wind of last night must have aided them. The natives came in some numbers.

“March 23.—All hands yesterday and to-day busied in cutting wood for steamer.

“March 24.—Poor Jusef, one of the horsekeepers, died.

“March 25.—Started, with the steamer towing a noggur and my diahbeeah with about fifty hours’ fuel on board, at 12.50 P.M.

“There has been wholesale theft of stores on No. 50 noggur. I caught and punished the captain in the act of selling our ammunition to the slave traders’ people in their zareeba.

“March 26.—We travelled throughout last night; the stream is nearly three miles per hour. We lost an hour last evening in taking wood from the noggur in tow, as she leaks dangerously. I took six men and their effects from her, and placed them on the steamer, as she is quite unsafe.

“Arrived at the station of Abou Kookah at 10.25 A.M., having travelled badly against the strong south wind, and our bottom dirty. At 3.10 P.M. we left Abou Kookah, and at 9.50 P.M. we arrived at the forest, close to

the deserted mission station of St. Croix, where we halted for the night. There were vast herds of cattle and many natives on the east bank."

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL AT GONDOKORO.

After the usual voyage upon the White Nile, during which we passed the Bohr and the Shir tribes, and had excellent sport in antelope shooting when the steamer stopped at forests to cut fuel, we arrived opposite the old mission station at Gondokoro on April 15, 1871.

I found a great change in the river since my last visit. The old channel, which had been of great depth where it swept beneath the cliffs, was choked with sandbanks. New islands had formed in many places, and it was impossible for the vessels to approach the old landing-place. We therefore dropped down the stream to a spot where high ground and a few trees invited us to the east bank. At this place the traders had founded a new settlement that was now without in habitants, and was represented by half-a-dozen broken-down old huts.

“The country is sadly changed; formerly, pretty native villages in great numbers were dotted over the landscape, beneath shady clumps of trees, and the land was thickly populated. Now, all is desolate: not a village exists on the mainland; they have all been destroyed, and the inhabitants have been driven for refuge on the numerous low islands of the river; these are thronged with villages, and the people are busily cultivating the soil.

“I sent for the chief, Allorron, who, upon arrival with some other natives, explained that his country had been destroyed by the attacks of the people of Loquia at the instigation of the traders. I promised him protection if he and his people would return to the mainland and become true subjects to the Khedive. At the same time I informed him that, in return for protection, his people must cultivate corn, and build the huts required for the troops upon arrival. This he promised to do, and I arranged that he should summon a general meeting of the headmen and their people tomorrow, or as soon as possible.

“I at once cleared a small plot of ground and sowed some garden seeds on the new soil now annexed to Egypt. My soldiers took a great interest in

the operation, and as we covered the seeds with light earth, we concluded the sowing with the usual ejaculation-‘Biamillah!’ (in the name of God).

“I walked up to the old mission station. Not one brick remains upon another—all is totally destroyed. The few fruit-trees planted by the pious hands of the Austrian Missionaries remain in a tangled wilderness by the river’s bank. The beautiful avenue of large lemon trees has been defaced by the destruction of many boughs, while the ground beneath is literally covered by many thousands of withered lemons that have fallen neglected from the branches without a hand to gather them. The natives will not eat them, thus the delicious fruit has been wasted; perhaps sixty or eighty bushels have rotted on the earth. I trust that the seeds I have already sown will have a more useful result than the lost labour of the unfortunate missionaries. It would be heartbreaking to them could they see the miserable termination of all their good works.

April 16. —The mileage from the junction of the Bahr Giraffe I have calculated at 364 to this point (Gondokoro); but I deduct 10 per cent., as we took several wrong turns of the river. The distance may be about 330 miles.

From Bahr Giraffe, junction to Gondokoro 330 miles

Upper Nile junction to Dubba on Bahr Giraffe 48 miles

Dubba to Lower Nile junction 300 miles

Lower Nile junction to Sobat 38 miles

Sobat to Khartoum 693 miles

1,409 miles to Gondokoro."

The chief Allorron arrived with a number of his people, and asked for "araki and cognac!" He is a big and savage-looking naked brute of the lowest description, his natural vices having been increased by constant associations with the slave-hunters. This man declared that his people could not prepare materials for the camp, as the neighbouring tribes were hostile; and he could not venture to collect bamboos.

I told him that if my orders were not obeyed, the troops would be obliged to be sheltered in his villages upon arrival, as I could not allow them to be exposed to the rains.

Both Allorron and his people looked extremely sullen, and although I always knew the Baris to be the worst tribe in the Nile basin, I was not

prepared for such a morose welcome. I explained to him the object of the expedition. He seemed quite incredulous, and made some remark to his followers in his own language with a contemptuous smile. He rather approved of the idea that slave-taking would be suppressed in his own tribe, but he could not sympathize with the general principle, and he asked “What will the slave-traders do?” Colonel Abd-el-Kader replied to the question by explaining to him my exact position, and the relative position of the traders. At this he burst out laughing in the rudest manner. He had seen me and my wife on our former voyage, and he well remembered that in those days we had been not only helpless in Gondokoro, but that the traders had spoken of all Europeans with contempt. He had already hoard from Abou [*] Saood’s people of my expected arrival, by whom he had been incited against the expedition. It had been explained to him, that if baffled, we should soon become disgusted, and return to Khartoum. He also remembered that many Europeans had visited Gondokoro like myself, but none had remained. It was therefore natural that a brutal savage, whose people were allied with the slave-traders, to attack and pillage outlying countries, should not regard with favour a new government that would establish law and order. For many years Allorron’s tribe had been associated with the slavers, and now that the entire country had been leased to one man,

Abou Saood, he had become the vakeel, or representative of this individual, by whom he had been thoroughly prepared for our arrival. We had been expected long ago, but, as already described, the delays attending the opening of the Suez canal had prevented us from starting.

[*Footnote: The agent of the great company of Agad & Co., who farmed the district from the government.]

I quickly perceived the real state of affairs. A great number of Allorron's people were absent in the interior, employed by Abou Saood's companies as mercenary soldiers. The Baris are a most warlike tribe, and would make excellent troops; thus they were valuable allies of the slave-hunters, as the geographical position of Gondokoro rendered it the only spot that was adapted for an important station. The traders now possessed of the monopoly of the ivory trade, found no necessity for a permanent station at Gondokoro, as their interests were watched during their absence in the interior by their ally Allorron; they accordingly only visited Gondokoro when they returned periodically from the interior with their ivory and slaves to meet the vessels from Khartoum.

Allorron was in the habit of despatching messengers to their various

camps (seven or eight days' march for a running negro) to give the vakeels notice of the arrival of the expected vessels. Many hundreds of his people had been armed with guns by the traders, therefore his tribe and the companies of Abou Saood were thoroughly incorporated, brigands allied with brigands, and Gondokoro had become the nucleus to which the spoil was concentrated.

These were people by whom the blessings of a good government were hardly to be understood.

Unfortunately for Allorron, he had joined the slave-hunters of Abou Saood against neighbours that were unpleasantly close to Gondokoro. The Loquia, a most powerful tribe, only three days' march to the southeast, had lost slaves and cattle by these depredations; thus, when the slave-hunters' parties had quitted Gondokoro and returned to their station in the interior, Loquia had invaded the unprotected Allorron, and had utterly destroyed his district on the eastern mainland. For many miles the country now resembled a very lovely park. Every habitation had disappeared, and this formerly populous position was quite deserted by the surviving inhabitants, who had taken refuge in the islands, or on the west side of the river. At this season the entire country was

covered with a tender herbage—that species of fine grass, called by the Arabs “negheel,” which is the best pasturage for cattle. Allorron’s people dared not bring their herds to pasture upon this beautiful land from whence they had been driven, as they were afraid that the news would soon reach Loquia, who would pounce unexpectedly upon them from the neighbouring forest.

I had therefore arrived in a country from which the original possessors had been banished by superior force: there was not a single representative of the tribe upon the mainland, neither could their cattle venture across the river to pasture upon the beautiful herbage, that was now entirely neglected except by a few herds of antelopes. At the same time, the pasturage on the islands, being insufficient for the large herds of cattle, was consumed, and the animals were dependent upon the rank grass, which they could only reach by wading into the water; thus many were taken by crocodiles.

It would have been natural to suppose that Allorron and his people would have welcomed the protection now offered by the new government. I invited them to return to their old country, from which they had been expelled, and to rebuild their villages on their old sites, where they

could recommence their cultivation, and form a new settlement under the wing of our headquarters.

It was easy to perceive by the manner of the chief, Allorron, and his people that they had been incited by Abou Saood and his companies against the expedition. My delay in starting from Egypt had been of immense advantage to the slave-traders, as it had given them time to organize a resistance to the expedition. The negroes are easily misled; naturally vicious and treacherous, they are ready to believe any tales of evil: and as a young child may be frightened by a ghost story, they also may by a few words be rendered suspicious of their best friend. Their interests were the same as those of the slave-traders.

My “Forty Thieves” [*] were excellent fellows, and all the men who were constantly about me were very different from those who formed the bulk of the military force. I now commenced a small station and a large garden.

[*Footnote: The bodyguard of picked men, armed with snider rifles.]

I had chosen a pretty spot for my station, as I did not intend to reside

at headquarters, which would be the site originally occupied by the Austrian mission, and was well adapted for a large town.

My position was a rising knoll of about six acres upon which grew a few shady trees. This spot had been the station of a missionary known by the natives under the name of “Suleiman;” his was the only name remembered by the Baris, and his body had been buried here, but nothing marked the spot. He had passed away, like all the rest of these good and self-sacrificing people, without leaving one trace of good works among this barbarous tribe except the lemon-trees; theirs was the only seed that appeared to have fallen on good ground.

In a few days my men had made a large garden, in which I sowed onions, radishes, beans, spinach, four varieties of water melons, sweet melons, cucumbers, oranges, custard apples, Indian corn, garlic, barmian, tobacco, cabbages, tomatoes, chilis, long capsicums, carrots, parsley, celery. I arranged the daily labour so that the soldiers and sailors should work at the cultivation from 6 A.M. till 11; after which they might have the day to themselves, to construct their own huts.

At this season, 20th April 1871, the river was extremely low; I

therefore fixed a pole with marked inches to register the rise of floods.

By the 23rd April all my men had arranged gardens parallel with the lines of their camp. I gave them various seeds, with a promise of prizes for the finest specimens of vegetables that might be produced. I had always endeavoured to create a taste for agriculture among my people, and they had now learnt that the commencement of a new settlement was the signal for cultivation. I believe that no employment engenders such a love of a particular locality as that of farming, provided always that the soil and climate are favourable. Thus, in an expedition to a distant land, it is necessary to induce the feelings of HOME among the people. The hut by itself is simply shelter, but the same hut surrounded by a neat and productive garden, the result of industry, becomes a settled residence. It is pleasant to watch the blossoms of home flowers and vegetables that you may have yourself introduced and planted. A good English cabbage or carrot may not be introduced in poetry so generally as the rose, but in a new settlement in a wild country, the success of a cabbage or carrot is of more importance to the expedition than bouquets of flowers.

Even the women and boys that were domestic servants, originally slaves that I had liberated from the traders, had learnt to take a great interest in cultivation. Each had a garden, and a day never passed without permission being asked for a few hours' recreation with the spade or hoe, the latter being the favourite implement, as the want of shoes rendered the management of the spade extremely difficult, except in very light soil.

I believe that a taste for gardening has a most civilizing influence among savages; and if I were a missionary, I should commence with such practical teaching, thus proving in your joint labour with the natives the principle that industry and peace will create prosperity.

A few extracts front my journal will describe the gradual progress of the settlement:

"Mr. Higginbotham shot a waterbuck during an exploratory ramble that we took through the forest, in search of large timber for building purposes. The main forest begins about two miles from this station, in which is an unlimited supply of wood, including the most magnificent tamarind-trees. These beautiful specimens are dotted about the country,

like park timber in England. There is a tamarind-tree about a mile from this station, beneath which about a thousand cattle might find shade. (It must be remembered that the Bari cattle are very small.)

“There is a native, named Tomby, who speaks excellent Arabic. This fellow has been twice to Khartoum, and he wears clothes, instead of walking about in a state of absolute nudity like his countrymen. He has an excellent rifle that was given to him by his old master, a French trader, Monsieur Bartholome. Tomby has been employed as interpreter; and having been born and bred in these parts, he is a perfect chronicler. It appears that Abou Saood treacherously murdered the sheik of Belinian, a country about twelve miles distant from this station. He feared the sheik of Belinian, who was a powerful neighbour: he therefore, professing friendship, invited him and his family to an entertainment at Gondokoro. The sheik and his people, not suspecting evil, arrived, bringing with them the usual presents. Abou Saood received them very politely, and when they were seated, and had entered into conversation, he had them seized by his people, and murdered them on the spot in cold blood. Owing to this treacherous conduct, the entire neighbourhood is hostile, and anarchy prevails throughout the country; thus I cannot send a letter to the traders’ camp at Latooka, as no one dares to travel.

“April 24. —Thermometer, 6 A.M., 74 degrees F; noon, fell to 72 degrees F. We had a picnic at the old mission station, where I went accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, Mr. Higginbotham, and my wife, to measure out the camp and fort. As usual in England, the picnic brought on heavy rain, which lasted from 9.30 a.m. till 2 p.m., to the great benefit of the garden.

“April 25. —Thermometer, 6 A.M., 69 degrees F; noon, 80 degrees F. We completed the large garden; the soldiers’ allotments are also complete. The camp of the “Forty Thieves” is very neat; a spirit of industry has seized upon the whole party. The women have made gardens around their huts, and agriculture appears to be the prevailing fashion. I am surrounding the cultivation with a live fence of euphorbia. Julian has been unwell for some time past.

“The natives appear to have gained confidence, as they are bringing their cattle across the river from the islands to our fine pasturage. It is curious to see the manner in which the herd follows the man who swims before them as their guide, while other natives direct them while swimming by striking them upon the horns with long bamboos.

“Yesterday the river rose about two feet, but it fell almost as suddenly, showing that the rise was only the effect of the heavy rain upon the mountain ranges throughout the country.

“One of the boys, Said, caught three fish, weighing about eight, ten, and twenty pounds each. These were of the Siluras species, and are excellent eating.

“The white ants are now issuing from the ground in vast numbers in the winged state, and are taking flight. Myriads of the black and white tern and the white storks are following them. The lizards are also at work in the general persecution.

“April 26, 27. —Made new garden beds. All the seeds sown by the troops are above ground, to the great delight of the men. We cleared and sowed about an acre with Indian corn to-day.”

We thus continued working and improving, until we had in a comparatively short time produced a great result. About ten acres of corn were above ground, as a few showers had started the seeds like magic. My men were

comfortably housed in a neat station on the high ground, while my servants had a pretty little village of their own situated on the knoll, by the river side, about fifty yards from my diahbeeah. This vessel was moored alongside the bank, the fine grass of which was kept closely cut, so as to resemble a lawn, that extended for about thirty yards; this was bounded by prickly pears and ornamented by a large and showy butter-nut-tree, which formed our out-door drawing room.

It was all very well to establish a government, and to commence the civilization of Central Africa, but we were very hungry, and we could procure nothing from the natives. We had no butchers' meat, neither would the Sheik Allorron or his people sell us either sheep or cattle.

For several days we lived upon sparrows, which Monsoor shot by sprinkling corn upon the ground and firing into the assembled flock of hundreds. The country was swarming with these small birds, which are no doubt delicacies; but if you have a good appetite they are a little too light on the stomach. In the mean time, although the natives could now venture to drive their cattle to the rich pasturage under our protection, which they could not before enjoy for fear of their enemies the Loquia, they absolutely refused to sell, or to supply us in any

manner. In spite of my explanations to the sheik by the interpreter Tomby, he refused to bring either grass or wood for the expected soldiers' huts, or in fact to do anything to serve us.

Upon one occasion, as my men were sowing and clearing the land for planting, he employed natives to work at the same kind of cultivation in front of the troops, in order to claim a right to the soil. On this occasion he came himself, prepared with a cup formed of a small gourd-shell slung by a string upon his neck. He explained that this was his cup for drinking araki, with which he requested to be supplied.

"How long are you going to remain here?" he asked. He continued, "You had better go back to Khartoum, and I will eat the corn you have planted when it becomes ripe."

I explained that Gondokoro would be headquarters, and that troops would always remain there, and we should cultivate a large extent for corn. He replied: "Then who does this land belong to?—to you or to me?" I explained that his people had been driven out by a superior force, and that we had found it abandoned; at the same time, neither he nor his people dare remain here without my protection, therefore the land

belonged to the Khedive of Egypt; but if the natives wished to re-settle I would give them their original property.

He simply replied, “Who does this tree belong to?” (we were standing beneath its shade). “It belongs to the Khedive of Egypt,” I replied, “who is now protector of the whole country, and I am his representative to establish his government.”

He replied: “Then you had better be off to Khartoum, for we don’t want any government here.”

There can be no doubt that in the abstract of people’s rights, any annexation of the territory of another is an infringement. Had this principle been adhered to throughout the history of the world, there would have been no progress. Savages of all countries are prone to strife; and a state of chronic warfare with neighbouring tribes is the example of African politics. A strong government is a necessity.

I had always expected trouble with the Baris, as I had known them during my former journey as a tribe of intractable savages. The Austrian missionaries had abandoned them as hopeless, after many efforts and a

great expenditure of money and energy.

The natives had pulled down the neat mission house, and they had pounded and ground the bright red bricks into the finest powder, which mixed with grease formed a paint to smear their naked bodies. Thus the only results of many years' teaching were the death of many noble men, the loss of money, the failure of the attempt; and instead of the enterprise leaving a legacy of inward spiritual grace to these "men and brethren," the missionary establishment itself was converted into an external application for the skin: the house of God was turned into "pomade divine." This was a result that might have been expected by any person who had practical experience of the Baris.

The extent of country occupied by this tribe was about ninety miles in length from north to south, and seventy in width. Although the people who inhabited this district were all Baris, there was no cohesion among them. They were divided into numerous small chiefdoms, each governed by its sheik or head man. Thus Allorron represented Gondokoro, while every petty district was directed by a similar sheik. The Bari country was thickly inhabited. The general features of the landscape were rolling park-like grass lands;—very little actual flat, but a series of

undulations, ornamented with exceedingly fine timber-forests of considerable extent, and mountains rising to about 2,500 or 3,000 feet above their base. From these mountains numerous streams drained to the Nile: these were generally dry in the summer season. The soil was poor in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro, but at a distance from the river, the country was fertile; the rocks were throughout granitic; the mountains yielded the finest iron ore, especially those of Belinian, twelve miles from Gondokoro, where the natives were expert black smiths. Cultivation was carried on to a large extent throughout the country; the corn generally used was the common dhurra (Sorghum vulgare). This was usually the dark-red variety, which, being rather bitter, has a chance of escape from the clouds of small birds which ruin the crops. Sesame was common throughout all portions of Central Africa, and throve well upon the poor and light soil of Gondokoro.

The Baris were exceedingly neat in their dwellings, and their villages were innumerable. Each hut was surrounded by a small court composed of cement made from the clay of the white-ant hills mixed with cow-dung and smeared with ashes: these courts were always kept scrupulously clean. The Bari hut differs from that of other tribes, as it contains an inner circle, which can only be used by creeping on the hands and knees-first

through the entrance, which is only twenty-four inches high, and secondly from the passage formed by the inner circle. The inner walls are formed of wattles and clay neatly smeared or plastered with cement. They are quickly attacked by the white ants, which destroy the wattles, but the clay is sufficiently tenacious to form a wall when the wood or reeds may have disappeared.

The granaries are formed of wicker-work supported upon upright pedestals of either hard wood or of stone, to resist the white ants; the wicker-work is smeared with clay and cow-dung, and the roof is thatched in a manner similar to the house.

The Baris are a great pastoral people, and possess immense herds of cattle. These are generally small active animals with humps; white is the prevailing colour. The sheep are small and the mutton is good; but although the fine pasturage of the Bari country is eminently adapted for sheep and goats, these animals are delicate, and require much attention during the heavy rains, at which time they are always kept beneath a roof at night, with fires composed of dry cow-dung to create a smoke that will drive away flies or mosquitoes.

Like most of the tribes of the White Nile, the Baris have a strong objection to sell their cattle; thus you may be surrounded by plenty, but you may starve in the midst of beef.

Their large herds are confined at night within zareebas or kraals. These are formidable defences. The cattle zareeba is a circular stockade formed of a hard wood called by the Arabs abou-noos or abdnoos (ebony). This is an intensely hard black wood somewhat resembling ebony. Piles as thick as a man's thigh are sunk in the earth, so as to leave a fence or stockade of about eight feet high above the surface; these piles are placed as close as possible together, and interlaced by tough hooked thorns, which when dry and contracted bind the stockade into a very compact defence. The entrance to this fort is only sufficiently large to admit one animal at a time; thus the herd can be easily counted. Within the stockade are several houses, in addition to a few large circular sheds for the protection of young calves. The sheep and goats are kept in a separate zareeba.

All the operations of the Baris are conducted by signals given by the drum, precisely as our military movements are directed by bugle-calls. The great drum that belongs to the headman or sheik, is suspended

beneath an open shed, so that it is always protected from weather, and at the same time the sound could travel unchecked. These drums are cut and scooped with great labour from a peculiar wood, which is exceedingly tough and will not easily split. The Bari drum is exactly the shape of an egg with a slice taken off the thicker end. Some of these instruments are very large, and as much as two men could carry on a pole. Both ends are hollowed through and secured with hide; but the broad end forms the actual drum. This is beaten with two short sticks of hard wood. In the early morning, shortly before sunrise, the hollow sound of the big drum is always heard giving the signal by a certain number of beat's for the milking of the cows. The women and young men then commence, and when the operation is completed, the drum beats again, and the large herds are driven to pasturage. The signal is repeated in the evening. Should an enemy attack the country, the sheik's big drum gives the alarm by a peculiar series of beats, which if once heard can easily be remembered. In a few seconds this loud alarm will be re-echoed by every drum throughout the numerous villages, and the news of the attack will thus spread by signal as fast as sound can travel. A certain beat of the sheik's big drum is the call for a general assembly, in which case, should an enemy appear, the whole forces of the district can be concentrated in one point.

The weapons of the Baris are finely-wrought lances, and bows with horribly barbed arrows. They seldom carry shields, as they are difficult to manage together with the bow, and they impede the rapid movements' which are the chief feature in Bari tactics.

The men are generally tall and powerful, always naked and smeared with ashes, or on great occasions with red ochre and grease. The women are not absolutely bad-looking, but real beauties are extremely rare. They wear an apron before and behind of tanned leather, extending nearly to the knees, which is only the outer garment, beneath which they wear a neatly-made fringe of innumerable strings, formed of finely-spin cotton thread, suspended from a leather belt. Some of the wealthy possess fringe composed of iron rings, neatly worked, so as to form a kind of shirt of mail.

Every man is a warrior from his childhood, as the Baris are always at war. They are extremely clever in the use of the lance, which they can throw with great accuracy for a distance of thirty yards, and they can pitch it into a body of men at upwards of fifty yards. From early childhood the boys are in constant practice, both with the lance and the

bow and arrow; thus, although their weapons are inferior to fire-arms properly used, they are dangerous in the hands of proficients against men who, like my troops, were utterly ignorant of the art of shooting.

Fortunately for my expedition, the warlike Baris were not united throughout their territory. Nevertheless, I discovered that the Baris of Gondokoro had made an alliance with those of Belinian, twelve miles from headquarters. I observed that women were constantly passing to and fro with baskets on their heads, carrying salt from Gondokoro, and each returning with a goat, led by a string. Excellent salt is found at Gondokoro, real chloride of sodium; and this article enables the natives of that district to trade with the interior, where salt is extremely rare and of great value. I had remarked that women, and sometimes men, were met in my rambles through the forest, on their way to Belinian by this concealed route, instead of taking the open path; this aroused my suspicion, as the chief, Allorron, and his people declared that they were enemies of the Belinian natives.

The position had become intolerable. The fact could no longer be concealed that the Baris were hostile. No positive outbreak had occurred, but the natives were sullen in their demeanour, and generally

avoided the new settlement. Butchers' meat was exceedingly scarce, as we had only a few cows that had been given during the voyage by the vakeel of the Bohr station. The troops were without rations of meat. At the same time there were thousands of cattle on the islands before their eyes, not one of which could be purchased from the natives. Although the natives refused to assist us in any way, or to supply us with cattle at any price, they drove their herds across from the island to the mainland to fatten on the fine pasturage under the government protection. This pasturage, having been abandoned by them and occupied by the government troops, had naturally become the property of the Khedive. The natives had no more right to the soil from which they had been driven, than the French would have to Alsace and Lorraine, should those provinces be occupied by a foreign Power which had driven out the Germans.

The last vessels having arrived, terminated the voyage from Tewfikeeyah, which had occupied five months and twenty-two days. The troops, who had suffered much by fatigue in cutting through the marshes, had not been absolutely relieved by their arrival in the clear White Nile. The north wind changed suddenly to the south, in which unfavourable quarter it continued steadily for a month; thus my unfortunate men had to tow the vessels along the banks against wind and stream for about 300 miles from

Wat-el-Shambi to Gondokoro. Upon arrival at that station, which I had described to them as the “Promised Land,” they found a lovely park, but without a single dwelling. Instead of being received as deliverers by a friendly and grateful population, they met with neglect and ill-will from a tribe of robbers, allies of the traders, who fattened upon the spoil of weaker neighbours.

After all their hard work and suffering in attaining the promised paradise, they found only additional labour awaiting them, as they had to wander several miles in search of long thatch-grass and timber to construct the new station, in which fatigue they were entirely unassisted by the sullen inhabitants.

Added to these disappointments, the men were hungry, and no cattle could be purchased from my new subjects, who were obstinate and refractory.

I had a serious conversation with Sheik Allorron, during which I clearly defined our relative positions, and represented to him in the strongest terms the folly of trusting to the support of Abou Saood and his people against the government, as they were all subjects of the Khedive and bound to obey my orders. At the same time I informed him of the absolute

necessity of cattle for the supply of the troops, which I promised to pay for.

I clearly saw that the miserable policy of these people was to starve the troops into the supposed necessity of evacuating the position, and returning to Khartoum. I represented to Allorron the danger of trifling with a hungry lion, at which he grinned, as a good joke, and immediately replied: “If you want cattle, I will give you some of my people as guides, and you can attack a neighbour of mine, and capture his herds, which will last you for a long time.” I replied, that I could not injure any one who had not committed an offence, but as he for the last time refused assistance, I should not permit his herds to graze upon my pasturage; therefore I begged they might be confined to the island.

At the same time I officially invited Allorron and all the headmen of the country, including the sheik of Belinian, to an entertainment. I intended, formally and officially, to annex the country to Egypt.

On May 26, 1871, all was in order. A flagstaff about eighty feet high had been neatly erected by Lieut. Baker on the highest point of land overlooking the river. Every small bush had been cleared away, and the

position in the centre of an open park-like country would have formed an admirable racecourse. The troops, having had two days' rest to wash their clothes and burnish up their arms and accoutrements, marched from the station at Gondokoro at 6 A.M.

I had 1,200 men on the ground, including ten mountain rifled guns throwing 8 and 1/4 lbs. shell.

In their clean white uniforms, with the neat koofeeia or sun-cloth, which, covering the head, drooped gracefully upon the shoulders, the troops showed to great advantage, as they marched with the band playing from headquarters to the flagstaff above my station. As they filed through the green trees, and then formed into sections of companies as they emerged into the open ground, the effect was exceedingly good, and the sheik, Allorron, and his friends, the headmen of many villages, looked with amazement upon a scene that was altogether new to them.

Having arrived opposite the flagstaff, the troops formed in line two deep on the flat grassy surface of the heights above my station. The long row of glittering bayonets and the gay uniforms of the officers bewildered the astonished natives. All the sailors, servants, and

camp-followers were dressed in their best clothes. The prevailing colours, white and red, looked exceedingly gay upon the close and even surface of the green turf. My staff was composed of my aides-de-camp, Lieutenant Baker, R.N., Lieut.-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, together with three other officers, and Mr. Higginbotham. At that time the horses were all in excellent condition.

Having ridden along the line and halted beneath the flag, the troops formed three sides of a square with the flagstaff in the centre. The fourth side, facing the river, was then occupied by the artillery, with ten guns.

The formality of reading the official proclamation, describing the annexation of the country to Egypt in the name of the Khedive, then took place at the foot of the flagstaff. At the termination of the last sentence, the Ottoman flag was quickly run up by the halyards and fluttered in the strong breeze at the mast-head. The officers with drawn swords saluted the flag, the troops presented arms, and the batteries of artillery fired a royal salute.

This ceremony being completed, the troops marched past; after which,

they formed in order for a supposed attack upon an imaginary enemy, and fired away about ten thousand rounds of blank cartridge in the advance down the long slope which led to the temporary camp and tents erected for the entertainment. Here the bugle sounded “disperse,” and all the men immediately set to work to light fires and prepare the food that had been already supplied for their dinners. I believe this was the only day of real enjoyment that the troops had had. The hours passed in rest and sleep until sunset.

I had invited fourteen of the officers to dine with me, and our party of eighteen was easily accommodated on the roomy poop-deck of my diahbeeah.

The Englishmen had a table to themselves in the garden, and were regaled with roast beef and real English plum-pudding, that, having been brought out in tins for Christmas Day, could not be found during the voyage; therefore it added to the feast of the “day of annexation,” and was annexed accordingly by English appetites. This was washed down and rendered wholesome by a quantity of pure filtered water from the river Nile, which was included in the annexation; and was represented in the Nile Basin mixed with Jamaica rum, sugar, nutmeg, and lemon-juice from the fruit of the trees planted by the good Austrian missionaries at

Gondokoro. Little did they think, poor fellows, of the jollification to which their lemons would subscribe when they first sowed the good seeds.

When dinner was over, we repaired to the large divan tents, where refreshments were arranged, and the magic lantern was prepared for the amusement of officers and men. This was an admirable machine, and was well explained by Lieutenant Baker. No one had ever seen such an exhibition before, therefore it caused immense satisfaction. One of the representations that was most applauded, was, Moses going through the Red Sea with the Israelites, followed by Pharaoh. The story being well known to all Mohammedans, the performance was encored with such energy that Moses had to go through the Red Sea twice, and they would have insisted upon his crossing a third time, had the slide not been rapidly exchanged for another subject.

The formal ceremony of annexation was over, and it was necessary to decide upon the future.

I had issued the following Camp Regulations:—

1. “No person shall cut or in other ways destroy any tamarind or oil

tree under any pretext whatever. Neither shall any tree whatsoever be either cut or damaged within a distance of 2,000 paces from the flagstaff or camp.

2. “No person shall stray beyond 2,000 paces of the flagstaff or camp without permission either from the Pacha or Raouf Bey.

3. “No person shall trade in ivory, neither shall any person accept ivory as a present or in exchange; neither shall any person shoot, or cause to be shot, elephants: all ivory being the property and monopoly of the government of His Highness the Khedive of Egypt.

4. “No person shall either purchase or receive slaves as presents or in exchange.

“Any person transgressing by disobedience of the above laws will be punished as the will of Baker Pacha may direct. “S. W. BAKER.”

My men were hard at work erecting magazines and building the station, and had I not issued the above regulations, they would have cut down every ornamental tree in the neighbourhood. Although the mission-house

had disappeared, the foundations remained; I dug them up and procured sufficient sound bricks to build a powder-magazine, which I covered with a galvanized iron roof and protected my ammunition.

Several of the Egyptian soldiers deserted. These people, who were for the most part convicts, although professing Islamism preferred to live with the natives, to the steady discipline of military life.

One evening, the sentry, on guard before the house of Lieutenant Baker and Mr. Higginbotham, was observed by Mr. Baker's soldier servant (a black) to lay his rifle on the ground and to enter stealthily the doorway of his hut. Abdullah Maseri, the servant, lost no time in running towards the hut, which he quietly entered in the dusk, without being perceived by the thief within, who in the absence of Mr. Baker was pillaging his boxes.

Abdullah quietly crept up behind him, pinned him by the back of the neck, and held him until he obtained assistance. There was no escape from conviction, therefore I sentenced the thief to receive 100 lashes and to be, confined in irons.

While he was undergoing the punishment he yelled for mercy, saying, “I will confessI will confess all. It was I who entered the Pacha’s room at Tewfikeeyah. It was at me that the Pacha fired the pistol! Put me in irons, but don’t flog me; I will confess all.”

This man was an Egyptian belonging to the “Forty Thieves,” and he now confessed his former delinquency. He was secured in irons and placed under a guard. The fellow had been a professional thief, and during the night he managed to slip off his irons and make his escape, no doubt with the connivance of the sentry.

The fact of the natives receiving the deserters was enough to suggest the suspicion that they were tampering with the troops. Although the Baris would neither work nor assist in any manner, they continued, in spite of my warning, to swim their cattle across to the pasturage on the mainland occupied by the troops.

I again gave the sheik Allorron notice, that if he continued to drive his cattle to the forbidden pasture, they would be confiscated.

On the following morning they returned to the mainland as usual, not the

slightest notice having been taken of my repeated and official warning.

I gave orders to secure them. About ten men of the “Forty Thieves” quietly explained the order to the natives who guarded the cattle, and without any remonstrance they drove them to my station, and stood guard around the herd.

The natives returned to the island, and reported the affair to the sheik Allorron and his people.

Early on the following morning, the sheik, accompanied by fifteen headmen of villages and a number of natives, together with Tomby the interpreter, attended and formed a deputation. I received them beneath the shady tree near my diahbeeah. They looked very sheepish, and asked me, “Why had I confiscated their cattle?”

I explained the reason: and they at length acknowledged that they had no positive right of pasturage, as they had been driven from their country by the Loquia, and were it not for my presence they could not venture to drive their cattle to the mainland. At the same time they explained, that the extreme dryness of the season had exhausted the grass upon the

island after the close grazing of the large herds; thus they had imagined I should not have any real objection to their pasturing upon the east banks, which, as I had no cattle, would otherwise be neglected.

I explained that the government must be obeyed, and that, as they had disobeyed every order, I should take charge of their cattle (about 200) until they showed a disposition to accept the Khedive's authority. At the same time, if the natives would bring thatch grass and assist the troops in forming the station (a work which they had always performed annually for Abou Saood's people), I would return them their cattle.

A long conversation ensued among the headmen, several of whom rose in succession, and addressed the meeting with great energy and fluency. They declared that there had been a general misunderstanding, but that they now began to comprehend their position. I informed them that they must themselves appoint a responsible sheik or headman, as many had refused to obey Allorron. I should regard one chief as their representative, and they as headmen must elect him at the present assembly. I should also place the power in the hands of the chief, whose orders must be obeyed by the headmen of the villages. This chief would be responsible to me for the acts of those beneath him, and I should

punish all those who refused to acknowledge his authority.

The meeting ended most satisfactorily. The natives explained, that, although Allorron had been the ostensible sheik for a great length of time, the true sheik by actual descent was a chief named Morbe; but as his cattle had been carried off by the Loquia, he had lost his property, and also his influence among the people. In those savage countries the possession of property is considered absolutely necessary to a man in a high position.

Morbe was elected unanimously as the sheik responsible to the government. All headmen declared they would obey his orders; even Allorron appeared pleased that he had shifted his responsibility upon the shoulders of another. The headmen all promised that they would beat their drums and summon their people on their return to their villages, and that on the morrow they would collect bamboos and thatch-grass for any purpose we might require. The meeting ended by their agreeing to deliver a certain number of bundles in a given period: they also promised to supply the troops with oxen at a stipulated price. Morbe, the new sheik, then addressed me in the name of the assembly, and begged me to establish confidence and goodwill by returning them their cattle.

I had expected this request. I therefore replied, that as they had attended my summons and promised obedience, I would test their sincerity by returning them not only their own cattle, but I would trust them with the care of my three large breeding cows which I had brought from the Rohr country; at the same time, I gave them fair warning, that if they broke the agreement now entered upon, I should not be in a hurry to return their cattle on a future occasion. They seemed to be, quite satisfied, and the meeting broke up.

They drove off the herd, together with my three cows, while my soldiers looked on with utter amazement and regarded me as thought I had lost my senses.

Although I had entered into this agreement, the natives had not the slightest idea of carrying out their promises. A few bundles of bamboos were brought, also some thatch-grass, but not an ox was given to the troops. The sheik of Belinian had refused to appear; and he alleged as an excuse that he feared treachery, since his father and family had been murdered when guests of Abou Saood. The Baris of Gondokoro had regained their cattle, and they did not trouble themselves about their contract, as they inwardly hoped that by starving us they might succeed in

disgusting the troops, which would necessitate the abandonment of the expedition.

A few days after the breach of contract, Tomby, the interpreter, appeared, and told me that the Baris had refused to work, and that the government would not succeed in that country. The people wished me to join them with my troops, and to attack their old enemy, Loquia. I should then obtain cattle and sheep in the razzia, and the government would be independent.

This was the regular negro system which had originally introduced the slave trade throughout the White Nile. One tribe invariably requests the alliance of a superior force to attack some powerful neighbour: the prisoners of war become slaves. When trading adventurers first commenced on the White Nile, the natives sold ivory for beads and copper bracelets; and trade was fairly established. The armed companies of the traders were immediately invited to become allies, and attacks were made upon various tribes. The cattle and slaves became the property of the captors. The traders quickly discovered that it was far easier and more profitable to steal cattle and slaves to exchange for ivory, than to import goods from Khartoum. They commenced the system of cattle-lifting

and slave-hunting, which rapidly increased until it arrived at the immense scale already described.

I preached morality hopelessly to the Baris; they were mere ruffians, and they longed for the arrival of Abou Saood, who would once more give them an opportunity of joining his people to plunder and enslave the tribes of the interior. It was in vain that I assured them of the impossibility of such proceedings, and that Abou Saood's people would not be permitted by the government to continue these atrocities. They ridiculed the idea, and declared that the traders would always continue in their old customs, notwithstanding the presence of the Khedive's officers. They said that no business could be done in any other way in those countries; they advised me to "take women and cattle, and then the natives would listen to my advice, but not otherwise."

It was utter folly to attempt negotiations with these people; they were the most brutal and obtuse savages. They had been abandoned by the missionaries as hopeless, and they would acknowledge nothing but force.

The troops were discontented. After all their fatigues, the promised land was starvation. There was still much work to be done, as the

expedition was in fact only commencing. By degrees the Baris absented themselves entirely from our camp, and we were left to ourselves as utter strangers. The cattle were driven over to our fine pasturage daily, and returned at night to their island; but not an ox, or even a goat, was ever offered for sale, and all communication between us and the natives had apparently ceased.

It was quite impossible to allow this to continue. I gave the order, and once more the soldiers quietly surrounded the herd of cattle, and drove them to headquarters as before. The old scene was re-enacted. The new sheik, Morbe, together with Allorron and many headmen, arrived. Again a long palaver took place, through the medium of Tomby, the interpreter, and the promises of good behaviour were renewed.

I informed them that I should not confiscate their cattle, but I should keep them as hostages for their good behaviour; at the same time, I should select a certain number of oxen as food for the troops, which should be paid for.

The meeting terminated with fresh assurances of goodwill … A few days elapsed, but the Baris did not return; we were completely

abandoned.

On June 29th the camp was disturbed at night by an attempt of the natives to drive off some of the cattle. The sentry fired, but without effect. I foresaw trouble.

On June 1st I issued a General Order to the troops—

“The natives of the Bari having disobeyed the summons of the government, and having refused compliance with the regulations established, it has become necessary to compel them to obedience by force.

“In the event of hostilities, I specially forbid the capture of women, or children of either sex. Any officer or soldier disobeying this order will suffer death. “S. W. BAKER.”

I felt certain that a breach of the peace was at hand, and I made arrangements accordingly. The troops were daily engaged in building the station, in which they were assisted by the sailors, all of whom were obliged to carry the material from a distance of two miles from the forest. A party of sawyers with a small escort of soldiers were settled

in a camp about three miles from my station, as the distance was too great for a daily return from their work. One night they were attacked by the natives, who shot arrows and yelled for about an hour, but fortunately did not succeed in wounding any of the men, who were well protected by the trunks of some very large trees. The soldiers had fired away a considerable amount of ammunition in return, until they managed to escape during the darkness, and run away to headquarters.

On 3rd June, at about 3 P.M., when the cattle were grazing in the beautiful park-like ground about a mile from headquarters, some Baris, who had stealthily approached the herd by stalking from bush to bush, without being observed by the sleepy guards, made a sudden rush with loud yells among the cattle, and succeeded in driving off ten cows with which they swam the river without a shot being fired by the unready soldiers. (On this occasion the guards must have run away at the first onset of the natives.)

On the night of the 4th June two natives were captured by the sentries. These people had crept in the pitch darkness, until they had succeeded in entering the cattle zareeba. One of them confessed that a large body of natives was assembled in the high grass near the banks of the river,

with the intention of attacking the camp during the night.

I immediately took eighteen men, and posted them in three parties of six at various points about a quarter of a mile from my station. They were to lie concealed in these positions, which commanded every approach to the camp.

At 10.30 P.M. I was aroused by the sound of firing, and upon arrival at the shot I found that the sentries had fired into the advanced party of natives, some of whom they declared to be wounded, but I could find no trace of blood.

Open war had commenced. The natives had deserted their villages on the portion of the island opposite to my camp. This was about seven miles in length, therefore, in return for the attacks made upon my people on our mainland, I determined to pay the Baris a visit.

I issued the necessary orders. At 3 A.M., on June 5th, five boats with sixty men dropped silently down the east channel of the river, with orders to land at the extreme end of the island. At the same time two companies of troops landed opposite my station, where they waited in the

dark until the steamer, with myself and two companies on board, had rounded the head of the island, and had obtained a position in the west channel. The troops then advanced while the steamer ran easily down the strong current. Everything went well, but the noise of the paddles quickly gave the alarm, and the sound of a big drum in the distance was almost immediately responded to by many others from various points.

The steamer now ran at half speed along the river, the intention of cutting off any native canoes, or intercepting any herds of cattle that might be passing to the west mainland. Every arrangement was well carried out; but, unfortunately, as we were running at about nine miles an hour, the steamer suddenly struck upon a sandbank, where she remained fixed.

After some vain attempts to float her, I instructed Raouf Bey to do his best with her, and act, according to circumstances, at his own discretion, while I left the steamer in the dingy, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker and six soldiers of the “Forty Thieves,” with the intention of joining the two companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, who were marching down the island from south to north.

We rowed down the stream for forty-five minutes along the west bank of the island. I had calculated the distance by time, and having allowed for the delay on the steamer and the pace at which the troops under Abd-el-Rader would march, I concluded that we should now land somewhere near them. This turned out correct, as we joined his party a few minutes after we had left the boat. I immediately detached a sergeant and nineteen men to march along the east bank until they should meet my boat, which had been ordered to continue along the west bank until it should turn round the tail of the island, when it was to return home by the east channel, that would lead direct to my station.

We had not seen any Baris upon the island, which appeared to be quite deserted. The character of the ground had changed. We had left the dry portion, which had been lately sown with dhurra, and we had arrived among scattered masses of tall reeds growing from mud lately hardened by the sun and full of deep cattle-ruts.

I threw out skirmishers, as we shortly entered a bad piece of country. At this moment wo heard shots fired at the tail of the island, about two miles in our front.

We pushed on at the double, until stopped by a deep channel of the river about thirty yards wide. On the other side we now heard the horns of the natives and the lowing of cattle. It was necessary to skirt the banks of the channel through thick forest; thus, following the stream, we shortly arrived at the main river, just in time to see the natives at a distance of a quarter of a mile swimming a large herd of cattle across the stream to the east shore, where they landed and safely gained the forest. They were quickly pursued by the troops who, having landed at the tail of the island, were in chase; and being supplied with boats, they crossed over the river and followed hard upon the track of the retreating cattle.

The Baris did not suspect that they would be followed to the main shore; thus upon reaching the forest they continued their retreat leisurely. My black troops were wonderful runners; thus, when once upon the track of the herd, they went along like hounds and overtook the Baris, who had no idea of the pursuit until the soldiers were among them. The affair ended by the capture of a portion of the herd, and the return to camp at 5.30 P.M. We had eaten nothing since the previous evening, as the boat containing our breakfast had not yet appeared. We had been on our legs in the sun for fourteen hours, thus we were ready for dinner on the return to camp. I was anxious about the missing boat. On the following

day, June 6, at 4.40 P.M., the lost dingy arrived with her crew all safe. They had missed their way by taking a wrong channel of the river, which led them into a labyrinth of high reeds, where they were obliged to pass the night among clouds of mosquitoes.

On the following day they began the tedious journey by rowing homeward against the stream. They came suddenly upon a large body of natives, who immediately attacked them with arrows, one of which went through the trousers of a soldier. My men told a long story, and made themselves out to be perfect heroes; but my servants and the boatmen told a very different tale, and declared that they had thrown themselves down in the bottom of the boat to avoid the arrows, and my servant, Mohammed Haroon, had himself fired my heavy gun loaded with mould shot at the enemy.

On 7th June I discovered that the Baris of Gondokoro had leagued themselves with the natives of Belinian against us.

They had attacked conjointly on several occasions. On this day the natives in force having, as usual, crept stealthily from bush to tree without being perceived by the soldiers, made a sudden rush upon the cattle guards, and shot one soldier with an arrow and wounded another

with a lance. I immediately gave orders for an attack on Belinian that night. At 12.30 A.M. I left my station on horseback, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker and Mr. Higginbotham, together with Lieutenant-Colonel Abdel-Kader and twenty men of the “Forty Thieves.” Not a word was spoken, as it was important to march without the slightest noise that might alarm the native scouts who were generally prowling about throughout the night. We arrived at headquarters, a mile and a half distant, where four companies with one gun had been ordered to be in readiness. (My little station, Hellet-et-Sit, was a mile and a half north from the camp of Gondokoro, on the river’s bank.) At 1 A.M. We started with a Bari guide named Sherroom, who had volunteered to serve me, together with his friend Morgian, at the commencement of the war. These men spoke Arabic, and since the flight of Tomby, the interpreter (who had joined our enemies), these two Baris were our invaluable allies.

The route to Belinian lay for the first two miles through open park-like country. We then entered the forest, where the darkness made it difficult to drag the gun, the wheels of which constantly stuck in the stumps and roots of trees. Several times we had to halt, for the rear to come up with this unmanageable gun, and I feared the delay might destroy

our chance of taking the enemy by surprise.

To make matters worse, the route became swampy. Sometimes the horses sank nearly hock-deep in mud, which in the pitch darkness they could not avoid. In such places it required the force of thirty men to drag the gun, and the delays became serious. Lieutenant-Colonel Tayib Agha commanded the three companies of Soudani troops who escorted the fieldpiece, and took it in turns to assist the artillerymen in the weary work of dragging the gun through swamps and bush.

The night wore on; it began to rain. I was riding in advance with Lieutenant Baker, Mr. Higginbotham, and twenty of the “Forty Thieves,” while Raouf Bey followed me with fifty Egyptian troops. It was absolutely necessary to push on. Tayib Agha had a native guide, therefore he and his gun could take care of themselves. Accordingly I pushed on ahead as an advanced guard, delighted to be quit of the impediment of artillery.

In about an hour we arrived at firm ground, and the country became more open and undulating. The clouds began to break and the rain ceased. We pushed briskly forward until, after marching at the pace of four miles

per hour, the guide, Sherroom, suddenly halted. We were now in a clear space where a few large trees grew in a clump upon our right. Sherroom, who evidently knew every inch of the country, whispered that we must wait here in silence, as there were villages not far off, and the stockade that we were to attack was in the immediate neighbourhood. It was nearly 5 A.M., and although we had marched since one o'clock, we were not more than nine miles from Gondokoro. I trusted that our halt would allow the rear to join us with the gun which had caused so much delay.

We waited for about half-an-hour in perfect silence. There was not a star upon the sky, which was dark and murky, thus we could distinguish nothing. At length the black night began to grow more grey, and we could just make out some dark masses, that appeared to be villages, upon the right and left. We now marched rapidly, but without the slightest noise. The morning grew greyer, and birds began to whistle. We could distinguish trees and the tall crops of dhurra.

There was no sign of Tayib Agha and his detachment, but it was absolutely necessary to push forward.

We were thus hurrying on, sometimes through cultivated fields, at others through strips of forest, when we suddenly heard the long shrill cry that is the native signal of danger. This was from a Bari watchman, who, more awake than those by whom we must have passed unobserved, now gave the alarm. This cry was immediately repeated in various directions. There was no time to be lost. Sherroom bounded forward like an antelope, at a pace that kept our horses at a hand gallop. In a couple of minutes we saw a large circular stockade in a clear space, but within fifty yards of the forest on our left. We galloped up, followed closely by the "Forty Thieves," who ran like hounds. I immediately surrounded the stockade, from which the natives had commenced to shoot their arrows. The Egyptian troops were close up, and in the uncertain light it was impossible to see the arrows in their flight; thus one soldier was immediately wounded; another received a shot through his trousers. An arrow stuck in Mr. Higginbotham's saddle, and they began to fly about very viciously. The "Forty Thieves" now opened fire, while the Egyptians were drawn up in a line about fifty yards from the stockade. It was rather awkward, as the defence was a circle: thus as the troops fired into a common centre, the bullets that passed through the intervening spaces between the uprights of hard wood came pinging about our ears. The sky had become grey, and there was sufficient light to discover the

doorway of the stockade. I ordered the bugles to sound “cease firing,” and prepared to force the entrance. This was a narrow archway about four feet six inches high, constructed of large pieces of hard wood that it was impossible to destroy. The doorway was stopped by transverse bars of abdnoos, or Bari ebony, and protected by a mass of hooked thorn that had been dragged into the passage and jammed beneath the cross-bars.

I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader to force the gateway. This he immediately commenced, assisted by Lieutenant Baker and Mr. Higginbotham, together with a party of the “Forty Thieves,” while others of the same corps closed up to the stockade on either side of the entrance, and kept up a heavy fire to protect the attack.

In the mean time the immense drum within the stockade was thundering out the summons to collect the whole of the neighbourhood for war. This signal was answered by the heavy booming sound of innumerable drums throughout the district far and near; and as it had now become light, I could distinguish the natives collecting from all parts and evidently surrounding our position. I therefore posted men as skirmishers around the circle about eighty yards distant from the stockade, facing outwards, while the small party forced the gateway.

The fire of the snider rifles and the steady shooting of the “Forty Thieves” quickly reduced the number of arrows, and the natives, finding that it was getting too hot, suddenly made a dash by a secret entrance and rushed through the troops, now of necessity widely scattered, and they gained the forest.

At the same time the gateway was forced, and we found a prize within of upwards of six hundred cows. The stockade, or zareeba, was immensely strong, formed of massive logs of ironwood deeply imbedded in the earth, and arranged so closely together that not one bullet out of ten would have found its way through the crevices if fired from a distance. The proper way to attack the circular strongholds is to make a sudden rush close up to the defence, and to lay the rifle between the openings; the stockade then becomes a protection to the attacking party, as there is no flank fire to enfilade them.

The natives were now gathering on all sides; but we were in possession, and although our party consisted of only seventy men, we had an impregnable position, which I could hold until joined by Tayib Agha. I accordingly took a few of the “Forty Thieves” to a distance of about 150

paces away from the centre, and concealed them as sharpshooters, wherever I found a convenient cover. The fire of the sniders kept the enemy at a respectful distance.

There were no signs of Tayib Agha. The sun was risen, and clouds of steam began to rise from the wet ground and the dripping trees. I ordered some grass huts to be fired, as the volume of smoke might attract the attention of Tayib Agha's detachment, which had evidently gone astray. If near, they must have heard the sound of our rifles.

The huts were soon in flames, and the smoke rose high in air, which would be a signal to be seen from a great distance.

I sent two buglers to the top of a tall tree, from which elevated post they blew the call for the lieutenant-colonel and his three companies continually for about half-an-hour.

We were hungry, therefore a fat calf was killed, and cooking immediately commenced. I had a little box of salt and pepper, together with some biscuits; thus we were in luxury. My good Monsoor was a fair cook; therefore the fat, kidneys, and liver having been cut into pieces about

two inches square, and arranged on a steel ramrod, were well salted and peppered, and laid on the red-hot embers when the flame and smoke had subsided. There is nothing so good as kabobs thus simply prepared: the ramrod is then stuck upright in the ground, and you sit down and cut off the pieces as required. Salt should always be carried mixed with black and red pepper in proper proportions; it saves much trouble.

We were enjoying our breakfast; the cows lately captured gave plenty of milk, which our servants had boiled in the Baris' earthen pots, and we were discussing the possibility of Tayib Agha having lost his way, when we heard distant shots fired on the open hills at the foot of Belinian mountain, about a mile and, a half to our right. We shortly distinguished smoke, which was a reply to our signal. It was evident that Tayib Agha had strayed far to the south, but it was satisfactory to know that he had seen our position.

We could now distinguish the troops with the telescope, and even make out the gun that was dragged by about twenty men. They were on their direct way to join us.

My men had captured three young girls, whom they brought to me. The

oldest was about fifteen, and was pretty and intelligent: she had formerly been a slave of the traders, and was marked, according to their custom, by several scars on either cheek. The girl spoke good Arabic, and did not appear to show the slightest alarm.

I asked her why the Belinian Baris had attacked us, and taken cattle from the station at Gondokoro, without the slightest provocation? She replied that they had been invited by the sheik Allorron to become allies, therefore they had attacked us and driven off the cows, some of which were now among the cattle we had that morning captured.

I told her that we never took slaves, therefore she and her companions might return to the Baris, and inform them that I had come upon the tracks of the cattle which they had driven off from Gondokoro. If they desired peace, I should be happy to treat with them, but if they should return to attack us at headquarters, I should not spare them, but I would utterly root them out of the neighbourhood. The girls laughed and started off, not in the least disturbed by the scene around them.

At length, Tayib Agha’s detachment arrived. They were very angry with Morgian, the guide, who, they declared, had purposely misled them. This

was not the fact; the man had lost his way in the dark in the endeavour to seek a better path for the gun. However, we were now united, and I ordered the men to breakfast.

The sniders had cleared the natives from the vicinity, and now that we had been reinforced by Tayib Agha's party, there was no fear of the Baris. They kept aloof, and merely watched our movements from the tops of high trees, where they perched like cormorants, and saw the enjoyment of the troops engaged in roasting beef that had lately been their own.

I fully expected a difficulty with the natives when we should attempt to drive the herd of strange cattle through the jungle path to Gondokoro. I therefore determined to make a reconnaissance of the neighbourhood when the men should have finished their breakfast, in order to drive the Baris from the vicinity, and thus obtain a fair start for the cattle.

Leaving one company to protect the stockade and captured cattle, I took the remaining three companies and the gun, and extending the line in open order, with skirmishers thrown out in front and the gun in the centre, we advanced through the country.

A large river bed, now almost dry, with very abrupt banks, lay on our left. The wood became thinner, and we suddenly emerged upon a broad, open valley or plain, which was bounded on our right by the high mountain of Belinian, about a mile and a half distant.

The plain was covered with villages, and the entire country was green with cultivation, the dhurra being then about two feet high. The gun-carriage ran easily over the flat ground, and we advanced rapidly forward, the Baris clearing out of their villages and gathering on our flanks as we approached. A shot from the gun sent an eight-pound shell which exploded in the air above a group about 700 yards distant. This was sufficient notice to quit. The enemy dared not stand upon open ground; thus, after we had driven them forward for about two miles. we faced about and returned to the stockade.

We now opened the gateway and drove out the hungry cattle. They looked very wild, and I rather feared a stampede; it was necessary to leave them in the hands of our two allies, Sherroom and Morgian, as the cattle neither understood Arabic nor the manners or customs of the Egyptians. After a little whistling and coaxing in the Bari language, the herd started, well protected by troops on both flanks, and an advance guard

at 150 paces' distance. The rear was brought up by the gun and the "Forty Thieves."

The natives appeared to be under the impression that we were going to pass the night at the zareeba; thus they had no knowledge of our start, and we arrived at Gondokoro and entered the station about an hour after sunset, having been out nineteen hours.

I now learnt that the Baris of Gondokoro had imagined that the greater portion of the troops had gone to Belinian for an excursion of some days; they had accordingly beaten their big drums and gathered together from all quarters to attack the camp, but discretion overcame their valour when they found a large force still at headquarters.

On June 9, eight vessels of Agad's hove in sight, and with a fair breeze they arrived opposite the island at 2.30 p.m.

Abou Saood was in one of these vessels.

June 10, Abou Saood presented himself to me this morning. His vessels, being without cargoes, benefited much by our work in the sudd. He found

all our cuttings open, therefore he had no difficulty until he arrived at the dam, through which his people cut a passage. The great rush of water scoured a deep channel, and his squadron of light vessels came on without difficulty. I ordered Abou Saood's people to camp on the west bank of the river, as I did not wish them to be in constant communication with my troops, who would quickly become contaminated by their morals.

The news brought by Abou Saood from Khartoum informed me of the death of Agad; therefore the representation of the firm of Agad & Co. had now devolved upon Abou Saood, his son-in-law.

I now heard that the people of Abou Saood, who numbered about 500 men, had brought with them a large herd of cattle which they had driven along the west bank of the river; thus in direct defiance of the government authority, he had made a razzia upon some tribe during his voyage, and he had not scrupled to present himself to me with the herd of stolen cattle staring me in the face on the other side of the water.

On my way up from the Bahr Giraffe I had left a Turkish major, Achmet Rafik Effendi, with a corporal and five men, in the Shir tribe, about

forty miles from Gondokoro, with a friendly sheik named Niambore. This sheik was the tallest and most powerful man that I ever saw in Africa, and he was a trustworthy and good fellow. He had promised to cultivate a farm for the government, therefore I had given him ten bushels of dhurra for seed, and I had left with him at his request the officer and soldiers, to represent the government and to superintend the cultivation.

I now discovered that Abou Saood had attacked the natives without any provocation, and had carried off the cattle from the country adjoining Niambore's district.

The natives would naturally imagine that my officer and six men were spies who had directed Abou Saood to their cattle, and there would be a great chance of a conflict between Niambore, their protector, and his neighbours who had been robbed.

I observed with the telescope that the people of Abou Saood who arrived with the herd of cattle were accompanied by a great number of natives, and the Baris of Gondokoro, who were at open war with us, flocked to welcome the new comers as old friends who had been long absent. The

brigands had as usual arrived with a large herd of cattle, which in Africa is always the best introduction; thus the robber tribe of Allorron was delighted at the return of those who had always led them to plunder, and had enriched them with the spoil of cows and slaves. I find the following entry in my journal, dated—

“June 12, 1871.—The natives who are at war with us have been gathering in large numbers to the spot on the west bank occupied by Abou Saood’s people. The latter are actually holding friendly intercourse with them, and the Baris are quite at home assisting these rascals in erecting their camp, although they positively refused to work for the government upon our first arrival. This is the treasonable conduct of Abou Saood, who knows perfectly well that we are at open war with the Baris.

“His large herd of about 1,400 fat cattle were driven along in triumph, followed by the admiring population of thieving niggers, who hail his arrival as the harbinger of fat times, Gondokoro being the general depot for all stolen cattle, slaves. &c., and the starting point for every piratical expedition.

“In the afternoon I started in a dingy, accompanied by Colonel

Abd-el-Kader, Lieutenant Baker, Monsoor, and four soldiers, to visit the traders' camp on the west side of the river.

"Seeing me approach, a great number of Baris left the traders, and taking to a precipitate flight they disappeared in the high reeds. The traders' people received me without the slightest mark of respect, and one insolent fellow swaggered up and stared me in the face with a pipe in his mouth as a studied insult.

"I went to the cattle pens and immediately placed my four soldiers as sentries over the herd, which I confiscated, as a warning to these ruffianly slave-hunters.

"It would be a disgrace to tolerate these thieves, as Gondokoro is rendered a perfect hell, and the natives will naturally abhor any lawful government so long as they can consort and share spoils with such brigands as these so-called traders of Khartoum."

Upon my return home I wrote an official letter to Abou Saood of which the following is a copy :—

“ISMAILIA, or GONDOKORO, June 12, 1871.

“To Abou Saood, vakeel of the firm of Agad & Co.

“Sir,

“You arrived here on the 10th inst. with a large number of cattle stolen by you and your people.

“You, knowing that the Baris were at war with the government, have nevertheless been in daily and friendly communication with them.

“The Baris of this country are rendered hostile to all honest government by the conduct of your people, who, by stealing slaves and cattle from the interior, and delivering them here, have utterly destroyed all hope of improvement in a people naturally savage, but now rendered by your acts thieves of the worst description.

“It is impossible that I can permit the continuance of such acts.

“I therefore give you due notice that at the expiration of your contract you will withdraw all your people from the district under my command. At the same time I declare the forfeiture to the government of the cattle you have forcibly captured under the eyes of my authority.

“SAMUEL W. BAKER.”

The only error that I can acknowledge throughout the expedition was my present leniency. I should at once have placed Abou Saood in irons, and have sent him to Khartoum, instead of leaving him at large to carry on his intrigues against the government.

I intended on the first opportunity to send notice to the Shir tribe of the safety of their cattle, but an incident shortly occurred that altered my determination. (These cattle were kept in a separate pen or zareeba, and were guarded when at pasturage by special soldiers for some weeks, in order that they should be returned to the Shir tribe upon the first opportunity.)

At the same time that Abou Saood was in disgrace, he was a bosom friend of the colonel, Raouf Bey, who commanded my troops. They dined together constantly in the house of the latter officer, and their friendship had originally commenced in Khartoum during the long interval that the regiments were awaiting my arrival from Cairo. It was during that interval that the officers of the expedition had fraternized with the White Nile traders who resided at Khartoum.

The result of such intimacy might be imagined.

The object of the expedition had always been distasteful to both officers and men. The traders had already seen by the, examples made at Tewfikeeyah that I should actually destroy their cherished slave-trade. It was therefore natural that Abou Saood should exert himself to ruin the expedition. Having friend in Raouf Bey, he was in a position to create division of opinion. He constantly associated with this officer, in order that it should be generally known that he was supported by an influential person in the government service. The scandal of the camp quickly assumed that the opinions concerning the slave-traders between myself and Raouf Bey were at variance.

The officers of the expedition had, contrary to my express orders, purchased 126 slaves from the stations of the traders during the White Nile voyage! I had only learnt this on arrival at Gondokoro; thus when corn was so scarce that the rations were reduced, while those of meat were increased, we had an addition of 126 mouths!

The policy of the slave-traders was identical with the feelings of the officers and men, all of whom wished to abandon the expedition and return to Khartoum. Abou Saood worked molelike in his intrigues. He fraternized secretly with Allorron and his Baris. Many of his men purchased tobacco from the natives in exchange for ammunition. The natives from Belinian were in daily communication with Abou Saood's camp, and their spies obtained information of our proceedings, and carried the news throughout the country that "they would be supported by Abou Saood against my authority."

I learnt everything that occurred through trustworthy agents. It quickly became known that Raouf Bey was desirous to terminate the expedition. The contagion spread rapidly, and the men worked languidly and without the slightest interest: they had made up their minds that the expedition was a failure, and that a scarcity of corn would be their excuse for a

return to Khartoum. Abou Saood fanned the flame among the officers, and discontent became general.

In the mean time the Baris were very active in annoying the camp at night. Although these natives could not stand against the troops in the open, they harassed them by necessitating a perpetual vigilance both by night and day. It was necessary to have strong patrols in two parties at all hours; and I regret to say the Egyptian officers and men did not appear to enjoy a state of war where activity and good discipline were absolutely necessary. The Soudani officers and men, although ignorant, were far superior to the Egyptians in activity and courage.

Unfortunately the camp was sickly. The men now suffered from the fatigue of the long voyage through slush and marsh. Many had fever and dysentery. Ulcerated legs were prevalent; and this disease appeared to be contagious. Many men died from these malignant ulcers, which in some cases entirely destroyed the foot. The women did not suffer from this complaint. It originated from a poisonous grass that festered the wound it gave, and rapidly produced an incurable sore. As the women had not been exposed to the work in the marshes, they had escaped the scourge inflicted by the sharp edges of the grass.

There was no rest for the people; they had to build their camp and fight the Baris at the same time. A scarcity of corn stared them in the face. The officers and men were well aware that we could not hope for regular supplies of corn and reinforcements of troops from Khartoum in the dreadful state of the river: thus they felt their position keenly, as sick, dispirited, in the midst of enemies, with approaching famine of corn, and no communication with the Soudan. All these difficulties were to be endured for the sake of an object which they detested—“the suppression of the slave trade.”

CHAPTER IX.

NEW ENEMIES

Our enemies were not confined to the land only: the crocodiles in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro were exceedingly ferocious. As the natives were so much in the habit of swimming to and fro with their cattle, these wily creatures had been always accustomed to claim a toll in the shape of a cow, calf, or nigger. Two of Abou Saood's sailors were carried off on two consecutive days. One of my soldiers, while engaged with many others in water, only hip deep, was seized by a crocodile. The man, being held by the leg below the knee, made a good fight, and thrust his fingers into the creature's eyes; his comrades at the same time assisted and rescued him from absolute destruction; but the leg-bone was so mashed and splintered in many places that he was obliged to submit to amputation.

One of my sailors had a narrow escape. He and many others were engaged in collecting the leaves of a species of water-convolvulus that make an excellent spinach; this plant is rooted on the muddy bank, but it runs upon the surface of the water, upon which its pink blossoms are very ornamental.

The sailor was stooping from the bank to gather the floating leaves, when he was suddenly seized by the arm at the elbow-joint; his friends immediately caught him round the waist, and their united efforts prevented him from being dragged into the water. The crocodile, having tasted blood, would not quit its hold, but tugged and wrenched the arm completely off at the elbow-joint, and went off with its prize. The unfortunate man, in excruciating agony, was brought to the camp, where it was necessary to amputate another piece slightly above the lacerated joint.

I made a point of carrying a rifle at all times, simply to destroy these terrible reptiles. There never was a better rifle than “the Dutchman,” made by Holland, of Bond Street. This little weapon was a double-barrelled breechloader, and carried the Boxer bullet of government calibre, with a charge of three drachms of powder. The accuracy of both barrels was extraordinary; it was only sighted up to 250 yards, but by taking the head very full, it carried with great precision up to 300. I could generally make certain of crocodiles if basking on a sandbank within a hundred yards, as I could put the bullet exactly in the right place, either behind the eye, or right through the

centre of the shoulder. This handy rifle weighed 9-3/4 lbs., and throughout the expedition it was almost as much one of my component parts as a bone of my body. I had a large supply of ammunition; thus I never lost an opportunity of shooting at a crocodile's head if I saw one above the surface. On many occasions they never moved from the shot when basking on sandbanks, but were simply extinguished.

One of our women went to the river to wash, but never returned. This was close to our diahbeeah; and the water being shallow, there is no doubt that she was seized by a crocodile.

I was one day returning from headquarters to my station, a distance of a mile and a half along the river's bank, when I noticed the large head of a crocodile about thirty yards from the shore. I knew every inch of the river, and I was satisfied that the water was shallow. A solitary piece of waving rush that grew upon the bank, exactly opposite the crocodile, would mark the position; thus, stooping down, I quietly retreated inland from the bank, and then running forward, I crept gently towards the rush. Stooping as low as possible, I advanced till very near the bank (upon which grew tufts of grass), until, by slowly raising my head, I could observe the head of the crocodile in the same position,

not more than twenty-six or twenty-eight yards from me. At that distance, the Dutchman could hit a half-crown; I therefore made sure of bagging. The bank was about four feet above the water; thus the angle was favourable, and I aimed just behind the eye. Almost as I touched the trigger, the crocodile gave a convulsive start, and turning slowly on its back, it stretched its four legs above the surface, straining every muscle; it then remained motionless in this position in water about two feet deep.

My horse was always furnished with a long halter or tethering-rope: thus I ordered the syce and another man to jump into the river and secure the crocodile by a rope fastened round the body behind the fore-legs. This was quickly accomplished, and the men remained knee-deep hauling upon the rope to prevent the stream from carrying away the body. In the mean time Monsoor had mounted my horse and galloped off for assistance to the camp of the “Forty Thieves.”

Crocodiles are very tenacious of life, and although they may be shot through the brain and be actually dead for all practical purposes, they will remain motionless at first, but they will begin instinctively to move the limbs and tail a few minutes after receiving the shot. If lying

upon a sandbank, or in deep water, they would generally disappear unless secured by a rope, as the spasmodic movements of the limbs and tail would set upon the water, and the body would be carried away.

The crocodile, that had appeared stone dead, now began to move its tail, and my two men who were holding on to the rope cried out that it was still alive. It was in vain that I assured the frightened fellows that it was dead. I was on the bank, and they were in the water within a few feet of the crocodile, which made some difference in our ideas of its vivacity. Presently the creature really began to struggle, and the united efforts of the men could hardly restrain it from getting into deeper water. The monster now began to yawn, which so terrified the men that they would have dropped the rope and fled had they not been afraid of the consequences, as I was addressing them rather forcibly from the bank. I put another shot through the shoulder of the struggling monster, which appeared to act as a narcotic until the arrival of the soldiers with ropes. No sooner was the crocodile well secured than it began to struggle violently; but a great number of men hauled upon the rope, and when it was safely landed, I gave it a blow with a sharp axe on the back of the neck, which killed it by dividing the spine.

It was now dragged along the turf until we reached the camp, where it was carefully measured with a tape, and showed an exact length of 12 feet 3 inches from snout to end of tail.

The stomach contained about five pounds' weight of pebbles, as though it had fed upon flesh resting upon a gravel bank, and had swallowed the pebbles that had adhered. Mixed with the pebbles was a greenish, slimy matter that appeared woolly. In the midst of this were three undeniable witnesses that convicted the crocodile of wilful murder. A necklace and two armlets, such as are worn by the negro girls, were taken from the stomach! The girl had been digested. This was an old malefactor that was a good riddance.

I have frequently seen crocodiles upwards of eighteen feet in length, and there can be little doubt that they sometimes exceed twenty; but a very small creature of this species may carry away a man while swimming. The crocodile does not attempt to swallow an animal at once, but having carried it to a favourite feeding-place, generally in some deep hole, it tears it limb from limb with teeth and claws and devours it at leisure.

The camp of the “Forty Thieves” had been finished some time since: the gardens were flourishing, and I erected a “shadoof,” or Egyptian double bucket and lever for irrigation. Two men could lift and throw out 3,600 gallons per hour. I made the calculation as nearly as possible: the iron buckets contained slightly more than four gallons each; thus, two men with the double shadoof lifted eight gallons every eight seconds (or one lift in eight seconds): a gallon per second gave 3,600 per hour.

I never allowed the “Forty Thieves” to work at the general headquarters, but kept them as my personal escort. When at Tewfikeeyah I had been particular in their drill, and I had endeavoured to teach them to shoot accurately. The Egyptians became better shots than the Soudanis, but I much preferred the latter; by degrees I drafted out all the Egyptians excepting four, and filled their places with well-selected blacks, mostly taken from the grenadier company of the regiment.

At the commencement of the expedition this small body of men had well earned the title of the “Forty THIEVES” by which they were always known among the English party, although publicly in the camp they were only designated as “The Forty.”

I had taken great personal care of this little corps, and the result was most satisfactory. The thieves had been got rid of. I never forgave a fault until after punishment had been received; I never allowed the doctor to attend them when ill, but invariably attended to them myself. I had endeavoured to instil a feeling of pride among them, and encouraged them with an idea of their superiority to the other regiments. I actually succeeded in establishing a code of honour throughout the corps, until it was considered a disgrace to “The Forty” that a theft should be committed. “Is he not one of ‘The Forty’?” was the usual exclamation if any doubt was thrown on the character of a soldier. The fact of his belonging to “The Forty” was a sufficient certificate.

The regimental arrangements at headquarters had been sadly neglected, as the men were necessarily so much engaged in other work that they had no time for drill except on Fridays. The “Forty Thieves” were well officered, having the advantage of a lieutenant-colonel and a captain, together with two most active and courageous lieutenants, who had lately received their promotion for good conduct: these were my faithful Monsoor Agha, and Ferritch Agba. The young soldier, who had been condemned to be shot for desertion the previous year, had shown such

devotion and activity that he was promised the next vacancy in the rank of corporal. The non-commissioned officers were soldiers who had seen much service, and the corps was in a highly efficient state with the exception of the rifle practice.

While at Tewfikeeyah, having paid much attention to this all-important point, I had instructed the officers and men personally, and I had established prize-shooting to give an additional interest to the work. Both officers and men now took an immense pleasure in rifle practice, but it appeared almost impossible to make them good shots. Out of forty-eight officers and men, I had only fifteen who could be called real hitters; the others were only shooters.

The great difficulty was to instruct them in distances. I frequently took them away from camp and made them guess the distance in paces from some particular object, such as a tree, or white-ant hill. Very few of the men had the slightest idea of this important subject; but at the commencement, even the officers were perfectly ignorant. At length, by constant practice at the target, varying the range from 100 to 300 yards, about a third of the corps became fair shots, and these few were tolerably good judges of distance up to 400 yards. The colonel, Abd-el-Kader,

became an excellent shot, as he was an officer who took great interest in his profession. The remainder of the corps shot as well as they could, and took great pains; but although they were considered crack marksmen by the line-regiments, their reputation would have suffered if their deficiencies had been exposed. At any rate, they were very dangerous with such a weapon as the snider, when firing into masses of the enemy.

I distinguished “The Forty” from the line regiment by a scarlet uniform; this was a simple red flannel shirt, worn outside their Zouave trouser, and secured by a belt, with ammunition-pouches, round the waist. This uniform, with linen gaiters, and with a head-dress of the scarlet fez, bound by a turban of cobalt blue, looked remarkably well.

In active service, the officers carried sniders; thus, the corps complete consisted of forty-eight sniders; but together with Lieutenant Baker and myself, it comprised fifty rifles.

The high state of discipline and the fine morale of this little force was a good example of what may be effected, even with a material of so low a reputation as the negro. My men were natives of various tribes

scattered over an immense extent of Central Africa. Each had a certain love of the country from which he had been originally stolen by the slave-traders when a boy, before he found his way into government service. I always endeavoured to keep up this feeling, and to create emulation among the men of different tribes; thus, a native of Pongo would assume a superiority over a Dinka, although the Dinka considered himself of a higher class than a Pongo. A Noba regarded himself as superior to all others. But by degrees I established a principle that was generally accepted by them all—that an old soldier with a good reputation should take precedence of all others, without reference to caste or tribe. Thus, the aim of all young privates would be to become old soldiers, and to rise in rank according to their merits. There were several excellent examples of good soldiers in “The Forty,” among whom stood first Mohammed-el-Feel, sergeant of the bodyguard. The latter comprised ten men, selected from “The Forty” as creme de la creme; these men were exempted from all labour, and they formed the guard of two sentries by night, and one by day.

The discipline of this picked corps—“Abd-el-Kader and the Forty Thieves”—was the commencement of a great moral reform, that resulted in an improved tone throughout the force, which ultimately did the great

work of the expedition.

The efficiency of “The Forty” was an established fact of what could be accomplished where officers and men were governed by that peculiar confidence that bound them together as one man. Throughout the expedition, after this confidence had been once established, I never for an instant doubted the fidelity of my men; they would have followed me through fire or water, without the slightest hesitation. In action, “The Forty” were always in advance, and they were watched with eagerness and even pride by the other regiments: when thrown out as skirmishers they climbed rocks, pushed through jungles, and cleared the enemy from the country with irresistible activity. Promotion from the line to “The Forty” was considered as an honour, and so perfect was the esprit de corps, that in the event of a vacancy being caused by sickness, or other cause, the men reported to me the character of the new-comer before he was admitted, and respectfully declined to receive him if he bore a doubtful reputation; virtually he was “black-balled.”

A corps of this character was a nucleus for an extension of military morality. The “Forty Thieves” would not admit a thief; and they became generally accepted as a model of what government soldiers should become.

I believe that if it were possible to convert the greater portion of African savages into disciplined soldiers, it would be the most rapid stride towards their future civilization. The fact of obedience being enforced, and the necessity of order, industry, and discipline, together with clothing and cleanliness, is all that is absolutely required to bring a savage within the bounds of good management. A savage who has led a wild and uncontrolled life must first learn to obey authority before any great improvement can be expected. A soldier must obey, and he learns to respect his officers as his superiors; thus, a savage who has learnt all that he knows from his officers, whom he admits as his superiors, will quickly adopt their religion, as he has been obliged to adopt their military rules. My soldiers were all Mohammedans, simply because they had been taught by their officers that good soldiers should be true believers.

As I have already described, my station was a mile and a half distant from headquarters, and the arrangements under my personal inspection were very different from the lax discipline of the officers at Gondokoro.

The natives of Belinian had disregarded the warning they had received, and now, having leagued themselves with the Baris of Gondokoro, they were constantly on the watch for an opportunity of surprising the cattle guards. Concealing themselves behind thick foliage, they stalked the careless sentries with the adroitness of American Indians, and sometimes succeeded in making a dash and driving off a few head of cattle.

I was obliged to take extra precautions during the night, as my little station was dependent only upon “The Forty,” while the camp at headquarters was occupied by 1,100 men, in addition to about 400 sailors, and the six Englishmen.

The natives disturbed us every night, and were constantly fired at by the sentries. I served out cartridges containing eight-mould shot, each to be rammed down over the ball in the muskets for the night sentries: these would be more likely to hit a thief in the dark than a single bullet. The muskets were given to the sentries in addition to their rifles.

I placed my men every night, concealed by cover so as to command the various approaches. The station was conveniently situated, as a large

and deep lake completely defended the north flank for a distance of about 400 yards. The river defended the east face: thus we were only open on two sides, one of which was commanded by the camp of “The Forty.”

On 28th June it rained steadily during the night. The Baris considered that our sentries would be under cover, or would most likely not expect an attack; they therefore resolved to attempt a surprise. Their advanced scouts approached warily in the dark, but long before they had reached the sentries, they passed within a few feet of a party of guards concealed behind a white-ant hill. A shot from a musket stretched one Bari dead. The guards pounced upon another and seized him by the throat. This was a native of Belinian; he was accordingly hanged on the following morning to a tree in the pathway by which the Belinian Baris arrived through the forest to attack the camp. This it was hoped would be a warning that might deter others. (Throughout the expedition this was the only native who was hanged. Neither was any native shot or otherwise executed when taken prisoner, except a spy at Belinian.)

On 5th July the natives made an attempt on the cattle, and shot a sentry with an arrow.

On 7th July the Baris attacked the camp during the night.

On 8th July I sent a company to take possession and to hold the island. They met the natives; and Monsoor and Achmet Bash Choush had a narrow escape from lances. The Baris lost three killed and two prisoners.

On that day the river rose four feet six, which was the highest flood during the wet season.

On 10th July, at mid-day, several hundred Baris, having cautiously approached the grazing cattle unobserved, made a sudden rush from the bushes upon the guards, killing one soldier and wounding another. The soldiers belonged to the line, and must have behaved badly, as the musket and cartouche-box and belt were stolen and carried off from the dead man. The shots from the guard immediately alarmed the camp. The horses were saddled, and, attended by Lieutenant Baker, I rode hard in pursuit. The natives had gained the forest and had scattered, but we rode a red-painted savage to bay, who fought to the last, shooting two arrows at me, which I avoided by dropping quickly on my horse’s neck, and a third arrow stuck deeply in Mr. Baker’s saddle as he escaped the

well-aimed shot by spurring his horse across the line of sight. These arrows were shot at a distance of a very few yards. The native was killed.

On 12th July the Baris attempted to surprise both my station and the camp at headquarters.

On the 13th the natives repeated the attempt; but one was shot dead by the sentry at Gondokoro; also another met the same fate at my station.

Nearly every night we were subject to attempts at surprise. This was excellent practice for the troops, as it taught them the, necessity of keeping a good lookout; at the same time it was very wearying, as the men had to work hard all day, and they were kept awake at night.

The Baris were irrepressible vermin that gave us no rest. My men were all occupied in building the station, therefore it was impossible for me to take a flying column and give the Baris a severe lesson; but I made up my mind that when the work should be finished, I would take the fight out of them most thoroughly. They now considered us fair game, that they might insult as they thought proper; and I heard from our two faithful

allies, Sherroom and Morgian, that they imagined we should become afraid of them, and then return to Khartoum.

They teased us at night like rats, but they lost many men. I rather admired them for their persistence, as the scouts must have been adventurous fellows. Whenever these people were taken prisoners, they confessed that they were the spies of the main body that was concealed at some distance in the rear. The favourite method of a Bari attack is during the night, when the darkness reduces the danger of fire-arms. On such occasions they generally halt either in forest or high grass, according to circumstances, about half a mile from the camp they propose to attack. Scouts are sent forward to ascertain the position and vigilance of sentries before the advance of the main body. The scouts, being quite naked, crawl upon their hands and knees until the darkness permits them to approach within a few yards of the sentries. They then lie flat upon their bellies unobserved until they can retreat to the expectant body in their rear.

The attacking force now advances in perfect silence, and approaching upon hands and knees in the same manner as the scouts, they suddenly spring upon the sentries, and with wild yells make a general rush upon

the camp. This sudden attack would be extremely dangerous unless provided against; and in this manner large parties of the slave-hunters have been completely destroyed.

Our passive resistance to the numerous native attempts at surprise had been misconstrued by the Baris into timidity. The news had spread throughout the country that we should not venture far inland: thus a grand alliance had been made among the tribes. The Baris desired to make friends with their powerful enemy, the Loquia: they accordingly invited this tribe to form an alliance and to join in a combined attack upon Gondokoro, by which means they hoped to overpower and destroy our force, and to become possessed of many thousand cattle which were now at headquarters.

The Loquia consented; thus we were exposed to a grand coalition. In the mean time Abou Saood and his people, in their camp on the west side of the river, continued to be most friendly with the enemies of the government, and supplied the Belinian natives with ammunition.

At 1.30. a.m., on July 21, I was awakened by the sound of firing at headquarters.

I was dressed and armed in a few minutes. The bugle sounded the alarm, and “The Forty” fell into position.

I heard the bugles at headquarters, together with a confused din of native drums, horns, and yells. The first shots had appeared to proceed from the sentries, but these were shortly succeeded by heavy file-firing from the whole force at the camp. An attack had evidently been made, and a regular fight was going on: it was therefore to be expected that my small force would soon have to act on the defensive. Spare ammunition was quickly in readiness, and we were well prepared.

In the mean time, a general action was growing hotter every moment; the yells of the natives and the din of their horns became louder. I was momentarily expecting to hear the sound of cannon, and I was speculating upon the effect that the fire of ten guns loaded with case shot would have among such a crowd of enemies; but to my astonishment not a gun was fired. Simply the roll of musketry continued.

In about half an hour the native yells grew fainter, the noise of their horns and drums was reduced, and the heavy firing dwindled to dropping

shots. I heard the bugles sound “cease firing.” I then heard “the advance.” Again firing commenced, this time in volleys; then I heard once more “cease firing,” and then “the retreat:” the attack was repulsed.

I could not understand why my little station had not been attacked; but I subsequently heard that the natives were more afraid of the “Forty Thieves” than of the entire force. Added to this was the powerful reason that I had only a few cows for milk, while the attraction of many thousand head of cattle induced an attack on the camp at Gondokoro.

On the following morning before sunrise I rode up to camp to hear the news. It appeared that the natives had actually surprised the sentries. We had lost a corporal, killed; and a lieutenant and one soldier were wounded by arrows.

The Baris and the Loquia had attacked in large force with the intention of burning the station, as many were provided with flaming firebrands, with which they had advanced bravely to the edge of the thorn fence. Had the station not been protected by this defence it is probable that the enemy might have succeeded in firing the houses.

As usual, the troops had fired badly. Such a fusilade as I had heard should have covered the plain with dead. The officers and men declared that great numbers of the enemy were killed, but their comrades had carried off the bodies. This was true to a certain extent, as I saw blood in many directions, and we found one Loquia lying dead with two bullet wounds, through the head and thigh.

There can be no doubt that the camp was surprised through the neglect of the patrol and the sleepiness of sentries, and it was only saved by the thorn fence and the fire of so large a force as 1,100 men. The colonel in command of the troops, Raouf Bey, could give no satisfactory explanation for the silence of the artillery, but he subsequently told me they HAD FORGOTTEN ITS EXISTENCE in the excitement of the moment.

Another officer told me they had brought up one gun, but could not find the key of the ammunition. I remembered what David said in his haste, and I came to the conclusion that they had been disgracefully surprised.

I determined to lose no time in protecting the station by a ditch and earthwork, so that I could leave a garrison without risk, and I would

then attack the country in every direction.

The iron magazines were completed, and all goods and supplies were stored. The camp was so far finished that the men were housed. I therefore drew a plan for the fort, which I intrusted to the care of Mr. Higginbotham, the chief engineer, for execution. I gave orders that all hands, including the sailors, should immediately be employed to dig the fosse. The expedition was well supplied with tools, and the work was commenced with vigour, as the officers and men did not object to have a deep ditch between them and the enemy.

I also planned a triangular fort as a protection to my small herd of about a hundred milch cows at my own station. The “Forty Thieves” did not require a fort, but the cattle might be carried off by a sudden rush that would induce a stampede unless they were well secured.

“The Forty” set to work, assisted daily by thirty men from headquarters, and we soon had a strong fort, with ditch and rampart, that defied attack.

A short time after the grand surprise of the camp at headquarters, the

last attempt was made upon my little station, which ended as usual in my men being well on the alert, and in the death of one of the scouts, shot by the outlying guard through the thigh. Before he died, he confessed that the Belinian and the Loquia, together with the Baris of Gondokoro, had united in the general attack on the camp on the 21st; but that they had lost many men, who, being badly wounded, had died on the road during the retreat.

My little station from this date went out of fashion, and the Baris declined to attack, as they subsequently declared that my sentries were never asleep like those at headquarters.

“The Forty” had earned a reputation that increased their self-respect. Not only were they nearly sure to kill the wily scouts, but patrols at night searched out the natives, and generally came upon them with fatal effect.

CHAPTER X

DESTRUCTION OF THE SHIR DETACHMENT.

On July 30, 1871, I was astonished by the arrival of the tall sheik, Niambore, with whom I had left an officer and six men in the Shir tribe, to superintend the cultivation of corn. This fine-looking fellow was introduced, accompanied by five of his principal advisers. He shortly told me his story. He had been four nights on the road, as he had not dared to travel by day, fearing the Baris: thus, in the dark, he had frequently wandered from the track. In the daytime he had slept in the concealment of forests.

He had run this risk in order to be the first to give me the bad news, lest I should suspect him of foul play. All my soldiers were killed, except the major, Achmet Rafik, and a corporal!

When Abou Saood had passed his country some weeks since, his people had attacked a neighbouring sheik, and had carried off a large number of cattle, although he was aware of the presence of a government officer with a very small detachment. Abou Saood had sent three of the captured

cows as a present to the officer in command, Achmet Rafik, who, instead of protesting against the razzia, had, Turk-like, actually accepted the present, and thus had fallen into the snare.

The natives, smarting under the unprovoked attack, visited Niambore, and desired him to send my men out of the country, as they were evidently leagued with those of Abou Saood. The sheik Niambore refused, and declared that he should protect them until he received further orders from me. This implicated Niambore, and the neighbours then insisted upon the sacrifice of Achmet Rafik and his few soldiers in revenge for their lost cattle. Niambore, with a chivalry that is rare among negroes, declared his determination of sheltering my people until he should communicate with me. He was attacked at night by the neighbouring sheiks; and my soldiers assisted him in the defence. The attack was repulsed, and he determined to return the compliment on the following day, with the assistance of the soldiers. After a long march across many deep channels, the battle went against him, and in a precipitate retreat, the soldiers could not swim the deep channels like Niambore's people; they were accordingly overtaken and killed, with the loss of their arms and accoutrements, now in possession of the natives.

Major Achmet Rafik and a corporal were safe, as they were both ill, and had therefore not accompanied the five soldiers in the attack. Niambore had faithfully exposed himself to great danger in order to secure their protection, and they were now in his keeping, concealed in a forest about a day's march from the village which had been their station.

On the following day I sent the steamer off at 9 p.m. with Niambore and twenty men, the moon being full. The river had risen about four feet six inches, therefore there was no fear of her touching a sandbank. At the same time I wrote to Abou Saood, giving him notice of his responsibility for the loss of the government troops, caused by his unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression. (From that time, I of course gave up all ideas of returning the cattle that had been captured by Abou Saood, as I had originally intended. Such an act, after the destruction of my men, would have been received by the Shir as a proof of fear.)

All my anticipations of successful cultivation had been fruitless. The drought of this year had caused a general scarcity. The months of July and August should have the heaviest rainfall; July had just expired with a rainfall of only 1.13 inch. The mean temperature had been 71 degrees F at 6 a.m.; at noon, 84 degrees F.

I was very anxious about our supply of dhurra, which would not last much longer. On 1st August I ordered the troops to receive fifteen days' rations of rice, so as to save the small stock of dhurra until the crops should be ripe upon the island. These were guarded by a company of troops. I extract the following entry from my journal:-

"August 2, 1871. —The Soudani soldiers are discontented with their rations of dhurra; and to-day I was addressed by an unreasonable mob, demanding an increase of corn which does not exist. These people never think of tomorrow, and during the long voyage from Tewfikeeyah they have been stealing the corn, and drinking merissa heedless of the future.

"The black colonel, Tayib Agha, is much to blame for the discontent, as he has, upon several occasions, in THE PRESENCE OF THE TROOPS, told Mr. Higginbotham and myself that 'the men could not work well because they were hungry.' This foolish remark, made before the soldiers by their own lieutenant-colonel, is certain to create bad feeling.

"I went across to the island to examine the corn: the greater portion of

the crop will be ready in about eight days, but the Baris, in spite of the guards, are stealing large quantities during the night.

“The terrible difficulty in this country is the want of corn; and now that all direct communication with Khartoum is cut off by the obstructions in the Nile, the affair is most serious. The natives are all hostile, thus a powerful force is absolutely necessary, but the difficulty is to feed this force.

“I wrote an official letter to Raouf Bey to caution Lieutenant-Colonel Tayib Agha against making remarks in the presence of his troops.”

On August 3 the steamer returned, bringing Achmet Rafik and the sole surviving soldier from the Shir. This officer declared his men to have been insubordinate, and that they joined the natives against his orders to make an attack upon their enemies in return for attacks on their part.

Two witnesses, the surviving soldier and the wife of one that was killed, declared that Achmet Rafik himself gave the men orders to fight the tribe, in company with the people of Niambore; but fearing

responsibility for the result, he now laid the onus of failure upon the insubordination of the men. (The fact remained that in consequence of the razzia made by Abou Saood's orders the natives attacked Niambore and my people. In self-defence, Niambore and my few men returned the attack, and my soldiers were killed. The Shir were thus rendered hostile with the exception of Niambore.)

My people were so obtuse that they could not understand the true position of affairs. The harvest was commencing. I had jealously guarded the corn upon the island, which should have produced at least 500 urdeps; but the officers and men did not wish to see the granaries filled, as that fact would destroy the excuse for a return to Khartoum; thus, instead of labouring with heart and soul to gather the harvest, they worked so lazily, that in nine days they only reaped 237 urdeps, or not one half that was actually upon the fields. They permitted the natives to steal by night, and the swarms of small birds destroyed an incredible quantity by day. These innumerable and ruinous pests do not consume the entire grain, but they nibble the soft sweet portion from the joint of each seed, neatly picking out the heart; thus the ground beneath is strewed with their remnants of destruction.

I had not visited Belinian since their unprovoked attack, for two reasons. First, we were engaged in fortifying the station; and, secondly, I did not wish to raise the suspicion among the Baris that I might come down suddenly upon their crops. Up to the present time we had acted mainly on the defensive, and the natives had no fear for their harvest. I knew that about 2,000 acres of dhurra would be at our service by a sudden attack on Belinian, if the troops would work earnestly to secure it. At the same time I was afraid to mention the subject, lest some intrigue might destroy the possibility of success.

If Abou Saood or his people had possessed a knowledge of my intentions, they would at once have given warning to our enemies, and would have destroyed my plans. Both Abou Saood and the greater number of the officers were anxiously watching the close of the drama, as they imagined that with the disappearance of supplies, the curtain would fall upon the last act.

I possessed information that would render me independent of corn from Khartoum, if the troops would only work honestly. We were at open war with the Baris, and we had been constantly subjected to their attacks. I had arranged my plans to complete my forts so as to be ready for a

campaign at the commencement of the harvest, when the country would be full of corn. My two rich harvests would be Belinian—twelve miles distant and the fruitful islands beyond the mountain Regiaf, about fourteen miles south of Gondokoro. The latter would be easily collected, as the vessels could load at the islands, and convey the cargoes down stream direct to headquarters.

Everything depended upon the officers and men. Raouf Bey, who commanded the troops, was in daily communication with Abou Saood, who was exerting himself to the utmost to ruin the expedition by promoting discontent, and persuading the officers that they would die of starvation, and that the Baris were most dangerous enemies, who would exterminate the troops should I weaken the force by taking a detachment to form stations in the interior.

It was thus prearranged by my own people that, even if in the midst of plenty, the corn should not be collected in any larger quantity than would suffice to feed the expedition during the return voyage from Gondokoro to Khartoum.

In that case, the expedition would be broken up and abandoned. The

authorities would piously ejaculate, “El hambd el Allah!” (Thanks be to God!) The country would once more fall into the hands of Abou Saood by contract with the government of the Soudan. The good old times of slave-hunting would return and remain undisturbed. The Christian would have been got rid of by an ignominious failure. Abou Saood would have boasted of the success of his diplomacy; and Allorron and his Baris, once freed from the restraint of a government, would have fraternized again with their allies the slave-hunters, to pillage, kidnap, and desolate the productive countries of Central Africa.

I determined that the expedition should succeed, and, with God’s help, I would overcome every opposition.

The forts were completed. Gondokoro, or, as I had named it, Ismailia, was protected by a ditch and earthwork, with bastions mounting ten guns. My little station was also fortified; thus I could commence a campaign against the whole Bari tribe, without fearing for the safety of my base.

On August 30, 1871, I started with a force of 450 men, with one gun, and one rocket-trough for Hale’s three-pounder rockets.

I left twenty of the “Forty Thieves” at my little station, together with a reinforcement of thirty men. I had ordered the captain of the diahbeeah, upon which my wife resided, to push the vessel off the bank and to anchor in the stream every night.

The Baris of the Belinian Mountain were well provided with guns and ammunition, which they had taken in various massacres of the slave-traders’ parties some years before. On one occasion they had killed 126 of the traders in one day, and had possessed themselves of their arms, with many cases of cartridges.

On several occasions they had destroyed smaller parties with the same result, and they had never been at peace with Abou Saood since he had treacherously murdered their Sheik and his family. Recently having allied with Abou Saood’s friends (the Baris of Gondokoro), against the government, some of the Belinian people had ventured to trade, and had established a communication with Abou Saood’s people, from whom they purchased ammunition in exchange for tobacco.

Having given orders on the previous evening that the men were to be under arms ready for the march at 1 a.m., I was annoyed to find that

neither officers nor men were prepared when I arrived punctually at the hour appointed at headquarters. The colonel, Raouf Bey, was fast asleep, and had to be roused by the sentry. This was a breach of discipline that cost Major Achmet Rafik his life. After some annoying delay I started for Belinian. At that time, in the dark night, I was not aware that Achmet Rafik was absent. This officer was a thorough-bred Turk, and he had seen much service, having been through the Crimean war, and also in that of Arabia, under Abbas Pacha. He ought to have known better, but he shared the prevalent feeling of discontent; thus, instead of being on the alert and at his post, he was asleep when the troops started on their night march.

When awakened, he hastily dressed, buckled on his sword and revolver, and taking a double-barrelled gun in his hand he endeavoured to follow the troops, but mistook the direction, and lost his way in the dark.

We arrived at the open valley of Belinian at daybreak, but native scouts had already given the alarm of our approach. There were some hundred villages situated in the vale and on the heights along the base of the mountain; but at this season only the tops of the huts were visible above the high dhurra, which was just ripened, although the

general harvest had not yet commenced.

There is no covert so much in favour of native warfare as the high dhurra, which perfectly conceals their movements, at the same time that it is easily passed through at speed.

The Bari drums were beating throughout the country, and their horns were sounding in all directions. Clearing the way with skirmishers, we marched along a good path for about four miles parallel with the base of the mountain, until we arrived at a plain or bottom, which bore the marks of cattle-hoofs in great numbers. This spot was about thirteen miles from headquarters at Gondokoro.

There was no dhurra cultivation on the right, near the base of the mountain, as the soil was poor and sandy: we thus had a clear view of the country. The cattle had been driven off, and we were only in time to see them disappearing over the distant high ground. The natives had collected in large numbers, and seemed disposed to dispute the advance of the troops.

The ground was perfectly clean, as the cattle had fed off the grass

until it was as smooth as a garden lawn. From the position we occupied, the country inclined upwards towards the base of the mountain, about a mile and a half distant; this interval abounded in villages, all of which were defended by stockades. At the base of the mountain were broken hills, composed of huge granite rocks, the foundations of mountains that had long since decayed. Upon all these strong positions were the usual stockaded villages.

I ordered the troops to extend in two lines, supported by a reserve with the fieldpiece and rocket-trough. With the “Forty Thieves” in the front, we advanced along the plain towards the mountain.

The Baris now opened fire upon us from their villages, from which they were driven in succession, until no enemy remained to oppose us except those upon the high ground.

Our right was now protected by an exceedingly deep ravine, which was a watercourse cut by the torrents from the mountain. I accordingly took a party of the “Forty Thieves,” and following along the edge of the ravine, ascended the slope that led to the stockades upon the heights. Great numbers of natives had assembled, and were shouting the most

abusive epithets in Arabic until we arrived at about a hundred yards from the foremost stockade. This now opened fire upon us, the natives being concealed within, and aiming with their muskets between the interstices of the upright piles.

My riflemen now knelt down and fired at the puffs of smoke as they issued from the impenetrable ironwood zareebas. This was just the work that the Baris understood, as their position enabled them to fight unseen among the numerous stockades and high rocks clothed with bush.

The bullets were whistling merrily, and presently a soldier by my side was shot through the fleshy part of the hip. I examined him, and saw that the bullet bad passed through,—therefore he continued firing. A wife of one of the soldiers was shot through the calf of the leg. She had accompanied him with a small parcel of cooking-pots and food from Gondokoro that morning and thus came under fire.

The main body was delayed in the rear, replying to the fire of the Baris on the other side of the impassable ravine. I had only twenty men with me in addition to Lieutenant Baker. I therefore ordered the bugler to sound the “assembly,” as I determined to attack the stockades with the

whole force.

In a few minutes the main body arrived, and formed for the attack. The bugles and drums sounded the advance, and the troops, having fired several volleys, rushed on at the double and stormed the position. This was well executed, and the rush was so unexpected by the Baris, that the stockades were taken at the point of the bayonet; Captain Morgian Sherreef [*] distinguishing himself by the gallant manner in which he led his company; he was the first man to break through the gateway.

[*Footnote: This officer was a Soudani who had served under Marshal Bazaine for four years in Mexico.]

This attack was something that the Baris did not comprehend. They had only been accustomed to face the slave-hunters' irregular companies, and they had never seen a charge borne with the bayonet. They now began to clamber up the rocks and ascend the mountain with the activity of baboons, while a sharp fire from the snider rifles acted like a spur upon their movements. A shell from the gun now burst over a number of the enemy who had collected about 800 yards in our rear. This was an unmistakable notice to quit. We set fire to the stockades, and the Baris

having disappeared, I selected a position for a night's bivouac.

There was a bad supply of water, and we could procure, nothing but a muddy mixture which smelt strongly of goats. We had found a number of fat calves and sheep; thus, having fixed upon a site in the flat open plain, the men collected firewood, and when the evening set in, the camp fires were blazing and every man was well supplied with food.

I doubled the sentries for the night, but we remained undisturbed.

I was very anxious about the major, Achmet Rafik, as Raouf Bey and the officers declared that he would have certainly endeavoured to follow the troops rather than run the risk of disobeying the orders he had received. The Baris never take prisoners, and should they meet him, which would be most probable, his death was certain.

On the following morning I ordered an advance towards the north side of the plain, where I had observed a line of zareebas upon elevated ground that commanded a view of the plain and the base of the mountain that we had attacked yesterday.

On arrival upon the higher ground, I found the country perfectly flat and completely covered with heavy crops of ripe dhurra, in which the zareebas were concealed, with the exception of the tops of the huts. Drums were beating and horns blowing in all these stockades.

I had a suspicion that the Baris might have stationed sharpshooters in ambush among the high dhurra. I therefore directed a couple of rockets through the corn. The rush of these unknown projectiles produced a great effect, as they burst through the stockade, and buzzed and whizzed about the huts within the defence. An eight-pound shell from the gun now crashed through the stockade and went howling along through the dense fields of dhurra, until it exploded about 500 yards in the rear.

The bugle immediately sounded the advance with the bayonet, and the troops made a rush forward through the corn and captured the stockade.

We now found no less than six of these powerful inclosures within an area of about four acres. These would form an admirable position. I therefore gave orders that the corn should be immediately cleared away so as to leave an open space. Guards were posted in various places; sentries were placed on the summits of the tallest huts to keep a good

lookout, while the remainder of the force set to work and commenced clearing. By sunset we had cut down about six acres.

I gave orders to Raouf Bey to divide the troops in four stockades, which formed a sort of quadrilateral. This officer suggested that the men might all be massacred by a Bari night-attack if thus divided, and he proposed to inclose the whole force of 450 men within one zareeba, like sheep or cattle! In spite of our successes, the officers had a wholesome dread of the Baris, that relieved me from all apprehensions of their erring by an excess of rashness.

I divided the soldiers of the line in three zareebas, while I occupied the fourth with Lieutenant Baker and twenty men of the “Forty Thieves.”

Every day was now passed in collecting corn, but the soldiers as usual worked badly. In the mean time the natives worked most energetically during the night, and carried off ten times the amount gathered by the troops. There was so bad a feeling among the officers, that it was easy to perceive they were predetermined to neglect this opportunity of filling our granaries.

The Baris were excellent diplomatists, and, seeing that we were too powerful to resist by open force, they sent women to treat for peace. This was simply a manoeuvre to gain time, as during the truce they could carry off the corn by day as well as night. I always leant towards peace, although the war had been wantonly forced upon me; thus we soon established friendly relations with an old sheik named Jarda, about two miles from the Belinian mountain. This old fellow had an exceedingly clever sister who would have made a good foreign minister. She explained just as much of the Belinian politics as would suit her purpose, and very properly declared that the women were all in favour of the government, and they would use their influence with the men, some of whom she asserted had very “hard heads.”

Old Jarda, who was about eighty and had sufficient worldly experience to appreciate the value of a good counsellor, left the diplomatic arrangements to his sister, who became extremely active, and ran about the country to collect the principal headmen.

We had many palavers, which as usual ended in nothing but assurances of goodwill, and an explanation that the attacks on Gondokoro were made by certain districts, but that Jarda’s people were not responsible. In the

mean time thousands of women and children were engaged in carrying off the corn. The country seemed alive with baskets, as these useful articles were seen gliding about in all directions on the heads of natives that were invisible in the high grass.

I returned to Gondokoro for reinforcements, and I collected 200 armed sailors. With this additional force my wife also accompanied me to our camp at Belinian. We had now 650 men to collect the corn. I noticed an extraordinary diminution in the crop during my absence of only two days, but not a corresponding increase in the store collected by the troops left under the command of Raouf Bey.

I had occupied the valley by a line of three stockaded positions, at intervals of about a mile and a half; thus a very large area of corn was commanded, and if the patrols had done their duty, it would have been impossible for the natives to have carried it off.

Nothing had been heard of the missing major, Achmet Rafik; he had not returned to Gondokoro as I had hoped. I now discovered, through the native women, that he had been killed by the Baris on the same day that we had arrived at Belinian. It appeared that the unfortunate officer had

steered his course for the Belinian mountain peak, in the hope of overtaking the troops. This route through the forest led him to the extreme end of the valley at the foot of the mountain, quite in the wrong direction. Having arrived at the nearly dry bed of the Belinian river, he sat beneath a tree to rest. The natives quickly observed him, and stalked him as though he had been a wild animal.

It appeared that, when attacked, he had wounded one native in the head with his “little gun,” as the Baris termed his revolver; and this man was still alive with the bullet in his skull, which the women declared was swollen as large as a pumpkin.

Achmet Rafik was thus overpowered and killed, with the gain to the Baris of his arms and ammunition.

I immediately started off with a company of troops, led by a Bari guide, to the west end of the plain, where my officer had been killed. I had not yet visited this spot, but the guilty natives were wide awake, and they had concealed the arms, which I had hoped to recover. The forest was tolerably open, and was full of small villages concealed by the trees. I spread out my men and regularly drove the covert. Suddenly we

came upon a herd of cattle and a number of natives who had imagined themselves secure in the depths of the forest.

I immediately dashed into them on horseback, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, Colonel Abd-el-Kader, and Monsoor, followed by the troops. The cattle, seeing the red shirts of the “Forty Thieves,” had gone off in a regular stampede through the forest; this precipitate flight had been quickened by the report of the rifles. It was difficult work to manage the herd with only four horses. No one who has not hunted African, and especially Bari cattle, can have an idea of the activity of these animals. They go along at a tremendous pace, and never appear to get blown: thus we were spurring hard through the forest in order to overtake the herd, when to my great satisfaction we arrived at the broad bed (nearly dry) of the Belinian river. This checked the pace, and we reined up our horses, and quietly waited for the troops, who were excellent runners.

A few men of “The Forty” were the first up, and we managed to drive the cattle across the river on to the open plain. Hardly had we arrived on the level ground, when they started off in another stampede, and kept us going for about three miles, as though we were following hounds.

With a horse on each flank and in the rear of the herd we at length managed to control their movements. Fortunately we had been running towards our camp.

A herd of cattle generally depends upon a few of its members, which are usually followed by the others. Upon this occasion there were two cows that appeared to direct their movements. These wild creatures refused to enter our cattle kraal upon arrival at the camp, when the troops, having seen our approach, came out to render assistance. With skilful management the herd was secured within the kraal, with the exception of the two undisciplined cows, which started off at full speed along the plain, followed by Abd-el-Kader and myself. A black and white cow was exceedingly vicious, and being hard pressed for about a quarter of a mile, she turned to bay on the open plain. I was riding my best horse, named “The Pig,” who was very powerful and fast, and understood cattle-driving thoroughly. “The Pig,” accordingly avoided the charge of the infuriated cow, which dashed at him like a wild buffalo. I immediately shot her in the shoulder with a revolver, which had no other effect than to turn her towards Colonel Abd-el-Kader, who was riding a large, clumsy chestnut called “Jamoos” (the buffalo). This horse

remained perfectly still when the cow rushed at him, and Abd-ed-Kader instead of firing his rifle, received the charge full upon his left leg, into which the cow drove her sharp horn, making a serious wound nearly through the calf. I then shot the cow through the head, but Abd-el-Kader was in great pain and quite disabled.

Upon counting our cattle we found 165. This was a very small herd, but they had been difficult to capture.

Our new ally, old Jarda, with his diplomatic sister, came to visit us upon hearing of our success, and immediately asked for a calf, which I gave him.

Jarda's sister now informed me that the sheik of the mountain wished for peace, and requested permission to visit me. On the following day he appeared. He was a fine powerful fellow, but with a bad expression. I had already heard that Jarda and he were not friends, therefore I looked upon this introduction with suspicion.

After the usual declaration of friendship by the new sheik, and an apology for past misdemeanours, presents were requested. A fat calf was

given—then a sheep was demanded; this was also supplied. We now came to business. It appeared that the Belinian Baris had been called upon by Allorron to become allies, at the same time that Loqiua had been invited to join in the general attack that had been made upon Gondokoro.

Loquia had hesitated, but had at length joined Belinian, as the government troops had been reported as great cowards who were afraid to venture far from their headquarters. The many thousand cattle known to be at Gondokoro, and the fabulous amount of stores and material, at length tempted the Loquia to join forces.

On the night of the attack, it now appeared that Loquia had lost many men killed; others who were wounded dropped on the way, and died on the route through Belinian. This loss so enraged Loquia (who considered that he had been only used as a cat's-paw), that he was determined not to return home empty-handed. He therefore revenged himself upon his allies, and captured about 2,000 head of cattle from Belinian, with which he returned to his mountains two days' distant.

On the day following my interview with the sheik of the mountain, "Wani," I received information which made me suspect that he was not the

real sheik, and that some trick was intended.

Once more I was waited upon by old Jarda, with his female minister of foreign affairs, in company with Wani, the reputed sheik of the mountain, together with a number of headmen.

I now received a direct proposal to form a general alliance. The Belinian Baris declared allegiance to the government, and proposed to join all their forces to make a great attack, in conjunction with the troops, upon a country about sixteen miles distant, governed by a sheik named Lokko. They described this country as abounding in corn, and sesame, in addition to great wealth in cattle. They also declared that they had already sent spies into the land, who had returned with the news that the harvest was over, and all the grain was stowed in the granaries; thus the troops would have no trouble in collecting the corn.

They also promised that if I would make the attack, they would collect all their women and transport the corn to headquarters at Gondokoro; thus the soldiers would have no fatigue. At the same time they described the people of Lokko as very powerful, and declared that I should require nearly all my force, as very few troops would be now necessary to

protect my camp at Belinian, as we WERE ALL FRIENDS!

This kind regard for my military arrangements confirmed my suspicions. It was intended to draw off the greater portion of the troops to a distance, in company with the pretended allies. The attack was really to be made on Lokko, but my troops were also to be overpowered when unsuspectingly returning by a night march with the spoil. The cattle captured from Lokko would then fall into the hands of Belinian, and my camp, protected by a weak force, was to be surprised.

I pretended to enter into this scheme, but I expressed a doubt whether they would perform their part of the engagement, and convey the corn from Lokko to Gondokoro. This they declared emphatically they would do without failing.

I proposed, that if they could convey such an enormous quantity so great a distance from Lokko to Gondokoro, they should first prove their fidelity by transporting the few hundred urdeps from our Belinian camp to headquarters. If they would assist us in this manner, they should be paid for their trouble, and I should then believe in their sincerity. On the other hand, if they refused, I should be perfectly certain that they

would also decline to transport the corn from Lokko, and that every individual would merely scramble for spoil, and return to Belinian with a load of plunder for his own use.

We should then be left at Lokko in a foolish position.

After much discussion, they promised to carry the corn to Gondokoro before commencing operations against Lokko; but I at once perceived by their manner, that they had not the slightest intention of performing any such contract. They felt that their scheme had been found out.

Although Africans are notoriously cunning and treacherous, they have not sufficient patience or self-sacrifice to enable them to carry out a perfect scheme. If the Belinians had wished to succeed in their plan, they should have willingly carried the corn to Gondokoro, and thus have established confidence. In all my experience with African tribes, I have observed this want of organization in their plans. Like ignorant chess-players, they only think of the first few moves, and thus are at a loss when suddenly checked.

Of course I had no intention of attacking Lokko, as I had no complaint

against him; and although a Bari, he was a chief who had always behaved well to the Austrian missionaries. This portion of the Bari tribe, instead of being sixteen miles, was at least thirty from the north of Belinian, and was situated on the White Nile, where the sheik, Lokko, was known to the traders as “Oom Nickla.”

The following extracts from my journal will at once explain the state of affairs. The natives had lost their chance, and feeling that their treachery had been discovered, they never came to me again:—

“September 22, 1871.—No natives will come near us. Abou Saood arrived with forty men to ask my permission that he might start for Khartoum.

“September 23.—The natives, disappointed in their trick, will have nothing to say to us.”

On the 25th September the natives treacherously attacked an unarmed soldier. This man had strayed a few hundred yards from the camp, against orders, to search for wild thyme. A native met him and accosted him by the welcome “Adotto julio.” The soldier advanced close, when the treacherous Bari immediately shot an arrow into him. This passed through

his arm with such force that more than half the length of the arrow protruded on the other side. The soldier shouted for help, and the Bari decamped as he saw others running to the rescue.

On the same day, two women were attacked when they went to fetch water, and their clothes were stolen by the natives.

On September 27, an artilleryman went to the river about 400 yards distant to fetch water, alone. This was quite contrary to orders. The thoughtless fellow left his musket on the bank while he descended to the sandy bed, through which trickled a clear stream.

He was watched by the natives who were lying in wait, concealed by the high dhurra. These rascals suddenly rushed out and speared him to death. The man screamed so loudly before he died, that a number of soldiers rushed to his assistance from the camp, but they were only in time to bring in his body.

This was at 4 P.M., and I observed natives armed, who were hovering about on all sides.

I sounded the bugle, and attacked them without delay, destroying several stockades. It is impossible to come to any terms with such treacherous people. In spite of my kindness and wish to do good and to benefit their country, they requite me with the murder of any unarmed man whom they can find.

“September 29.—I attacked a position on the mountain. Having fired several rockets from the base, into a station about 350 feet above, I ordered the troops to advance from two sides. My men scrambled quickly up the rocks and destroyed the station.

“September 30.—A few days ago, the soldiers purposely burnt several granaries full of corn, and threatened to kill Sherroom and Morgian, my Bari interpreters, if they should report the act to me, saying, ‘If the corn is finished, we shall all go back to Khartoum.’”

“This proves that the old spirit against the expedition still exists. The men take their cue from the officers.”

In spite of the general discontent, I could place the greatest reliance upon the “Forty Thieves” and their officers. This little corps performed

nearly all the active service. Their red shirts had become so well known, that the colour was enough to keep the natives at a distance; but although the Baris were now afraid to risk a stand-up fight, they troubled us by their stealthy tactics. It was impossible to say where they were concealed. They were spread all over the country: some hidden in the tall dhurra, others behind bushes. Their favourite place was in the grass and scattered bush on the banks of the river, where they lay in wait for any unlucky soldier whose disobedience of orders led him to tempt his fate.

It seemed almost as impossible to clear the country of these people, as to purge Africa from snakes. Patrols were of little service, as the natives lay as closely concealed as hares in form.

I determined at length to meet them with their own tactics:

They occupied the neighbourhood in ambush…I would also lie in ambush. This system of ambuscade employed so generally by the Baris had created a wholesome alarm among the troops, which tended to obedience. They now began to appreciate the orders that no one should stray alone from the camp, and that the watering party should consist of a powerful

guard. At the same time, the surprises that had occurred had somewhat shaken their confidence.

I called the “Forty Thieves” together. These fine fellows always took a great interest in their work.

I explained to them the difficulty of fighting against an enemy whose tactics would not permit a battle; at the same time, I should now operate against them somewhat upon their own principle; by establishing a series of sharpshooters who should occupy the neighbourhood, and render it impossible for the Baris to remain in the country.

My corps was now complete, as I had brought up those who had remained at Gondokoro; I had thus forty-eight officers and men. To this force I now added fifty selected men from the line, and marched them away from camp.

Upon arrival at the broad bed of the river, I explained to them the plan. The natives generally approached unperceived by means of this winding trench, which entirely concealed them. The banks of this river were in most places nearly perpendicular, and were about nine feet deep. The river was about sixty or seventy paces broad, and was nearly dry, as

a very shallow stream flowed through the centre of its bed.

If the high banks were occupied for a distance of several miles by small parties of sharpshooters concealed in high dhurra, or behind an ant-hill, or crouched in high grass or bush, or in anything that would serve as a protection, it would be impossible for the Baris to approach by the favourite river-bed, without being exposed to a deadly fire from the long line of sentries.

I therefore selected a position commencing far beyond my line of posts, and entirely commanding the river-bed for a distance of several miles. The soldiers were delighted with the plan suggested. I arranged that before daylight on the following morning, they should occupy the positions assigned in parties of two men if sniders, or three if muskets, at intervals of one hundred paces; thus the country would be protected by a chain of guards perfectly concealed from view.

I gave orders to the officers commanding the two stockades to carry out this system throughout the neighbourhood, so that it would be impossible for any enemy to move without falling into an ambuscade.

At daybreak I was up, and as usual drank my coffee and smoked the morning pipe. At that time my wife and I occupied a tent outside the stockade, beneath the most magnificent tamarind-tree that I have ever seen. From this spot we had a clear view of the country. On the west of the plain, two miles distant, rose the mountain of Belinian. On the east was park-like land interspersed with fine ornamental timber, through which the river winded. For about a hundred acres around the camp, the high dhurra had been cut down; therefore the view was uninterrupted.

Everything was perfectly still at this early hour; the birds were only beginning to chirp, and the vultures were just lazily assembling to see if they could discover one more morsel at the slaughtering-place of the preceding day.

No one would have suspected that the entire neighbourhood was occupied by sharpshooters, for a distance of some miles. The wily Baris had delighted in their leopard-like tactics, which had given them several opportunities of inflicting loss upon the troops. They now commenced their daily occupation, and started in small but numerous parties from their distant villages, for the purpose of waylaying any stragglers. The sun rose, and with my telescope I observed natives about half a mile

distant on the other side of the river; sometimes these people disappeared in the high dhurra; every now and then they reappeared; then again they were lost to view. They were stealthily approaching for the purpose of occupying their positions for concealment. These wily Baris imagined that we were, as usual, keeping on the alert around the camp, but they had no idea that the leopard was himself so near the hidden snare.

Suddenly a puff of white smoke shot rip from the bright green grass on the other side of the river-bed—then another, followed by the reports of two rifles! I saw natives running at full speed to the left. Another and another puff of smoke issued from a different quarter, as the astonished Baris in their hasty retreat stumbled over the next ambuscade. I now saw a native running like a deer, but chased like a good deerhound by one of the “Forty Thieves.” The native was so hard pressed by this good runner, who was encumbered with clothes, rifle, and ammunition, that he had been obliged to throw away his bow and arrows, together with his lance. He now gained upon the soldier slightly, but they were not five paces apart when they disappeared in the high dhurra. That soldier was Ali Nedjar, of the “Forty Thieves,” the strongest man, the best shot, and the fleetest runner of the force. Presently I heard a

shot.

Throughout that day occasional shots were heard in every conceivable quarter. I took a walk through the country, attended by a few of my men, and upon several occasions I was challenged from a bush, or tump of high grass, showing that the men were all in position and well concealed. When the bugle recalled the sharpshooters in the evening, each had some adventure to recount, and the whole camp rejoiced in the success of the manoeuvre; it was a case of “the biter bit.”

The men now looked forward to this employment, and starting at daybreak, they took their supply of food for the day.

Some of them were very clever at this kind of service, especially Ali Nedjar. Ali was a native of Bongo—a broad-shouldered, muscular fellow, with thighs like a grasshopper. It was a pleasure to see him run, and to witness the immense power and speed with which he passed all competitors in the prize races, in which I sometimes indulged my men. Ali Nedjar was a good soldier, a warm lover of the girls, and a great dancer; thus, according to African reputation, he was the ne plus ultra of a man. Added to this, he was a very willing, good fellow, and more courageous

than a lion.

I had several men of Ali Nedjar's stamp in "The Forty," among which were the three Ferritch—Ferritch Agha Suachli, Ferritch Ajoke (formerly condemned to be shot), and Ferritch Baggara; and it may be easily imagined that a corps composed of such material was an awkward enemy for the Baris.

After a few days, the ground became almost too hot for the natives. They now ascended high trees, from which they could survey the country and direct the movements of their scouts. Ali Nedjar was too much for them even with this precaution. He had observed them like rooks in a large tree at a great distance. The tree grew wild in a field of high dhurra, and while the wily Baris were looking out from their lofty post, expecting to discover us in the distance, the still more wily Ali Nedjar had crept on hands and knees through the corn, and was actually beneath the tree!

The report of a snider rifle under their feet, and the fall of one of their party, was the first intimation they received of the soldier's presence.

This plan of occupying the country was most successful, and in a short time the Baris entirely abandoned the neighbourhood. They confessed afterwards, that it was useless to attempt to fight with such people, as the earth was full of soldiers who sprang up out of the ground beneath their feet.

We had been thirty-five days at Belinian, and the enemy had been entirely subdued. I explained to them my determination of paying them another visit should we ever be disturbed again at Gondokoro; thus if they wished for peace, they must remain quiet.

The soldiers and sailors, including all the women of the camp, were employed for some days in conveying the corn to headquarters. If our people had worked well, we should have had a supply for twelve months. Instead of which, a force of 650 men had actually delivered in the magazine only 150 urdeps, or about 670 bushels.

I have naturally omitted many military incidents, and have only given an outline of the Belinian campaign, but the moral effect was good on all sides. The soldiers had learnt their own superiority to the natives, and

had gained experience and confidence; and the Baris of Belinian had learnt the truth: and in future we should sleep in peace at headquarters.

CHAPTER XI.

SPIRIT OF DISAFFECTION.

The amount of corn collected by the troops, now in the magazines, was only sufficient for two months' consumption at full rations.

There was a spirit of general disaffection among the officers and troops.

Although I had worked with them in every difficulty and led them invariably to success, there was a general dislike, not to me personally, but to the system of rigid discipline that I was determined at all hazards to enforce, and to the general object of the expedition.

Neither officers nor men could understand why, during open war, I should forbid the capture of women and children, who, by all Mohammedan rules,

were lawful prizes!

It was not slave-hunting: they were simple prisoners of war that God had delivered into their hands; and it was a hard case that, after all the trouble and difficulties which had been encountered, they should be debarred from taking a few prisoners.

This was the argument of the military force, to which, had I yielded, the expedition would have quickly relapsed into the original slave-hunting of the White Nile, which I was bound to suppress. I have already described the direct disobedience of the officers in having purchased 126 slaves secretly from the slave-hunters' station during the voyage. A slave trade would quickly spring up between the Khedive's officers and the slave-hunters of Abou Saood, unless I enforced the strictest discipline. The expedition would represent a government slave market for the reception of slaves captured by the Khartoum companies.

It may easily be imagined, that my determination to enforce obedience to the newly-instituted reform caused bitter disappointment and disgust. The government I had established afforded justice and protection to all, whether freeman or slave. I had not interfered with the slaves that had

been the property of officers prior to my taking the command of the expedition; these remained in their original position, with the simple improvement, that they could not be ill-treated with impunity.

A poor little Abyssinian boy, about eleven years of age, had one day crawled through the high river grass to escape the observation of the sentries, and suddenly appeared on the deck of my diahbeeah to claim protection. He was streaming with blood, and had been shamefully illused by his master, who was a captain in the Egyptian regiment. The boy demanded his freedom, and I immediately granted his release (This boy, named Amam, was a great example to others in his general good conduct and integrity. He accompanied us throughout the subsequent trials of the expedition with much devotion, and he is now one of our household in England).

This forfeiture of this child was a warning that had an excellent effect in favour of the slaves, but was very unpopular among the force.

Although I regretted the ill feeling which existed on all sides, I considered the position with patience; and I could not help admitting that this was a natural and inevitable consequence of a sudden reform

which threatened so many interests.

At the same time, I was determined to carry out my mission without shrinking from any consequences. I was ordered to suppress the slave trade; therefore that slave trade should be suppressed; and I trusted that time would eventually give me so improved a control over the feelings of my people, that I might succeed in a reform and yet banish all ill-will.

In the midst of anxieties, there was one lasting satisfaction in my position. I had the power to execute absolute justice, and I wished for no other reputation among my people, whether slaves or freemen, than the confidence of pure equity to be obtained without delay. At all hours I was accessible, and even the complaints of little children were attended to with the same attention that was bestowed upon more important appeals. I hoped by this line of conduct to be able at length to incorporate myself with the expedition, and to gain the affection of my people; without which, success would be impossible.

The terrible absence of discipline among the troops was a great difficulty, but I had already improved them greatly. Since the mutiny of

the black division at Taka, in the year 1865, when they murdered their officers, and committed many atrocities, the Egyptian officers had always distrusted them.

I was told by the colonel, Raouf Bey, that if a black soldier were punished, his comrades would probably mutiny, should he be a general favourite. The extreme laxity of discipline was the result of a want of vigour on the part of the officers.

At the commencement of the Bari war, the conduct of the troops, both back and white, was disgraceful. I have seen them, in the presence of the enemy, rush into a village and commence indiscriminate pillage: the officers mingled with their men in a race for plunder. Several soldiers had been killed by the natives upon such occasions, when separated from the rest in search of spoil. The colonel had assured me that it was impossible to prevent this sacking of villages, as it was the reward the troops expected after a victory.

Fortunately my model corps, the “Forty Thieves,” were always with me, which enabled me to act decidedly. My lieutenant-colonel, Abd-el-Kader, and the faithful Monsoor, were ready to carry out my orders on the spot.

When I caught the troops in disorderly pillage, I had the principal actors seized and laid down on the instant in the centre of the men, and administered fifty apiece with a stout bamboo.

The Soudani soldiers quickly perceived that the reins were tighter than formerly; and I followed up the principle of stern punishment until I obtained an absolute control, without the slightest attempt at resistance to my authority.

I had learnt to like the Soudanis; there was an untiring energy in their movements very unlike the Egyptians; they only required European officers to become first-rate troops.

Although the force had much improved by the increase of discipline, they would have much preferred the good old times of plunder and prisoners. The officers had always looked forward to the glorious opportunity of procuring a few slaves in Central Africa, although they could not exactly define the manner of obtaining them: thus my severe orders upon this subject caused a serious heart-burning, and a desire to give up so barren an expedition.

The station was now complete, and well fortified by a ditch and earthwork. My own little station was the picture of neatness. I had two acres of the finest Egyptian cotton (galleen). Every inch of the knoll was highly cultivated, the lawn was closely cut, and the diahbeeah, which was our home, lay snugly alongside the bank, close to which was a little summer-house, surrounded by a prolific garden. This was a little gem of civilization set in the middle of savage Africa. My “Forty Thieves” were perfect gentlemen in comparison with the line regiments. The sanitary arrangements of the station were good; there was very little sickness, at the same time that upwards of 400 men suffered from ulcerated legs at headquarters.

Our domestics were much improved. Those who had been slaves liberated by me from the traders’ vessels at Tewfikeeyah, had learnt their duties, and had become very useful. My wife had trained some nice girls of seventeen or eighteen to household duties, in addition to half a dozen excellent boys, who were all neatly clothed, and kept in admirable discipline. Among these was the Abyssinian boy, “Amam,” who had lately received his freedom. He was a pretty little lad, and his brown complexion looked quite light in comparison with his coal-black

comrades. The Abyssinian blood showed in strong contrast to the negro type around him, and he was far superior in intelligence to any of the Central Africans.

The girls were under old Karka, who had been with us throughout our former journey. This old woman was very proud because I had given 12 to purchase her freedom in Khartoum. She was a good old soul, but wonderfully fond of fine clothes; and on great occasions she always turned out in clouds of snowy muslin with red edges and fringe, like a young Abyssinian beauty. It was amusing to see her emerge from her hut in full costume, her broad, flat face beaming with smiles in happy consciousness of universal admiration.

Old Karka was a sort of duenua to watch over the morals of the younger girls, and to see that they did not become too “fast”; but I believe that even the heart of Karka beat high when a certain corporal of the gallant “Forty Thieves” passed by. Old Karka was actually accused of sending presents of food, carefully cooked by her own hands, to the house of this same corporal, Abdullah, thus appealing to his stomach, which is the direct road to the heart, in African courtship. The younger girls and the boys of the establishment exclaimed, “Mashallah! Old

Karka! who would have believed it?”

It was curious to observe the difference between my station and that of headquarters at Gondokoro: at one, all was contentment and good order; in the other, discontent and disorder.

I had constant complaints from Mr. Higginbotham that my orders, that he should be supplied with men for public works, were disobeyed, and that every obstacle was thrown in his way.

My Englishmen had been, as usual, very industrious and having erected the iron magazines, they were now engaged in building a flat-bottomed barge to assist in transporting corn from the islands south of Regiaf. They had not been in the best health, but they nevertheless continued to work with an energy and spirit that were a delightful contrast to the sluggishness and apathy of the Egyptians.

Immediately on my return from Belinian, I had given orders that thirty vessels should be prepared to return to Khartoum.

I had not returned these vessels earlier, as I required all the sailors

to assist in building the station, and in collecting corn for the troops. At this season (October) the Nile was at its maximum, therefore I hoped there would be no difficulty in the return voyage to Khartoum with empty vessels, and the stream in their favour. Had I returned them earlier, I should have been obliged to victual them for a four months' voyage, at a time when corn was extremely scarce. The sailors had now assisted us in our work, and they would not require provisions for more than two months, as the Nile was full.

Every arrangement that I had made had been most carefully considered. There can be no doubt that the greatest enemy to the expedition was the White Nile. This adverse river had given a serious check. The work and fatigue in cutting through the obstructions had killed many men, and had laid the seeds of fatal complaints among many others. The men's hearts had been broken at the onset. There was even now a feeling of despair of the possibility of receiving supplies and reinforcements by river from Khartoum. We appeared to have forsaken the known world, and, having passed the river Styx, to have become secluded for ever in a wild land of our own, where all were enemies, like evil spirits, and where it was necessary either to procure food at the point of the bayonet, or to lie down and die.

If the White Nile had been the fine, navigable river that I had known in former years, I believe I should have had no difficulty, as I could have quickly overcome the scruples of my officers by direct reports of their conduct to the Khedive; but we were lost to the world almost as absolutely as though quartered in the moon.

I had proposed, when in Cairo, that steamers should run monthly between Khartoum and Gondokoro, with the post and all necessary supplies. In former days this would have been a matter of course, and the fact of a connection with the Soudan government would have supported discipline; but the frightful obstructions of the river rendered communication impossible, except by a regular expedition in large force.

My own heart felt heavy sometimes; but I said nothing. I could easily appreciate the feelings of others, whose hearts were not actually in favour of the enterprise.

Nevertheless I commanded, and no matter what the obstacles might be, I had only one duty.

A new and sad calamity had attacked us. The well-known African horse-sickness broke out. In spite of every precaution, my horses died. The disease commenced by an appearance of languor, rapid action of the heart, scantiness of urine, costiveness, swelling of the forehead above the eyes, which extended rapidly to the whole head; stiffness and swelling of the neck, eyes prominent and bloodshot, running at the nose of foul greenish matter in extraordinary quantities,—convulsions, death.

My favourite Horse, “The Pig,” was attacked. I had anxiously watched him daily, and one morning I fancied that the usual hollow above the eyes was rather full. This fatal symptom was too true a warning. He passed through the usual stages of the complaint, and died on the same day that he was first attacked.

I had only seven horses remaining out of twenty-one that had started with me from Cairo. In addition to these, were two horses belonging to the officers.

The fact of the horses dying added to the unfavourable impression already in the minds of the officers and troops. In addition to this

calamity, the drought at Gondokoro had been unprecedented. The native cultivation, and that of the troops, had all perished on the light sandy soil of Gondokoro. Rain had fallen in the vicinity; but this unfortunate locality is very subject to droughts, as the rain-clouds are attracted by neighbouring mountains, where they expend themselves. The rich soil of the river islands will always insure a crop, as the roots penetrate to a depth where they obtain moisture from the river. As already described, the troops had worked so badly, that one half of the island crop had been carried away by birds. Thus, when the harvest was in their hands, they neglected to gather it; they now complained that nothing would succeed in Gondokoro.

Abou Saood had not gone to Khartoum, therefore his journey to Belinian to request my permission to depart, was only a ruse for some purpose at present unknown.

I shall now extract verbatim from my journal the entry upon October 13, 1871:—

“October 13, Friday.—The truth has burst out at last. As I have long expected, the evil spirit has brooded mischief.”

Late last night I received a letter from Raouf Bey inclosing two others: one from the regimental officers, addressed to their respective lieutenant-colonels; the other from the lieutenant-colonels, inclosing the letters, and seconding the declaration with a petition embodying the same request to the full colonel. The letter from Raouf Bey supported the petitions and seconded the general complaint. The burden of this lengthy and carefully-arranged correspondence, was the determination of the officers and troops to abandon the expedition and return to Khartoum. The seals of every officer were attached, with the exception of those belonging to the “Forty Thieves.”

I noticed that although there were three separate letters upon several immense sheets of paper, they were all written in the same handwriting. This proved that they were the result of dictation from a superior, and I at once traced the conspiracy to the colonel, Raouf Bey, the friend of Abou Saood.

It had been prearranged in this fashion, without a hint of such an intention having been given to me, that the officers should sign a round-robin to their lieutenant-colonels; the latter should support and

forward the petition, together with a letter from themselves; the colonel should then forward this general and irresistible expression of public opinion to me, together with a long epistle from himself, explaining the absolute necessity of a general abandonment of the expedition, and a return to Khartoum.

I find these words in my journal:—"These letters from the officers declare, that the expedition must return to Khartoum, as there is no corn in the country, and the soldiers would die of starvation.

"Although these people complain of want, they actually purchased 126 slaves during the journey from Tewfikeeyah, thus adding to the number of mouths, and at the same time acting against my positive orders.

"They say there is no corn in the country, but as yet they know nothing of the neighbourhood, with the exception of Belinian; and when in the midst of plenty they *will not collect it.* Thus the Khedive's officers would actually abandon the expedition, and forsake the immense amount of stores, merchandise, &c., which would fall into the hands of the natives.

“By God, not a man shall go back, except by my orders! no matter whether they mutiny or not. I shall forward the officers’ letters to the Khedive.”

This conspiracy would have played the game of Abou Saood, and he would have revelled in his success. I made no remarks upon the conduct of Raouf Bey, but the chain of facts will speak for themselves.

For the first half-hour after the receipt of these letters, I was disgusted through every bone. It appeared as though all hope of success was gone. What could be done with such wretched and treacherous material?

I would not condescend a reply to the letters I had received. I rode up to headquarters; Mr. Higginbotham was ill, as were also some of the Englishmen and Mr. Marcopolo. Nevertheless all were unanimous in their resolve to stand by the expedition at any risk.

I sent Lieutenant Baker, R.N., to Raouf Bey, with instructions not to mention the letters, but to convey the following order:—

“Colonel Raouf Bey, with six companies of troops, to be under arms at 2 A.M., to await me at headquarters.”

Mr. Higginbotham had the entire charge of the vessels. I ordered three noggurs to be prepared, together with one small diahbeeah, to pass the troops across the river at 2 A.M.

All troops and sailors were to take two days’ provisions. I had determined to push straight for the Bari islands, south of Regif hill. Should I be able to procure the supply of corn that I expected, it would at once checkmate the conspiracy.

The Baris of Regiaf and south of that hill had been allied with those of Belinian, and had taken charge of their great herds during the month’s campaign in that country.

We started punctually at the time appointed, and sailed for about seven miles up the river, which at this season could be navigated without difficulty. We now crossed over to the west bank, and the wind being foul, the soldiers turned out and hauled the vessels against the stream by tow-ropes.

The country was perfectly lovely. The high, rocky hills, a few miles distant, sloped in beautiful undulations of open, park-like land to the river's bank. Here and there fine ornamental trees were dotted about the surface; but the absence of forest would have rendered the locality unfit for a large station.

The villages were innumerable: but there was not a sign of friendship among the numerous population. The natives poured out of their various stations leaping, brandishing their spears, and gesticulating with unmistakable actions of hostility.

The river was about 500 yards wide, and in several places the dull, grey heads of rocks protruded from the surface. We therefore continued to tow the vessels close to the bank, with a party marching parallel to protect the flank in case of a sudden attack.

The natives evidently intended to oppose us. I always gave the Baris a fair chance, and allowed them to make the first hostile move before I proceeded to forcible measures. I therefore landed and advanced a few hundred paces inland. There were many curious rocks in this

neighbourhood, some of which were clean blocks of granite in masses of forty or fifty feet high, piled roughly as though arranged artificially.

The natives, as we advanced, moved gradually towards this shelter, in which they squatted until we arrived within a hundred and twenty paces. My interpreter now conversed with them, saying that I had not come to fight, but to purchase corn, that I would give them a cow for each googoo full of unthrashed dhurra: this was the usual price when the natives traded among themselves.

In reply to this polite assurance, they used most insulting language, and said—“You need not offer us your cattle, as we intend to take them by force; therefore, be off to Khartoum!”

By this time I had advanced with the interpreter to within a hundred yards of them. They were completely in my power, but I resisted the temptation. This is the disadvantage in treating with savages. I always afforded them every opportunity for peaceful arrangements, and returned civil replies to their abusive and coarse insults. This gave them the advantage of selecting their own convenience for an attack. A hundred times I have had them in my grasp, as upon this occasion, when a

well-directed volley would have created a terrible effect; but I have always been patient, and allowed them to strike the first blow.

I now explained to them my position. I gave them the instance of their friends at Belinian, and begged them to avoid a similar necessity. I must have corn. Their granaries were overflowing, while mine were empty. I had many thousand cattle in addition to all kinds of merchandise. I desired fair dealing, which would give satisfaction to all parties. They simply shouted a derisive reply, coupled with most disgusting and insulting language.

“Won’t you have a shot, sir, at that fellow on the rock?” said my shadow, Monsoor, who was always at my elbow. I declined the invitation, to the great disappointment of my men; at the same time I explained to these pigheaded Baris that they must accept the consequences of their conduct.

I ordered the bugler to sound the assembly.

With great readiness the troops left the vessels, and having formed, they marched up the slope with drums and bugles. I now made a display of

force, and once more addressed the natives, explaining that the men were hungry and would take their corn gratis unless they would agree to sell a portion.

The natives sullenly withdrew to a greater distance, and commenced blowing their whistles, and making a peculiar shrill cry which is used by them generally in derision and contempt of an enemy. The last words we distinguished as they increased their distance, were a threat to exterminate us during the night, if we dared to remain in their country.

It appeared hopeless to attempt a peaceful communication with the Baris. This portion of the country to the south of Regiaf was immensely populous, and the natives were more dreaded by the slave-traders than any other. I now determined to examine some of the villages.

Having extended the men in line so as to cover about half a mile, I ordered the advance towards the hill of Regiaf, with strict orders that no soldier was to enter a hut; but they were simply to examine the villages as they passed through, by tapping the numerous wicker googoos or granaries with their hands, to prove whether they were full, These neat little granaries contained generally about forty bushels, but they

varied in size: some would have held more than double that quantity.

The natives watched us in considerable numbers from all points. In this manner we examined twenty or thirty villages, each of which contained at least fifteen googoos, nearly all of which were quite full of corn. The entire country was overflowing with dhurra and sesame. As far as the eye could reach were innumerable villages, all of which we knew were stores of abundance, by the samples we had already examined.

From the high land of Regiaf, we looked down upon a long series of rich islands in the river, that appeared to be nothing but a line of granaries, as I could distinguish with the telescope the numerous clumps of googoos and small villages that fringed the fertile banks of these welcome retreats.

I felt as the Israelites, when the manna and the quails appeared in the desert. Thank God, we were delivered from the danger of famine, and we had at length arrived at the Promised Land.

Even the officers, all of whom had signed the declaration “that there was no corn in the country, therefore they must return to Khartoum,”

looked delighted, and exclaimed “Mashallah!”

I felt the relief, for I had suffered much anxiety; but outwardly I took it very coolly, and quite as a matter of course. I explained to the officers and men, that of course they were ignorant of the country, but that if they relied upon me, I should always lead them (“Inshallah!”) into a land of plenty. The black officers now began to exclaim, “Wah-Illai! the Pacha knows the country well! Who would have believed when at Gondokoro that there was corn enough for a couple of years within a day’s march?”

“A couple of years!” cried another; “we couldn’t eat this corn in ten years!”

“We might drink merissa every day in this country,” exclaimed others of the soldiers.

Sailors who have been in danger of shipwreck, with a rocky shore close on the lea in a heavy gale, may understand the relief offered by a sudden shift of wind in the moment of extremity. Such experience alone can allow an appreciation of the mental reaction after a great strain of

anxiety that I had suffered for some time past.

A certain knowledge of human nature determined me to improve, without a moment's delay, the opportunity, while the troops were under the first impulse of astonishment and delight.

I addressed myself to the "Forty Thieves" in particular, and to the line generally, and explained "the pleasure that I felt in now being able to increase their rations of corn, that had been reduced by half. At the same time I had been much dissatisfied with the small collection they had made from the harvest at Belinian. I knew the country, and this was the only true granary that admitted of river transport to Gondokoro. If they neglected this opportunity, the rations would again be reduced; but upon no account whatever should I permit the return to Khartoum of any officers or men, except those who could present a medical certificate of chronic bad health. I should thus get rid of the useless mouths, which would relieve the strong men from the work of gathering corn to feed the weak, who could not perform their share of the labour."

I concluded by recommending them "to thank God, and to set to work with good will."

I marched my men to several villages deserted by their inhabitants, which I occupied in force, and anchored the vessels close to the bank beneath them. Having sent for Raouf Bey, I made no other remark, than to give the orders necessary for the night. This melancholy officer looked more miserable than usual, and his expression reminded me of one of Dante's damned souls, as illustrated by Gustave Dore.

The sun sank, and I had not tasted food for twenty-four hours. I was without my wife, therefore I was not very particular; my good Monsoor having foraged, produced some pumpkin soup, as he termed it, which was composed of a very watery pumpkin boiled in water without salt. The next dish was the very simple native luxury of dhurra flour boiled into a thick porridge. I was very hungry and very happy, thus I ate the plain fare with a good appetite.

Monsoor had made a fire with dry cattle-dung, and spread a native mat on the ground, close to the smoke, upon which I could sleep if the mosquitoes would allow me. I lay as close to the smoke as possible, with a comfortable log of wood for a pillow, and pondered over the events of the day, feeling very thankful for the change of circumstances, and

making plans for the morrow until I fell asleep.

No sooner had the bugles sounded the morning call, than I was up and off. I instructed Raouf Bey to take a company of troops with the vessels, and occupy the islands. At the same time, I marched through the country to the south, and having passed about three hours in exploration, I formed two stations in excellent positions, and divided my men equally under Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet and Major Abdullah. These stations were about a mile apart, upon high ground, and commanded a view of Raouf Bey's vessels, that were already anchored at the island about a mile and a half below them. The three positions formed a triangle, in the very heart of the greatest abundance.

Having concluded these arrangements and established my positions, with the necessary instructions to the officers in command, I returned to the river, and prepared to start for Gondokoro in the little dingy. I did not wish to take a large vessel, therefore I ordered Raouf Bey to fill the noggurs with corn as rapidly as possible, and to start them off when full to Gondokoro. The granaries on the islands were all full, and close to the banks; therefore the vessels lay alongside, as though in a dock, and could load with great ease.

I started in the dingy with two boatmen to row, accompanied by Monsoor and two soldiers of “The Forty.”

The stream ran at three miles and a half per hour: thus, with good pulling, we reached headquarters in one hour and thirty-two minutes, a distance of about ten miles and a half.

I believe it is common to human nature to love to carry good news. The sight of the little dingy approaching Gondokoro alone, had given rise to all kinds of surmises, and when I reached the shore, a crowd of officers, soldiers, sailors, and women were standing in expectation upon the cliff. My men immediately recounted all particulars.

Great was the joy of the English party at the news of our success. This flew through the station, and the Egyptian officers and soldiers slunk away; whereas, the black wives of the Soudani regiment were delighted, as they did not wish to go to Khartoum. These women were slaves that I had liberated, and they always imagined that if they should arrive at Khartoum, they would be sold. This home influence was of service to me. In conversation with my “Forty Thieves” I had suggested, that perhaps on

their arrival at Khartoum, the government might not permit them to retain so many wives in the regiment. The Soudanis are always happy if they have a wife and plenty to eat and drink; therefore Central Africa was preferable to their taste, where they could enjoy domestic bliss with a young wife, instead of sitting in the sultry barracks of Khartoum as melancholy bachelors.

I now determined to devote myself specially to the work of collecting corn. I therefore placed all my luggage in the magazine, cleared out the diahbeeah, and towed her up stream from my little station to headquarters, ready to start on the following day.

On 17th October I started at 6 a.m., and reached the island at 4 p.m. There I found Raouf Bey, and the vessels that I had left in his charge. He had only occupied one island, and the natives were hard at work carrying off their corn from the islands to the south. I immediately sent troops to take possession.

On 18th October I sent Raouf Bey to Gondokoro, with orders to despatch to Khartoum all the really sick and incapable, but upon no account to permit any man to return unless he was hopelessly invalided.

On 19th October, having noticed that the stream brought down numerous stems of dhurra, I concluded that cultivated islands existed further up the river. I therefore instructed Lieutenant Baker to sail up and explore; at the same time he was to take possession should such islands be discovered.

On 21st the dingy returned with a letter from Lieutenant Baker, who had, with only ten men of “The Forty,” driven out the enemy, and occupied an island, rich in corn, further south. The dingy had been attacked on her way by the Baris, who had shot arrows, all of which had fallen short. I immediately started with my diahbeeah and reinforcements, and united with Lieutenant Baker. I had now three large islands in possession. The fertility of the soil was extraordinary. The cultivation was confined to the rim or sides of the islands, as the centre was swampy in the wet season, but the extreme richness of the soil produced the heaviest crops, and the granaries were full throughout the very numerous little villages, that were stationed around the islands.

Having worked for twelve days, during which time numerous vessels had enlivened the river by passing to and fro heavily laden with corn,

between our granaries and Gondokoro, I received notice from the mainland that the work of the two stations under Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet and Major Abdullah was concluded. Achmet had thrashed out all his corn, and was waiting for boats to convey it; and Abdullah had shipped all that he had collected, and was waiting for orders.

I sent instructions, that Abdullah should march his detachment along the mainland, towards the south, and occupy the villages on the high land, exactly opposite my vessels. The country was beautifully open, like a fine park, in long, rolling undulations, which terminated in rocky hills, about four or five miles from the river.

On 24th October, having loaded a line of vessels that lay alongside the island as snugly as though by an artificial quay, I was amusing myself, together with Lieutenant Baker, in shooting ducks, which swarmed in the neighbouring ponds and swamps. At about 4.30 p.m. I heard rapid file-firing in the distance, and I concluded that Major Abdullah's detachment, that was hourly expected, was attacked by the natives. I at once returned to the diahbeeah, where my wife was stationed on the high poop-deck, having a good view of a very pretty little engagement.

The troops were about a mile distant, and while steadily on the march according to my instructions, they were suddenly attacked by the natives in great force. This was a fair stand-up fight in the open. The big drums and horns were sounding throughout the country, and the natives were pouring from all directions to the battle.

The white uniforms of the soldiers formed a strong contrast to the black figures of the naked Baris; thus we could see the affair distinctly. We could also hear the orders given by bugle.

Major Abdullah had prudently secured his rear by the occupation of one of the small villages, fortified by a hedge of impenetrable euphorbia. He then threw out skirmishers in line, supported by the force that held the village. The natives were yelling in all directions, and I never before saw them make such a good fight upon the open ground. They not only outflanked, but entirely surrounded Abdullah's detachment of ninety men. The troops were keeping up a heavy fire, which did not appear to produce any decided result, as the natives thronged to the fight and advanced close up to the fire of the soldiers, whom they attacked with bows and arrows.

I ordered our solitary fieldpiece to be dismounted, and placed in the large rowing-boat, together with a rocket-trough, and the requisite ammunition, in readiness to support Abdullah with a flank attack upon the natives, by crossing the river, should it be necessary. As our vessels were in close view, I waited for the signal by bugle should Abdullah require assistance.

I had only twenty-two men of the “Forty Thieves” with me, together with the eight artillerymen belonging to the gun. The remainder of “The Forty” were holding the second island, about four miles in our rear.

Just before dark, I noticed that the Baris were giving way: they had evidently suffered some loss, which caused a sudden retreat. I heard the bugle sound “the advance,” and we could see the troops advancing and firing in pursuit. The Baris ceased blowing their horns, and collected in dense bodies at a great distance from the troops, who had halted and now held the position.

Only occasional shots were now fired, and the sun having set, darkness gradually dissolved the view.

I fully expected that the Baris would renew the attack during the night, but I knew that Abdullah was safe in his strong position within a village, surrounded by the high and dense hedge of euphorbia; the thick, fleshy branches of this tree are the best protection against arrows. I ordered the boat with the gun to remain in readiness, so as to start at a moment's notice should we hear firing renewed during the night. I should then be able to land the gun, and take them unexpectedly on the flank with case shot.

Morning broke without any night alarm. I had filled the vessels with the last of the corn upon the island, therefore I determined to cross over with my force, and to meet the detachment under Major Abdullah. This was not easy to accomplish, as there were some awkward sandbanks in the middle of the river. It was therefore necessary to pass up stream between two islands, and then, by rounding the head of a point, to descend through a channel about a hundred yards wide between the western island and the mainland. This occupied about an hour, and we dropped down the channel and took up an excellent position against a high shore that formed a convenient landing-place. From this point the land rose rapidly, and the entire landscape was covered with villages abounding in corn. The natives appeared to have deserted the country.

Having given the necessary orders, I took my shot gun, and, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, Monsoor, and two soldiers of “The Forty,” I walked along the river’s bank towards the village occupied by Major Abdullah’s detachment, who I imagined might have found a large quantity of corn, which accounted for their delay in commencing the morning march.

There were great numbers of ducks and geese on the river’s bank: thus as we walked towards Abdullah’s village, about a mile and a half distant, we made a tolerable bag.

We had at length arrived within half a mile of the village, which was situated upon high ground, about 600 yards from the river, when I noticed a number of people issuing from the gate way carrying large baskets upon their heads.

“The soldiers have found plenty of corn,” remarked Monsoor; “they are carrying it from the googoos.”

My eyes were better than Monsoor’s. I at once perceived that the people thus employed were Baris!

We were only five guns, now separated from our vessels by about a mile, and the troops under Major Abdullah had evidently evacuated their position!

Where upon earth had they gone? and for what reason? Certainly we had the river on our right flank, but we might have been attacked and cut off from our vessels, had the Baris the pluck to assume the offensive.

It was time to retreat, but as I wished the Baris to believe that we felt quite at our ease, we accomplished the move very leisurely, and strolled quietly homewards, shooting ducks and snipe as we walked along.

The moment I arrived at the vessels, I despatched a party in the steamer's large boat, under Captain Mohammed Deii, of the "Forty Thieves," to row down the river, and to recall Abdullah's detachment, that must have retreated for some inconceivable reason. The current ran at nearly four miles per hour; thus the boat would be sure to overtake them.

I was exceedingly annoyed. A force of ninety men had evidently been

cowed by their engagement with the natives on the previous evening, and had retreated upon Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet's position, instead of joining me according to orders. At the same time my vessels had been in sight only a mile and a half distant! I was thus left with a small party of thirty men, while ninety men had fallen back.

This was an example of the utter helplessness of the officers and men when left to themselves. If the natives had repeated the attack, they would most probably have got into dire confusion.

Having started the boat, I took ten men of "The Forty," and, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, I marched along the bank in order to meet the detachment on their return, when recalled by Mohammed Deii. During the march I continued to shoot ducks, as this amusement would deceive the natives respecting the retreat of Major Abdullah, which might then be attributed to some other cause than fear.

In about an hour, I distinguished a sail coming round the point of Gebel (Mount) Regiaf. The wind was fair, and she quickly ran up the stream. I now discovered that she was towing the boat that I had sent down the river to recall Abdullah's detachment. (This was a vessel from

Gondokoro on her way for a cargo of corn. She had met the retreating party of Abdullah, and had brought them on by the river.)

Upon her near approach, I hailed the vessel and ordered her to land the troops (with which she was crowded) upon the west shore.

In a short time, Major Abdullah and his gallant company had landed and formed in line.

His excuse for the precipitate retreat which he had commenced at daybreak was, that he feared a renewed attack, and he was short of ammunition. He had therefore determined to fall back on the station occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet.

He appeared to have forgotten that he could have communicated with me by bugle.

I inspected the men’s pouches, and found that most of them had eighteen or twenty rounds of cartridge, while the minimum contained eleven rounds; this is what the major considered a short supply of ammunition for a march of a mile and a half along beautiful open country to my

vessels.

He described the overwhelming number of the natives, and their extreme bravery in the attack, which his troops had repelled without any loss to themselves either killed or wounded. At the same time the troops under his command had killed twenty Baris, whose bodies he had himself counted.

I now ordered them to advance to the village, as I wished to examine the position. Upon arrival at the spot where the battle had taken place, there were a number of vultures settled in various spots where the ground was marked with blood, and the cleanly-picked skeleton of a man, lying close to the euphorbia hedge, showed that the Baris had really come to close quarters. (The officer declared that twenty of the enemy were slain, while the soldiers admitted that only five were killed. There was always a gross exaggeration in the reports.)

The natives had carried off their dead, with the exception of the body that had been cleaned by the vultures; this must have been a stranger who had no friends, as the Baris are very particular in the interment of their people.

I now marched my men along the high ground towards the south, and examined the numerous habitations, until I arrived at a little colony comprising six villages, all of which were full of corn. Here I left Major Abdullah and his detachment, with orders to collect all the dhurra from the neighbouring villages, and to form a central depot at his present station, after which, the corn could be thrashed out and carried to the vessels. I stationed a noggur by the bank exactly opposite his position, about half a mile distant.

The natives had abandoned the neighbourhood: and hundreds of villages remained without an inhabitant.

On 3rd November, I sent off vessels heavily laden with corn to Gondokoro, under the command of Lieutenant Baker, with instructions that the detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet should join me as soon as possible, and that empty vessels should at once be sent to my corn depot.

On 4th November, I sent fifteen of the “Forty Thieves” to the south, where I had discovered large quantities of corn in the villages that had

been until now undisturbed. To arrive at these villages, it was necessary to pass over very high ground, which obscured them from our view when on the diahbeeah.

My men had built themselves huts, and had formed a nice little camp, on the hard, stony bank, close to the spot where my diahbeeah and other vessels lay alongside. My horses were picketed in the centre, and we had transported and erected a great number of granaries, which I had filled with cleanly-thrashed corn, to await the arrival of the return vessels from Gondokoro.

I was superintending the arrangements of the camp, when my attention was attracted by exceedingly steady firing in single shots at a distance, in the direction taken by my small party of “The Forty.” Nothing could be seen, owing to the high ground on the south.

I immediately ordered my horse, and accompanied by Monsoor and three soldiers of “The Forty” I rode at a trot towards the direction of the firing. I had left a small guard with the boats, as nearly all the men were absent in the interior collecting the ` dhurra.

After riding for about a mile and a half over high ground covered with fine turf, from the summit of which I had a beautiful view of the undulating country before me, with the White Nile flowing through the valley, and high mountains in the distance, I came suddenly upon a village, where I observed two of my “Forty” mounted as sentries upon the summits of the tallest huts. A little in advance of this position, I found the remainder of my party. It appeared that they had been suddenly, attacked, but the sentries on the house-tops had given timely warning.

There could not have been a more suitable country for rifle-practice, as it was completely open and almost devoid of trees. The fine, swelling undulations were intersected with deep rocky ravines at right angles to the river, which after heavy rains brought down the torrents from the mountains.

My arrival on the summit, on a white horse, attended only by Monsoor and three soldiers, was a signal for a great blowing of horns and beating of drums. Immense numbers of natives were to be seen in all parts of the view before us. They ran eagerly from their villages, and collected from every quarter, evidently bent upon a fight with my little party.

I ordered my men to cease firing, as they were wasting their ammunition uselessly, and destroying the prestige of the rifles by missing at long ranges.

I ordered a general advance in open order, about four yards apart; thus twenty men covered a line of about seventy-six paces. This front, with the men in scarlet uniform, made a tolerable show. I rode at the lead on a very beautiful Arab, “Greedy Grey,” which was the most perfect of all the horses I had brought from Egypt: excelling in breed, speed, beauty, and temper.

My little company marched forward in quick time. This was a signal for a chorus of yells upon all sides; the big drums sounded louder than before, and the horns of the Baris bellowed in every direction.

Great numbers of natives now advanced with their bows and arrows, gesticulating and leaping from side to side in their usual manner, so as to prevent the possibility of a steady aim.

As yet, they were about 600 yards distant, and I continued the march

forward as though no enemy were present. As we descended a ravine and marched up the opposite incline, I found that the natives retired over the next undulation. Their line of front extended about a mile and a quarter, while we occupied at the most eighty paces.

Having marched about a mile without firing a shot, and finding that the natives invariably fell back as we advanced, at the same time that they kept the same interval between us, I at once understood their tactics. It was now five o'clock; the sun would set within an hour, and their intention was to draw us forward until darkness would reduce the power of the rifles. They would then be able to surround us, and very possibly over power our little force during our retreat to the vessels in the dark.

I halted my men, and explained to them the Baris' dodge. I now ordered the retreat after this manner: we should hurry down-hill and march quickly up the next undulation, so as to deceive the enemy with the idea of a precipitate retreat. This would induce an advance on their side. The Baris would be certain to follow us at full speed if they supposed we were afraid of them.

It was my intention to cross rapidly the first undulation where my men would for a few minutes be out of view of the enemy, and there to conceal them in a deserted village which I had noticed during our advance. This would be an ambush that would take the Baris by surprise, as they would imagine that we had passed ahead: they would therefore come near the village.

The order to the “right about” was given, and my men, who took a keen interest in the plan, commenced so precipitate a march down the hill that my horse was forced into a jog-trot. I heard the savage yells of the enemy, who, as I had expected, now followed us with the hope of cutting off our retreat to the vessels.

We crossed the dry rocky bed of the torrent in the bottom, and ascended the hill-face rapidly. Looking back, I saw the natives running at full speed in pursuit. They began to descend the hill just as we had crossed the summit of the high ground; thus they lost sight of us, as we quickly concealed ourselves behind the huts and granaries of a deserted village. I hid my horse behind a hut, and the men, having surrounded the position, crouched low on the ground behind the most convenient cover.

Unfortunately, the natives, who were on the high ground on our right flank as we faced about, perceived the snare, and endeavoured to give the alarm by blowing upon their whistles of antelope's horn.

This was either misunderstood, or unheeded by the enemy in our rear, who quickly made their appearance.

I had ordered my men to reserve their fire, and not to expend any ammunition until the command should be given. The natives on our right flank now passed forward, which would bring them in our rear. At the same time, those in our front appeared in very loose and open order, evidently looking for us in all directions.

I observed a man painted red, like a stick of sealing-wax, with large ivory bracelets upon his arms. This fellow was in advance, and he ascended a small ant-hill to obtain a better view.

A puff of smoke and the sharp crack of a rifle startled the enemy, as the red sheik rolled over. The yells increased on all sides, the whistles of the antelopes' horns now sounded a shrill alarm, during which the leading Baris shot off their arrows, but they fell short.

Another quick shot cracked upon the body of a native, who was caught in the arms of his comrades and dragged away as they precipitately retreated in all directions from the dangerous locality.

My men now begged me to allow them to charge and to capture the man, who was endeavouring to escape. I gave them leave, and a body of fifteen dashed out in pursuit, with loud yells, after the retreating natives.
For about a minute the natives faced them and shot their arrows, but the gallant fifteen coolly knelt upon the clear ground, and taking steady rests upon their knees, opened a fire that drove the enemy before them.
The fifteen immediately charged forward and bayoneted a fugitive, and returned with his bow and arrows in triumph.

The enemy had quickly the worst of it. They were now standing in all directions at distances varying from 400 to 1,000 paces. Many of them were actually in our rear, but I noticed that these fellows were already opening to the right and left, as though they faltered in their determination to resist our retreat to the vessels.

The Baris would not stand in the open ground before the sniders.

The ground was dry and dusty, thus each bullet marked its bit as the puff of dust rose from the earth, like a jet of smoke.

Some of the enemy were knocked over at very long ranges; others were so scared by the close practice, as the bullets either struck the ground at their feet, or pinged close to their ears, that they cleared off as quickly as possible. Their noisy drums had ceased, and suddenly I perceived a general skedaddle, as those upon our right flank started off in full speed, shouting and yelling to alarm the rest. I now distinguished a body of troops hurrying at the double down the hill-side in the distance. These were commanded by an active Soudani officer (lieutenant) who had been in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine. He had heard the firing as he was returning with his day's collection of corn to the vessels, he had therefore dropped the corn, and hurried on with his party to our support.

I ordered the bugler to sound the retreat: and having joined forces, we marched without further opposition.

We reached the diahbeeah and my little camp about half an hour after

dark.

CHAPTER XII.

VESSELS RETURN TO KHARTOUM.

ON 6th November, 1871, Lieutenant Baker returned from Gondokoro with four noggurs, and the entire detachment of Lieutenant-Colonel Achmet. The news was as follows:-

After the departure of Major Abdullah, the natives had attacked the camp of Colonel Achmet, and had wounded him in the back with a barbed arrow, which had to be cut out. Another arrow had passed through the heart of his servant, killing him on the spot. Several soldiers had been wounded, but not seriously. The corn had been delivered from his station to the magazines at Gondokoro.

On 3rd November, thirty vessels had left Gondokoro for Khartoum, taking about 1,100 people, including children, women, sailors, soldiers, and invalids.

In spite of my positive orders, that none but the really sick should be sent to Khartoum, Raouf Bey had in my absence sent away great numbers of troops who were in sound health, thus reducing the entire force of the expedition to 502 officers and men, including buglers, drummers, clerks, &c., exclusive of fifty-two sailors.

Thus an expedition that should have comprised 1,645 men was reduced to so insignificant a force, that it appeared impossible to proceed into the interior. The Baris were at war with us; the slave-hunters' companies were treacherous; and yet I was to suppress the slave trade, and annex the equatorial districts with less than one-third of the force required.

Abou Saood had apparently gained his point, and the expedition was paralyzed. It was considered that with so small a force I could not travel far from headquarters: thus as my term of service would expire on 1st April 1873, I had only one year and four months remaining, and in this short time it would be impossible to accomplish my object.

In the dreadful state of the river we could not speculate upon the arrival of reinforcements from Khartoum. Our cuttings and canals in the

Dalir Giraffe might have closed up; or they might have improved: of this we were ignorant.

I had sent off my letters to England, also those to the Khedive, complaining of the conspiracy of the officers, and inclosing the documents. At the same time I had impressed upon his Highness the imperative necessity of opening the channel of the great White Nile without delay.[*]

[*Footnote: His Highness lost no time in sending the necessary orders for the clearing of the main channel of the White Nile to the governor of the Soudan. This energetic officer, Ismail Ayoob Pacha, worked with a large force during two consecutive years and restored the river to its original character—completing the work after I had returned to England, but before the arrival of my successor. Colonel Gordon was thus enabled to make use of the six powerful steamers which I had sent up from Cairo to Khartoum, and the expedition continued without hindrance.]

I had written to Djiaffer Pacha for reinforcements [*] to be sent from Khartoum immediately, together with a large supply of dhurra.

[*Footnote: These reinforcements were thirteen months actually on the river from Khartoum to Gondokoro, and they only arrived at the close of the expedition.)

I had very little hope of receiving anything from the Soudan. It was therefore necessary to make my arrangements for the future, independently of all extraneous assistance. With 502 officers and men, and fifty-two armed sailors, I had to accomplish the work.

The force at present with me consisted of 251 officers and men; thus I had exactly half of the troops. Gondokoro was well fortified, and the Belinian had been thoroughly cowed, therefore I had nothing to fear in that quarter.

I had more than filled one of the great magazines with corn: therefore, including the dhurra now on board several vessels, I had about twelve months' supply for the expedition.

Although my force was terribly reduced in numbers, the men who remained were strong and healthy. I did not despair; but I determined that this reduction of military force should NOT paralyze the activity of the

expedition, and that in spite of every intrigue, I would succeed in the main objects of the enterprise; the slave trade should be suppressed, and the territory should be annexed to the equator.

On 10th November I took a hundred and fifty men in order to make a reconnaissance of the country, at the last cataracts of the White Nile, about six miles south of our position.

We started early, and marched along the high ground parallel with the river, passing the spot where the natives had attacked us some days previous. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this country as an agricultural settlement. The long, sloping undulations were ornamented with innumerable villages, in all of which were overflowing granaries. On arrival at the dry bed of a broad stream, we ascended a slope, and to my astonishment I noticed a considerable body of natives who neither ran away nor appeared hostile in their demeanour. Leaving my rifle with Monsoor, I rode up within fifty yards of them, apparently unarmed, but I had a pair of breechloading pistols in my holsters.

My Bari interpreter, Morgian, now explained, that I was only on an exploration, and that I had no intention of disturbing their property; I

only desired to communicate with their sheik.

For the first time I received a civil answer from the Baris. They explained, that although they were Baris, they had no connection with the people who had fought us. They were governed by a great sheik named Bedden, whose territory was bounded by the torrent bed that we had just crossed. They promised that he should pay me a visit on the morrow: in the mean tine, if we required any corn, they would supply us. This was a politeness to which I was quite unaccustomed. I therefore thanked them, but declined their offer, saying that I wanted nothing from them except friendship.

I now discovered, that these people had never had any communication with the slave-traders, who were afraid to molest so powerful a tribe.

At parting, I gave them a white handkerchief as a signal to our sentries, when they should arrive.

We then returned to our station, the troops sharing the satisfaction that I felt in having at length discovered friends.

On the following day at about 3 p.m. the sentry on the hill called to the guard, that a very large body of natives was approaching the station.

I presumed that these were the followers of Bedden. I therefore ascended the slope and examined them with the telescope.

My suspicions were aroused from the extraordinary number of people; at least 700 natives were accompanying their sheik.

I returned to camp, and made arrangements to receive his visit with a guard of honour. I drew up a hundred men parallel with the river, about fifty yards from the bank, near the bow of my diahbeeah. Fifty men were in line at right angles with the river: thus the lines formed two sides of a square.

In the front I placed the fieldpiece loaded with canister shot. I intended to receive Bedden with due honour in the hollow square thus protected. In the event of treachery, his force could be almost annihilated by one discharge.

The hill sentry now reported the arrival of a messenger, who waved a white handkerchief on the end of a bamboo. This was the signal agreed upon, and the messenger was allowed to pass. He communicated the fact of Bedden's approach: in a few minutes later the great sheik arrived.

He was very tall and gaunt; and without any delay, both he and his people were ushered into the hollow square, where they all stuck their lances in the ground and sat down.

I now sent for Bedden and a few of his principal men to the poop deck of my diahbeeah, which, being covered with carpets, and arranged with sofas and chairs, was something very astonishing to the great sheik, who had never seen anything but a vessel in the distance.

I explained the objects of the expedition; at the same time I presented him with a long Egyptian blue shirt that reached to his ankles, and made him look more respectable. A crimson sash round his waist, and a red tarboosh (fez) upon his head, improved his appearance wonderfully, and he began to feel at home.

I presented him with six pounds of beads of various colours, together

with some strings of harness bells. Brass bugles and a large mirror attracted more attention than any other curiosities.

I gave him a brass bugle, to his great delight. The use of the cannon was then explained to him, and the effects of the shell were pardonably exaggerated to produce a respect for the weapon.

He gave us six pots of merissa and some fowls, promising to come again tomorrow.

All these people believe in sorcery, and each sheik possesses spells and conjurers. Tortoise shells, scales of the manis, lions' claws, and those of the leopard, roots, knots of trees of peculiar shape, and many other things, are worn as talismans.

My wife's parrot was supposed to be a cojoor, or fetish. This was the grey bird of West Africa, that was unknown in these parts. The interpreter explained that "it could speak like a human being, and that it flew about the country and listened to what people said—all of which it repeated to its mistress and myself; thus we knew everything that occurred, and the natives could not deceive us." This parrot was

exceedingly tame, and was never confined. It was now walking about the deck, and while its extraordinary powers were being described by my Bari interpreter, Morgian, to the amazement and fear of the natives, it advanced stoutly to the sheik Bedden, and would have bitten his big toe had he not quickly jumped up and taken leave.

The magnetic battery and the large musical box were also believed to be magic.

At sunset, the great sheik departed in the best of spirits, with all his people, as he had drunk a tumbler of Marsala before he started, in order to try the quality of our merissa.

The population of this country is very large, and the natives are good agriculturists. Although the soil is stony, it is very productive, as the cultivation is carefully attended to. Dhurra, sesame, dochan, and beans, in addition to a species of Hibiscus which produces an edible seed and also a fine fibre, are sown in exact oblongs or squares resembling the plots in allotment-grounds in England. Near the villages are large heaps of manure, collected from the cattle zareebas. These are mixed with the sweepings of the stations, and the ashes from the

cattle-fires, and are divided when required among the proprietors of the herds.

Each cow of the zareeba is entitled to a certain measure of manure at the commencement of the rains, when all hands turn out to cultivate; thus the owner of many cows is enabled to farm a large area.

The cows are all herded in one or two pens; thus the whole manure is heaped, and, when divided, is measured in large baskets. It is then distributed very thickly over the field, and is roughly hoed with the iron molote, the seed been thrown upon the manure broadcast, previous to the hoeing.

The geological appearance of the country would suggest the presence of precious metals. Large masses of rose-coloured and icy-white quartz project from the surface in dikes. These run for miles in tolerably direct lines, like walls, from west to east. Generally the rocks are granitic, consisting of syenite and gneiss, with micacious schist in the lower valleys. Occasionally, dikes of basalt break through the surface, which is generally much denuded, and the rocks are weather-worn and decomposed.

I have frequently washed for gold in the most likely spots among the deep holes of ravines, where the torrents have worn away the bed, but I have found no sign of either precious stones or metals. Magnetic iron ore in large quantities is the only metal to be discovered in the river-beds.

On 13th November, at sunrise, Lieutenant Baker started with the troops to convey corn from a distant village. I was sitting on the poop-deck of the diahbeeah, enjoying a pipe and a cup of coffee, when he suddenly galloped back with the news that a herd of bull elephants was approaching from the west. I was not prepared for elephant-shooting, and I recommended him to return to the troops, who would otherwise waste their time. I had no suspicion that elephants would approach our position after having been disturbed by the soldiers, in a country that was perfectly open.

Lieutenant Baker cantered back to his men, while I commenced to write up my daily journal according to my daily custom.

In about a quarter of an hour, the sentry reported a herd of elephants.

All my people clambered up upon the googoos and buts to obtain a good view of the herd, which from the high poop-deck of the diahbeeah we could see distinctly.

There were eleven bulls, and they were marching in close order along the bank of the river, approaching us at about 400 yards' distance.

I should have thought it almost as likely to meet a herd of elephants in Hyde Park as to find them in this open and thickly-populated country. I now distinguished natives along the distant heights, all of whom were attracted by the uncommon occurrence.

In the mean time the elephants approached, swinging their trunks and huge ears to and fro, apparently unconscious of the presence of the vessels and people.

I always kept my guns and ammunition in beautiful order, arranged on a rack in the cabin. On the left-hand side were the shotguns, i.e., two breechloading No. 12; four muzzleloading No. 10. On the right, the rifles: the little "Dutchman," two breechloading Reilly No. 8, two muzzleloading Holland half-pounders, that carried an iron lead-coated

explosive shell, containing a bursting charge of half an ounce of fine grain powder. These two elephant rifles were very hard hitters, and carried twelve drachms of powder. The ammunition for the rifles was on a shelf that formed the rack, contained in a small bag with a simple reload, and a large bag with a considerable supply. The small bag was intended for the deck, should I call suddenly for a rifle.

Seeing that the elephants were so near, I at once ordered my horse, “Greedy Grey,” to be saddled, and the rifles and ammunition to be sent after me. My servant, Suleiman, who had started with me from Alexandria, was an honest, good creature, but so exceedingly nervous that he was physically useless in any sudden emergency. The climate of the marshes during our long voyage had so affected his nervous system, that any alarm or start would set him trembling to such an extent, that his teeth chattered as though he had been bathing in iced water. However, there was no time to lose, as I expected that should the elephants observe our vessels, and the troops in their scarlet uniform, they would immediately wheel round and be off, at the pace which an African elephant knows so well how to use.

I quickly mounted “Greedy Grey” and told Suleiman to send on my rifles

directly, with ammunition.

I ordered my men to run up the heights, and to come down at about 200 paces in the rear of the elephants, where they were to form a line as though in skirmishing order. This line of red shirts would most probably check the elephants from rushing back. My men had orders to fire at the elephants, and to endeavour to turn them should they attempt a retreat.

I was now on “Greedy Grey;” the sloping ground was as clean as a racecourse, I therefore galloped up the incline so as to keep above the elephants. The horse flew along at full speed. At this moment, a chorus of shouts from great numbers of natives who had collected on the east bank of the river was raised in admiration of the white horse, which they probably thought would in some manner seize the elephants.

In a very few seconds I reined up on the slope, about a hundred yards above the herd, which had now halted close to the river’s bank. They regarded the horse with some curiosity, and massed themselves together.

In the meantime, my “Forty,” who were capital runners, were moving rapidly along the heights, and they presently came down, and formed in a

long, open line from the edge of the river up the slope. During this operation, the elephants only moved their ears and trunks, but remained in the same position. They were now completely surrounded; the diahbeeah and my people were in their front, I was above them on one flank, and the servants were coming up with the rifles. In their rear was a line of about twenty soldiers, and on the other flank was the deep river, about 110 yards wide from the mainland to the island.

Just as the rifles were within a few yards of me and I was preparing to dismount, the elephants wheeled suddenly round, and took to water.

They had been standing in a low, swampy spot that was frequently overflowed: thus they had no difficulty in descending to the river. Close to this place, the banks were perpendicular, and as hard as brick.

I ran down to the river, but by the time of my arrival, the elephants had gained the opposite bank; there, however, they were in a difficulty. The water was deep, and the shore of the island was perpendicular, and about six feet above the water. They could not get out without breaking down the bank so as to form an incline. Already these enormous creatures, which are accustomed to such difficulties, were tearing down

the earth with their tusks and horny-toed feet; still it was a work of time, that gave me a good opportunity.

It was difficult to obtain a shot, as the elephants were end on. The distance was about 110 yards, which is very uncertain for so large an animal, that must be struck exactly in the right place.

I fired several shots with the No. 8 breechloader, aimed at the back of their heads, but none of these were successful.

Monsoor had the ammunition, and reloaded for me. The stunning effect of the heavy metal confused the animals and caused one to fall backward into the scrambling herd. This turned an elephant sideways. The bank had already given way and had fallen in large masses into the water, which reduced the depth. The elephants, which had now gained a muddy footing, ploughed and tore down the yielding earth with redoubled vigour, as my men in great excitement opened a hot fire upon them with the snider rifles. These had about as much effect as though they had been pelted with stones.

Presently, as the depth was lessened by the falling bank, the elephants

showed more body above the surface. The splashing and scrambling was extraordinary; at length a large bull half ascended the bank, and for a moment exposed his flank; I fired a quick right and left shot with a Reilly No. 8 behind his shoulder, and he fell backwards into the river, where he commenced a series of wild struggles that brought him within twenty yards of me, and I sent a ball into his head which killed him. The powerful stream at once carried away the floating carcase.

The bank had now completely given way, and an elephant was nearly on the summit. I fired at him with one of the Holland half-pounders, which by the recoil flew out of my hands for a distance of several yards; this was loaded with twelve drachms of fine-grain powder. The elephant fell on his knees on the steep incline, and was bagged to all intents and purposes, but believing that I had plenty of ammunition at hand, I fired another half-pounder into his shoulder, which killed him on the spot, and he rolled into the water, and the current took him away.

I immediately sent a man to order boats, with ropes and axes, to follow the carcases.

In the mean time I fired my last No. 8 into the shoulder of an elephant

that had just climbed the bank and gained the island. I now had a glorious opportunity of a shoulder-shot at every animal as it should ascend the steep incline.

My ammunition was exhausted! My servant, Suleiman, had sent the little bag that contained only one reload for the breechloaders, and no powder flask or shells for the half-pounders. I had now the annoyance of witnessing the difficult ascent of the elephants in single file, exposing their flanks in succession to the shoulder-shot, while I remained a helpless looker-on.

I had thus bagged only two out of eleven, but these were killed at very long shots (about 110 yards).

The half-pounder rifles were the same calibre and pattern as that described in “The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia” as “the Baby.” These were made by Mr. Holland of Bond Street, and are the most overpowering rifles I ever used. They were certain to kill the elephant, and to half kill the man who fired them with twelve drachms of fine-grain powder. I was tolerably strong, therefore I was never killed outright; but an Arab hunter had his collar-bone smashed by the recoil, when the rifle was

loaded with simple coarse-grain powder. If he had used fine grain, I should hardly have insured his life.

The elephants having gained the island, remained some time exposed, before they made up their minds to cross to the other side. Unfortunately, the boats had followed the carcases of the elephants down the river, which were two miles distant before they could be secured; therefore we had no means of reaching the island. Our vessels could not have crossed, as there were many rocks below stream.

I therefore took a few shots with Hale’s rockets, one of which just grazed the rump of an elephant, and sent them off in great astonishment. We then tried a few shots with the fieldpiece, but the gun made bad practice, and the shells exploded very wildly and not according to the distances regulated by the fuses.

The specific gravity of the elephant differs considerably from that of the hippopotamus. The latter animal invariably sinks when killed, and the body rises to the surface in about two hours, when the gas has distended the stomach. The body of an elephant floats on the surface immediately that it is killed, and is capable of supporting one or more

persons. The cavity of the carcase is much larger in the elephant than in the hippopotamus; the latter is a dense mass of flesh, covered by an exceedingly thick and heavy skin, the specific gravity of which is considerably greater than water.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORAL RESULTS OF THE HUNT.

The moral result of the elephant hunt was very satisfactory, at the same time most unexpected.

The sound of cannon had been heard by the natives for many miles; this had awakened their curiosity, and numbers had sped from the surrounding heights and satisfied themselves that several elephants had been killed. The natives of Bedden flocked to our little camp in hundreds, and were delighted at receiving permission to take as much elephant’s flesh as they required. They raced along the bank for a couple of miles to the spot where the two elephants had been secured by my people, and towed upon a sandbank.

I had sent down a noggur to make sure of the heads, as the opportunity of obtaining entire skulls seldom offered. These two heads had now been brought safely to camp, and the natives were employed in cleaning every atom of flesh from the bone.

In the mean time, great numbers of our enemies were to be seen squatting upon the heights, watching the happier Baris of Bedden, who had congregated like vultures in the river, and were quarrelling and scrambling over the immense carcases of the elephants. The temptation was too great to withstand. Who could resist flesh? The mouths of our enemies were watering, as they watched the heavy loads of red meat carried upon the heads of the rival Baris. In the afternoon, a messenger hailed the sentry to say that one of the sheiks wished to present himself to me to crave a cessation of hostilities. Shortly after the disappearance of this man with a courteous answer, a batch of messengers arrived to beg that their chief might be received, as they all desired peace.

On the following morning I held a general levee. About twenty headmen, or sheiks of principal villages, attended by many of their people, came to present themselves and to sue for peace. I received the chiefs on my

diahbeeah, and each received a present of a long blue shirt as he stepped on board. They now seated themselves by Bedden, and a general explanation took place.

I assured them of my regret that they had forced me into war, as my mission to the country had been one of peace; at the same time they must have seen how impossible it was to resist the troops who were armed with weapons of precision, and drilled in a manner very different from the companies of slave-hunters.

I told them that I had many thousand cattle, and that had they agreed to sell me the corn that was absolutely needed for the troops, I should have paid for it punctually with cows, as I had promised them when I first entered their district. I also explained that, as they must have observed, I had never taken a single head of cattle from them, although I had frequently heard the lowing of their oxen. I had adopted this conduct, although in actual war, merely to impress upon them the fact that they might depend upon my word. I had offered to exchange my cattle for their corn; thus had I taken their cattle, they might have disbelieved my sincerity.

They replied, that “it must be expected that little differences would occur at the beginning.” They had been incited against us by the Baris of Belinian, and the war was entirely their own fault. At the same time they laughed, and said that “hunger was a very bad thing, and that hungry men would always fill their stomachs, if they could, therefore we had been quite right to take their corn.” They declared that it did not in the least matter, as the islands were very fertile, and would produce another crop very quickly; in the mean time they had a good supply concealed, and their loss only necessitated a little extra labour.

They continued this peaceable conversation by saying, that “the elephants were seldom seen in this district, and that the Baris did not understand such hunting, but they had heard the cannons, and they knew that we should be able to kill them.” The meeting concluded by a request for meat; and the sheiks having given instructions to certain messengers, despatched them to summon their people to the sandbank, where the remains of the elephants were lying.

In a short time, swarms of natives, lately our enemies, were collecting from all quarters, and hurrying towards the attractive spot, as though they were going to a fair.

I gave the headmen [*] a present of beads, and took them to admire themselves in the large glass within the cabin of the diahbeeah. I scrambled some pounds of beads among their people, and got up foot-races for prizes.

[*Footnote: The superior chief was presented with a costume which delighted him. This was a long blue shirt with red waistband, a bright tin funnel inverted to form a helmet with a feather in the tube, and a pair of spectacles. He declared that he would be “the admiration of the women.”]

The natives selected some of their best runners; but although they ran well, they were all beaten by Ali Nedjar of the “Forty Thieves,” who was the champion runner of the expedition.

The sheiks requested that the cannon might be fired for their amusement. A shot with blank cartridge made them look very serious. They then went to look at the two elephants’ heads, which they believed had been blown off by the cannon on the day of the hunt.

They returned to the diahbeeah, and ordered their people to bring the present they had prepared for me. This consisted of thirty-one jars of merissa, each of which was duly tasted by themselves as a proof of the absence of poison.

Before they departed, I was assured, not only of their regret that any misunderstanding should have taken place, but that after their bean crop, which would be in about two months, they would unite with Bedden and carry all my baggage into the interior. They took leave and went off in the direction of the dead elephants.

Here was a sudden change in the politics of the country! Peace had been effected by the sacrifice of two elephants!

This peace was the result of greediness and envy. The natives had pined for the flesh, and envied the Baris of Bedden who were carrying it away; therefore they sued for peace.

At the same time, they had originally declined my offer of a large herd of cattle that would have been worth a hundred elephants. Thus they had courted war, in which they had lost some of their people, together with

much corn, all of which they might have sold for cows; and they now desired peace, only to join in the scramble, like vultures, over the flesh of two elephants.

African negroes are incomprehensible people, and they cannot be judged by the ordinary rules of human nature. It was easy to understand, that if they desired peace upon so frivolous a pretext, they would plunge into war with the same frivolity—with a “coeur leger.”

As each division of the district quickly followed the example of another in desiring peace, in like manner would they follow an evil example in provoking hostilities.

They had now professed friendship for the sake of a few steaks. They had promised to carry our baggage into the interior. If they would only be true to this offer, I should be able to transport the steamer, as the natives could easily drag the two-wheeled carts. Although I doubted their professions, I had some secret hopes of success, and I resolved to do all in my power to establish confidence. I therefore invited two very intelligent natives to pay me a visit, and to reside some time at Gondokoro, where they would witness the general management of the

station, and see the workshops, &c. They would also see the vast herds of cattle belonging to the government, the spoil of the Bari war. This would be a sight most interesting to the eyes of Baris, as it would be a lesson of the great power of the government to either punish or reward.

In the afternoon I was visited by other native headmen from the east side of the Nile. These people had swum the river, and had followed the example of the other natives to sue for peace, and to beg for elephant's flesh.

This extraordinary craving for flesh would suggest that the Baris were devoid of cattle. On the contrary, there are countless herds throughout the country; but the natives have a great objection to kill them, and merely keep the cows for their milk, and the bullocks to bleed.

The cows are also bled periodically, and the blood is boiled and eaten, much in the same manner that black pudding is used throughout Europe. A herd of cattle will thus provide animal food without the necessity of slaughtering.

The great traveller, Bruce, was discredited for having described a fact

of which he was an eye-witness. This was the vivisection of a cow, driven by natives, who cut a steak out of her hind-quarters.

I had a bull with a very large hump. (This bull was left at Fort Fatiko.) This animal was very handsome, and was kept for stock. I observed that the skin of the hump showed a long jagged scar from end to end, and my people assured me that this bull had frequently been operated upon. It had been the property of one of the slave-hunters' parties, and they had been in the habit of removing the hump (as a surgeon would a tumour). This is the most delicate portion of the meat, and I was assured that the hump would always be replaced by a similar growth after each operation.

On 18th November, I commenced the march homewards. The natives were now friendly throughout the route, and my men were strictly forbidden to enter a village. There was a great change in my officers and troops; they had fallen into my ways and obeyed every order with alacrity. They had learned to place thorough reliance upon any plans that were arranged; and, now that they knew the necessity of obedience and discipline, they had, imperceptibly to themselves, changed from ruffians into very orderly soldiers.

On the march homewards, upon arrival at the foot of a mountain, I made an excursion inland, as this was a portion of the country that I had not yet visited, though only six miles from Gondokoro. The natives were very shy, but I at length succeeded in obtaining an interview with their sheik, a tall powerful fellow, named Meri. I explained that I required no corn, nor any supplies, except stone. (This sheik Meri and his people always remained faithful to the government from that day.)

The country abounded with pieces of gneiss with a very straight cleavage, that suited them admirably for building purposes. All the granaries of this country were supported upon pillars formed of single stones, about three feet long. The houses were also protected by large flat stones arranged like tiles around the base, and thus securing the sides from the driven storms of rain.

On 19th November, I returned to Gondokoro highly satisfied with the result of the campaign. Not only were my magazines all filled with more than twelve months' supply of corn, but I had established peace throughout a large and powerful district, and I had received promises of assistance, and an assurance of allegiance to the government.

Abou Saood, who had received permission to go to Khartoum, had only gone down the river as far as his station at the Bohr. There he had made arrangements with his people that the ivory from Latooka station, 100 miles east of Gondokoro, should avoid my headquarters, and be conveyed by an oblique course to the Bohr. By this swindle, the government would be cheated out of the share of two-fifths of the ivory which belonged to them by contract with Agad & Co.

Abou Saood having personally witnessed the departure of the troops to Khartoum, considered his game as won, and that the expedition, now reduced to only 502 officers and men, would be compelled to centralize at Gondokoro, without the possibility of penetrating the interior. He had thus started for his stations in the distant south, where he intended to incite the natives against the government, to prevent me from following out my plans with the small force at my disposal.

This was the first time in the career of Abou Saood that he had ever travelled inland. He had for many years been in the habit of arriving at Gondokoro from Khartoum with the annual vessels from Agad & Co., bringing new levies of brigands together with fresh supplies of arms and

ammunition. He then remained at Gondokoro for several weeks, and received the ivory and slaves collected from his various stations in the interior with which he returned to Khartoum.

The necessity of the occasion induced him to use much personal activity. Knowing well the date when my term of service would expire, he had only one object, in which he had already nearly succeeded,—this was to prevent the possibility of my advance within the given period.

It was therefore necessary for him to visit his stations, and to warn his people to hold both their slaves and ivory until I should be withdrawn from Gondokoro by the expiration of my term of service; after which, he had no doubt that things would quickly return to their former happy state. By these means he would be able to cheat the government out of the two-fifths of all ivory; he would preserve his slaves; and a judicious present to some high official would reinstate him in his original position as the greatest slave-hunter of the White Nile; with the additional kuilos of having battled the Christian Pacha.

I had already written to assure the Khedive that, should my work not be satisfactorily accomplished at the expiration of my term of service, I

should continue at my post until I could honourably resign the command, when the government should be firmly established in the interior.

I now devoted every energy to the preparations for starting, together with the English engineers and the steamer. Having given the necessary instructions to the engineer in chief, Mr. Higginbotham, I had no anxiety, as I felt sure that everything would be in order.

The carts were to be thoroughly examined, and the No. 3 steamer of 38 tons was to be divided in parcels; the small work secured in loads of fifty pounds, each sewn up in raw hide, and the heavier portions divided among the carts.

The officers were now perfectly resigned to their lot. The remnant of the Egyptian force had been converted into artillerymen, and all the Soudanis formed one regiment.

While Mr. Higginbotham was engaged in the work of arranging and packing, my masons were busy in making bricks, as I wished eventually to build the barracks of this solid material, instead of trusting to the dangerously inflammable straw-huts. I had already written to England for

sufficient galvanized iron for 3,000 feet of building in actual length.

Although galvanized iron is hot in a tropical climate, it can easily be protected from the sun by a light framework of canes slightly thatched. My Soudanis were never overpowered by heat, as they had been born in a high temperature.

On my return to Gondokoro, I found that Meri's natives had collected a large quantity of stones, and they had sent to request a vessel to transport them. I gave them a cow, and they had a general dance. This reception seemed to delight them, and they returned to their villages, accompanied by a noggur with an officer and twenty men. I gave strict orders that no soldier should enter a native hut under any pretext.

The Bari war was over. Upon every side the natives had been thoroughly subdued. I now heard from our Bari interpreters, Sherroom and Morgian, that the Sheik Allorron was willing to sue for peace, and to declare his allegiance to the government.

Abou Saood and his people had departed; thus the evil spirit was withdrawn that had hitherto covertly incited the natives against the

government, and the effect of his absence was immediately apparent.

I devoted my attention to the final preparations for the start, and to the necessary instructions for the command of the station during my absence. The officers found that it was now impossible to resist their destiny; and Raoul Bey, the colonel, who had, against orders, sent off so many troops to Khartoum who were in good health, now discovered that he would be left with a comparatively small force to hold the important position at headquarters.

The troops who had been employed under my personal command, were very anxious to accompany me into the equatorial district.

There was no more fighting. All my hopes of peace were at length realized. The nights were always undisturbed, and the sentries might have indulged in sleep without the slightest danger. A dead calm had succeeded to the excitement of constant watchfulness.

I now employed the “Forty Thieves” in making salt. There were peculiar surface mines within a mile of my little station. These were situated upon a sandy loam on the banks of a brackish lake, that swarmed with

crocodiles.

The salt always showed upon the surface after a shower of rain had been evaporated by the sun. This efflorescence, together with sand and other impurities, was scraped from the earth with large mussel shells. It was then placed in earthen-ware vessels containing about five gallons. There were pierced with holes in the bottom, which were covered with a wisp of straw as a strainer. The jars, being full of salt and sand, were watered occasionally, and the brine accordingly filtered through to a receiver. The contents were boiled, and produced the finest chloride of sodium.

The natural productions of the neighbourhood were salt, iron, tamarinds, the oil-nut tree; and the cultivation of the natives was principally Hibiscus hemp, tobacco, varieties of beans, sesame, dhurra, and dochan (millet). I endeavoured to persuade the Baris to cultivate and prepare large quantities of the Hibiscus hemp, which would be extremely valuable in the Soudan. The Baris used it for nets and fishing-lines.

The tamarinds were of two varieties, and were produced in extraordinary quantities. About two miles from headquarters, there was an extensive portion of the forest composed almost exclusively of these magnificent

trees.

The forest was also rich in the tree known by the Arabs as “heglik” This bears a fruit about the size of a date (lalobe), which is a combination of sweet, bitter, and highly aromatic. My men collected several hundredweight, as I wished to try an experiment in distilling. There was an excellent copper still in the magazine, and I succeeded in producing a delicious spirit somewhat resembling kirschenwasser.

My cotton was now ripe, and I cleaned it with a small hand gin that could be worked by two men. This greatly interested the Bari visitors, who, by my special invitation, had been residing for some time at Gondokoro.

The dry season had been very unfavourable for cotton; nevertheless, the quality was good, and proved that it would thrive in the locality. The species that was indigenous grew to a great size, and seemed to defy the drought. This bore a red blossom, and the pod was small. The native cotton was of short staple, and adhered strongly to the seed.

On 29th November, two Arabs arrived from Abou Saood’s Latooka station,

100 miles east of Gondokoro: they had travelled at night, and were deserters from the vakeel. One of these fellows turned out to be my old follower during my former journey, Mohammed the camel-driver, and he literally cried with joy when he saw my wife and me again. He gave me all the news from the slave-traders' camp, which was full of slaves, and they were afraid that I might arrive, as they were aware that I knew the road. The vakeel of Latooka had received and harboured two of my Egyptian soldiers, who had deserted from Gondokoro and joined the slave-hunters under the guidance of a Bari.

On 1st December, Lieutenant Baker shot a fine bull elephant, with very large tusks; this was within four miles of headquarters. At this season they were very numerous in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro. During my absence to the south of Regiaf, there had been a curious nocturnal alarm in the station.

Upon a fine moonlight night the sentries were astonished by the appearance of two immense bull elephants, that, having marched along the cliff, took the fort in the rear on the river side.

The fort was a redan, open at the river base; thus, unheeding the

sentry, the elephants coolly walked into the centre. The sentry's musket was immediately responded to by the guard; the buglers, startled by a sharp fire of musketry, blew the alarm.

The elephants, now alarmed in their turn, rushed onwards, but upon ascending the earthwork, they were met by a deep yawning ditch, which they could not cross. The whole force turned out, and the attack on the thick-skinned intruders became general. The bullets flew so wildly that it was more dangerous for bystanders than for the elephants.

In the mean while, the panic-stricken animals charged wildly in all directions, but were invariably stopped by the ditch and rampart, until at last they happened to find the right direction, and retreated by their original entrance, most probably not much the worse for the adventure.

Mr. Higginbotham, who gave me this account, described the excitement of the troops as so intense, that they let their muskets off completely at random: and so thick were the bullets in his direction, that he was obliged to take shelter behind a white-ant hill.

I had no time to devote to elephant-shooting, otherwise I might have killed a considerable number in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro. The Baris are not good hunters, and they merely catch the elephants in pitfalls; therefore, being free from attack, these animals are exceedingly daring, and easy to approach.

They are generally attracted by the ripe lalobes, the fruit already described of the heglik (Balanites Egyptiaca). The trees, if of medium size, are frequently torn down for the sake of this small production, that would appear too insignificant for the notice of so huge an animal.

I once had an opportunity of witnessing an elephant’s strength exerted in his search for this small fruit. I was in the Shir country, and one evening, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, I strolled into the forest, about half a mile from our vessels, to watch for waterbuck (Redunca Ellipsiprymna) in a small glade where I had shot one on the previous evening.

We had not long been concealed, when I heard a peculiar noise in the

thick forest that denoted the approach of elephants.

We at once retreated to some rising ground about 150 paces distant, as our small rifles would have been useless against such heavy game. In a short time several elephants appeared from various portions of the covert, and one of extraordinary size moved slowly towards us, until he halted beneath a tall, spreading heglik. This tree must have been nearly three feet in diameter, and was about thirty feet high from the ground to the first branch; it was therefore impossible for the elephant to gather the coveted fruit. To root up such a tree would have been out of the question. The elephant paused for a short time, as though considering; he then butted his forehead suddenly against the trunk. I could not have believed the effect: this large tree, which was equal in appearance to the average size of park-timber, quivered in every branch to such a degree, that had a person taken refuge from an elephant, and thought himself secure in the top, he would have found it difficult to hold on.

When the lalobes fall, they must be picked up individually and although the trouble appears disproportioned to the value of the fruit, there is

no food so much coveted by elephants.

Near this spot, on the following day, I had a close adventure with a hippopotamus. I had gone to the same place where I had seen the elephants, and I was returning through the forest within a few yards of the river margin, when, upon suddenly turning round a dense thorn-bush, I came within four or five paces of a large bull hippopotamus. This animal had left the river for an evening ramble on the shore, and was munching some succulent grass with such gusto that he had not heard my approach. Unfortunately, I had come upon him exactly at right angles, which restricted my shot to the temple. This is the most difficult of penetration in the hippopotamus.

I only had the “Dutchman,” and my attendant Monsoor carried a snider rifle; thus we were badly armed for so impenetrable a beast. I fired just in front of the ear, certainly within fifteen feet. The only effect produced was a shake of his head, and he appeared rather stupid, as though stunned. The left-hand barrel followed quickly upon the right. Monsoor fired with his snider. The “Dutchman,” being a breechloader, was ready again, and we fired into this stupid-looking brute as though he had been a target, and with about the same effect.

Suddenly, as though we had just awakened him, he turned round and bolted into a dense mass of thorns, about thirty paces before us.

In the mean time, the troops at the vessels, that were within about 300 paces, having heard the rapid and continued firing, supposed that I had been attacked by the natives. The “Forty Thieves” rushed to the rescue. I heard the bugle, and presently the voices of the men as they approached, running through the bush at full speed. The hippopotamus had moved from his thorny retreat, and was walking slowly forward, when he was stumbled against by “The Forty,” some of whom literally ran against him.

The animal appeared quite stunned and stupid, and he merely stood and stared at his new assailants. The sight was perfectly ridiculous. Every rifle was fired into him; but the hollow bullets of the sniders had no penetration, and we might as well have peppered the stone bulls of Nineveh, in the British Museum. At length, after having been the centre of a blaze of fireworks, as every man did his best to kill him during the space of about a minute, he coolly approached the edge of the cliff, which was quite perpendicular and about eighteen feet high.

A tremendous splash was the end of the encounter, as the hippo committed himself to the deep, with a clumsy jump from the midst of the disappointed soldiers.

I was constantly annoyed by the want of penetration of the Boxer hollow bullets. The “Dutchman” carried three drachms of No. 6-grain powder, which should have driven a solid bullet through a large antelope; but the hollow Boxer projectile invariably disappeared in small fragments upon striking a bone; or it expanded, and had no further penetrating power after striking a thick hide.

The sniders, although admirable military weapons, possessed a very small power of penetration. I have frequently seen the bodies of natives with only one bullet-mark; and I have extracted bullets that ought to have passed completely through.

My “Forty Thieves” were now proud of themselves as experienced in various sports, and they were terribly disgusted at the escape of the hippopotamus. They were never idle for a single day. If no other work was on hand, I practised them at the target, or they were treated to a

few hours' drill.

Sometimes I took them fishing: this was always a great amusement, as the expedition was well furnished with nets.

There was a small lake near my station that abounded in fish. One of my sailors belonging to the diahbeeah was a professional fisherman, descended from a race of this calling. I had therefore intrusted him with the charge of the nets. All the sailors of the diahbeeah were good men, but the fisherman, Howarti, was the best of the picked crew. He was a Nubian, born in Khartoum, and of an exceedingly light colour. His style of beauty was rather spoiled by the loss of one eye, and altogether his personal appearance was not attractive; but he was very strong, although a small man, and in any case of emergency he was the most active and intelligent sailor. Howarti was always the first man to leap overboard with the tow rope, when it became necessary to drag the vessel against wind and stream: he was, like all Nubians, an admirable swimmer.

Our comfort had depended much upon this man throughout the expedition, as he was the only person who could properly throw a casting-net. Thus

he had always supplied us with excellent fish. I often admired his perseverance, when, after twenty or thirty barren casts, he rested for a while, cleaned his net, and waded, in spite of crocodiles, to seek a more likely spot to catch fish for breakfast, at a time when this meal would depend entirely upon his success. At such times I frequently advised him as a good Mohammedan to say “Bismillah” (in the name of God) before he threw the net. On the first occasion, before I gave him this advice, he had had extremely bad luck, and he told me that “something was wrong with the fish;” as he had thrown his net for an hour without catching anything, except a few uneatable spike-fish.

I advised him to come with me in the dingy; and having rowed a short distance, we arrived at a sandbank in the bend of the river. Here we landed, and I found fault with Howarti for omitting to say “Bismillah!”

“Will it do any good?” asked the profane Howarti. “Try,” I replied; “you know the opinion of Mohammedans; now then, Howarti, say ‘Bismillah,’ and throw just in that hole close to the weeds. Spin your net so that it shall fall perfectly round, and advance very quietly to the edge, so that your shadow shall not disturb the fish.”

“Bismillah!” ejaculated Howarti, and he crept cautiously forward to a very likely-looking hole. “Bismillah!” and with a dexterous throw, the net described an exact circle as it fell evenly upon the water.

No sooner had the fisherman commenced to tighten the crown line, when the rapid and powerful jerks showed that he had something good within his net. “Now, Howarti, look sharp! the bottom is clean sand: haul away, and don’t give them time to burrow beneath the leads.”

Howarti hauled away, and as the net came near the shore, there was such a splashing and jumping as he had rarely seen. The net came in upon the clean sandbank, and we counted upwards of forty fine boulti, several of about four pounds, and the smallest about half a pound weight.

Howarti, having counted his fish, exclaimed, piously,
“Elliambd-el-Illah!” and added: “In future I shall always say
‘Bismillah!’”

Howarti cleaned his net: the fish were placed in a basket, and were covered with some river-weed to keep them fresh.

Once more the fisherman arranged his net upon his arm, and cautiously approached a most inviting little nook, where some large lotus leaves floating on the surface denoted a medium depth.

“Now then, Howarti, throw very carefully, so as to spread your net in that open space among the lilies, and take care to avoid the leaf stems that would lift the leads.”

“Bismillah!” away flew the net, which fell in a circle, exactly in the spot desired.

It was amusing to watch the usually stolid countenance of Howarti, that was now expressive of intense curiosity.

The crown-line jerked and tugged even more than at the first lucky throw. Howarti cleverly and cautiously landed his net. It contained a regular “miraculous draught,” including a Nile carp of about nine pounds.

“That will do, Howarti,” I exclaimed; “we have fish enough for all the people on the diahbeeah, as well as for the officers of ‘The Forty.’”

The basket would not contain them; therefore the larger fish were laid upon grass in the bottom of the boat, and we returned home.

Howarti now divided the fish according to orders, and explained to the delighted crowd the extraordinary effect of the word “Bismillah,” which insured a netful at every cast.

On the following morning, at sunrise, the now pious Howarti went out as usual with his casting-net accompanied by a sailor, who carried the largest basket he could procure.

We had moved our position, and there was no sandbank in the neighbourhood.

After an absence of about two hours, Howarti returned, together with his companion and the large basket. This contained a few small fish hardly sufficient for our breakfast.

“Ah, Howarti!” I exclaimed, “you are a bad Mussulman—you have forgotten to say ‘Bismillah.’”

“Indeed,” replied the dejected fisherman, “I repeated ‘Bismillah’ at every cast; but it’s of no use saying ‘Bismillah’ in deep water; nothing will catch them in the deep, and I can catch them without ‘Bismillah’ in the shallows.”

Howarti was not a fanatical Mohammedan. Poor fellow he never lived to return with us to Khartoum: his melancholy death will be described hereafter.

In fishing in the lake at Gondokoro Howarti had the usual charge of the proceedings. We dragged a boat across the neck of land from the river, and having launched it, we first laid a stop net 140 yards in length along the bank of bulrushes that grew in water about five feet deep; this was to stop the fish from running into the rushes on the advance of the drag-net.

We now dragged a portion of the lake towards the stop-net, intending to land it upon an incline where the water was extremely shallow.

The “Forty Thieves” hauled away steadily enough until the net came close in. At that moment several immense fish dashed about within the narrowed

inclosure; these created such excitement, that the men rushed into the water to secure them, which ended in the escape of the greater portion of the fish.

The next haul was very successful, and after fishing for about two hours, we caught 434 fine fish, one of which weighed 40 lbs. and another 26 lbs. I sent 200 to headquarters for the troops.

The greater number of these fish were boulti and baggera, both of which are species of perch, and are delicious eating. I have never caught a boulti larger than five pounds, but the baggera grows to an immense size, and I have seen them about 150 lbs. or more. I once weighed a baggera upwards of 130 lbs., but they are said to attain a weight of several hundreds.

I have formerly described the beauty of this salmon-coloured fish in “The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia.”

It is well known that in all countries the same species of fish differs in flavour and quality according to the water in which it is caught; thus the boulti and baggera are almost worthless in the lower Nile,

compared with the same fish of the upper river.

Travellers may often unjustly condemn a fish as worthless, because it may have been out of season when they had the opportunity of eating it.

I never tasted any fresh-water fish superior to a boulti, slightly salted, and smoked for twelve or eighteen hours.

In hot climates all fish should be split down the back, and laid open; they should then be salted and should lie for a few hours to drain; after which they should be hung over the smoke of a dry-wood fire. This treatment renders them delicious for immediate use, but if required to keep, they must be smoked for a couple of days, and then be highly dried in the sun.

The 14th December was the Mohammedan holiday called the “Ume el Ete,” on which day every person, however poor he or she may be, is supposed to dress in new clothes.

We had now been upwards of twelve months without communication with Khartoum. The soldiers’ clothes were reduced to rags, as they had

suffered much from hard work and fighting in thorny bush. The whole force was in despair: they were in arrears of pay, they were without clothes; the festival was close at hand, and instead of turning out in finery, they would be dirty, dingy, and ragged.

Every one was downcast. The troops could not possibly start with me to the interior, to represent the government in a state of rags or nudity.

On 13th December, the day preceding the festival, I summoned the officers to the magazine, in which I fortunately had all that could be required. The merchandise and general stores that I had purchased in England had no connection with the army clothing and stores which should have been supplied for the troops from Khartoum. This supply had been impossible owing to the state of the river.

I served out new clothing for the entire expedition. I arranged that 212 officers and men should accompany me to the interior. To these I gave scarlet flannel shirts and white trousers. The officers received all that they required, and the men were allowed to purchase from the government stores any articles that they considered necessary for themselves or their wives. (There was no cash at Gondokoro; thus, in

the absence of pay, the soldiers were contented with the supplies from the magazine which furnished all their wants.)

On 14th December the cannons fired at sunrise to proclaim the holiday. I rode up to headquarters and inspected the troops on parade, all in their new uniforms. Every man was in a good humour, and they burst out into three cheers as I completed the inspection and addressed a few words to them.

The men’s wives were decked out with gaudy colours, and were happy in proportion to the amount of red and yellow.

The troops and sailors were astonished at the unfailing contents of the magazines, which established confidence that should we be positively cut off from all communication with Khartoum, we were nevertheless independent of supplies.

Everything was in order at Gondokoro. The natives were at peace; food was abundant; the station securely fortified.

I now determined to penetrate into the south, and to carry a steamer in

sections to N. lat. 3 degrees 32 minutes, where she would be constructed by the Englishmen, and launched on the navigable river above the last cataracts, to open the communication with the Albert N'yanza.

All intrigues and opposition to the expedition had been overcome. Although my force was small, the men were full of confidence, and promised to follow wheresoever I might lead.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ADVANCE SOUTH.

Military critics will condemn my arrangements for an advance south.

My original plans had been well laid. A line of fortified posts was to have been established throughout the country at intervals of three days' march. This would have assured an open communication with Gondokoro.

Unfortunately, my force had been 350 men short of the number stipulated; and the 1,200 men that had once been reviewed at Gondokoro had been reduced to 500.

I could not leave a smaller force at headquarters than 340 men, including the 52 sailors; thus I was left with only 212 officers and men to commence a long and uncertain journey directly away from my base, without the power of communication in the event of unforeseen difficulty.

I had already experienced the treachery of natives, upon whom no reliance could be placed.

My intention was to leave the Englishmen, with the steamer sections, at a station to be formed at Ibrahimeyeh (Afuddo on the map) on the navigable Nile, N. lat. 3 degrees 32 minutes, together with a small garrison.

I should then endeavour to form an irregular corps of some of Abou Saood's men, who would be thrown out of employment at the expiration of the contract. This was near at hand.

An irregular corps of 600 men would, in addition to my 200, enable me to complete the annexation of the country, and to finish my work before the

reinforcements should arrive from Khartoum.

On the other hand, the men of Abou Saood might refuse to enlist in government service. Already they had been rendered passively hostile by the influence of Abou Saood. They had secretly encouraged the Baris in their war against the government; they might repeat this conduct, and incite the tribes against us in the interior.

Should this occur, I should be placed in a dangerous position with so small a force, as it would be necessary to detach half the little body to march to Gondokoro for supports.

I could not defer my departure in the hope of receiving reinforcements from Khartoum, as their arrival would be quite uncertain, owing to the state of the river.

Should I delay at Gondokoro, the dry season would pass by; the ground, now baked hard by the sun, would become soft, and would render transport by carts impossible.

The torrents would become impassable during the rains, especially the

river Asua, which in the wet season cuts off all communication with the south. This dangerous river was very important, as it would prevent a retreat should such a movement be necessary during the rainy season.

I was well aware of the difficulties of the position, but I had only the choice of two evils. If I remained at Gondokoro, my term of service would expire fruitlessly. I should simply have reduced the Baris, and have established the station. Abou Saood would remain in the interior among his numerous slave establishments, to ridicule my impotence, and to defy my orders that he should quit the country. He would thus continue in the heart of Africa until I should have returned helplessly to England. He would then have resumed his original work of spoliation. The expedition would have been a failure.

On the other hand, should my small force meet with defeat or destruction, both the military and the civil world would exclaim, “Serve him right! the expedition to the interior made under such circumstances showed a great want of judgment; a total ignorance of the first rules in military tactics. What could he expect, without an established communication, at a distance of three or four hundred miles from his base? Simple madness !—not fit to command!” &c. &c. &c.

I knew the risks and the responsibility; but if I remained passive, I should be beaten. I had often got through difficulties, and if risks are to be measured in Africa by ordinary calculations, there would be little hope of progress.

I determined to carry as large a supply of ammunition as could be transported, together with sufficient merchandise, carefully assorted, to establish a legitimate ivory trade in my old friend Kamrasi's country, Unyoro (The Unyoro country is called by the traders "Magungo.")

The Englishmen would be occupied in the construction of the steamer at Ibrahimeyeh, while I should accomplish my mission farther south.

I selected my officers and men, carefully avoiding Egyptian officers, with the exception of my true friends and aides-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, Captain Mohammed Deii of the "Forty Thieves," and the faithful Monsoor.

The Soudani officers that had served in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine

were—Major Abdullah; Captain Morgian Sherriff; Captain Abdullah; Lieutenants Morgian and Ferritch; and several sergeants, corporals, &c.

I also included three sailors belonging to my diahbeeah, as they would be useful in the event of boating excursions. These men were Jali, Mohammed, and Howarti; all of whom were armed, and fell into the line of rank and file as soldiers.

The No. 3 steamer had been packed with much care. The carts had been loaded with the heavy portions that could not be transported by carriers, and we had proved our capability of travelling provided the Baris of Bedden would remain faithful to their promise. Every cart had therefore been dismounted, and the material for the expedition was stowed on board six vessels.

Our servants had much improved. The negro boys who had been liberated had grown into most respectable lads, and had learned to wait at table and to do all the domestic work required. First of the boys in intelligence was the Abyssinian, Amarn. This delicate little fellow was perfectly civilized, and always looked forward to accompanying his mistress to England. The next was Saat, who had received that name in

memory of my good boy who died during my former voyage. Saat was a very fine, powerful lad, who was exceedingly attached to me; but he was not quick at learning. Bellaal was a thick-set, sturdy boy of fourteen, with rather a savage disposition.

My favourite was Kinyon (the crocodile), the volunteer.

This was a very handsome negro boy of the Bari tribe, who, being an orphan, came to my station, and volunteered to serve me at the commencement of the Bari war.

Kinyon was tall and slight, with a pair of very large, expressive eyes. The name Kinyon, or crocodile in the Bari language, had been given him because he was long and thin. Both he and Amarn were thoroughly good boys, and never received either chastisement or even a scolding throughout a long expedition.

Jarvah was also a good lad, who went by the name of the “fat boy.” I should like to have exhibited him at Exeter Hall as a specimen of physical comfort.

Jarvah had a good berth—he was cook's mate. His superior was a great character, who, from the low position of a slave presented by the King of the Shillooks, Quat Kare, had risen from cook's mate to the most important position of the household.

Abdullah was now the cook! He had studied the culinary art under my first-rate Arab cook, who, having received his discharge, left the management of our stomachs to his pupil. Abdullah was an excellent cook and a very good fellow; but he was dull at learning Arabic. He invariably distinguished cocks and hens as "bulls" and "women."

The last and the smallest boy of the household was little Cuckoo (or Kookoo).

Cuckoo was a sturdy child of about six years old: this boy had, I believe, run away from his parents in the Bari during the war, and had come to Morgian our interpreter, when food was scarce among the tribe. Following the dictates of his appetite, he had been attracted by the savoury smell of Abdullah's kitchen, and he had drawn nearer and nearer to our establishment, until at length by playing with the boys, and occasionally being invited to share in their meals, Cuckoo had become

incorporated with the household.

Abdullah and the six boys formed the native domestic corps. My wife, who was their commanding officer, had them all dressed in uniform. They had various suits of short, loose trousers reaching half-way down the calf of the leg, with a shirt or blouse secured at the waist with a leather belt and buckle. These belts were made in England, and were about six feet long; thus they passed twice round the waist, and were very useful when travelling, in case of a strap and buckle being required suddenly.

Each boy wore the fez or tarboosh. The uniforms were very becoming. There was dark blue trimmed with red facings; pure white with red facings, for high days and holidays; scarlet flannel suits complete; and a strong cotton suit dyed brown for travelling and rough wear.

The boys were trained to change their clothes before they waited at the dinner table, and to return to their working dresses after dinner when washing up was necessary. In this habit they were rigidly particular, and every boy then tied his dinner suit in a parcel, and suspended it to the roof of his hut to be ready for the next meal.

There was a regular hour for every kind of work, and this domestic discipline had so far civilized the boys that they were of the greatest possible comfort to ourselves.

The washing up after dinner was not a very long operation, as half a dozen plates and the same number of knives and forks, with a couple of dishes, were divided among six servants.

Directly after this work, play was allowed. If the night were moonlight, the girls were summoned, and dancing commenced. During the day, their games were either playing at soldiers, or throwing lances at marks, &c.

Thieving was quite unknown among the boys, all of whom were scrupulously honest. The sugar might be left among them, or even milk; but none of the boys I have mentioned would have condescended to steal. They had been so well instructed and cared for by my wife, that in many ways they might have been excellent examples for lads of their class in England.

The girls and women did not appear to so much advantage. These comprised old Karka, young Dam Zeneb, Sallaamto, Fad-el-Kereem, Marrasilla, and Faddeela. They had learnt to wash, but could never properly fold the

linen. Ironing and starching were quite out of the question, and would have been as impossible to them as algebra. Some of these girls were rather pretty, and they knew it. In moral character Dam Zeneb and Sallaamto were the best. Fad-el-Kereem was the most intelligent, but she was a young woman of strong passions, either for love or war, and required peculiar management.

They were all dressed in similar uniforms to the boys, with only a slight difference in the length of their blouses.

We had sent little Mostoora to the care of Djiaffer Pacha at Khartoum to be educated, before we left Tewfikeeyah. That clever little creature had learnt English and Arabic sufficiently to converse, and although not far removed from infancy, she was more intelligent than any of the adults. She was much too young for a long voyage … Everything was ready for the start. I left written instructions with the colonel, Raouf Bey, also with Mr. Higginbotham, respecting the conduct of the works during my absence. I also gave the necessary orders to Mr. Marcopolo; thus all heads of departments knew their positions.

I sent off a detachment of 150 men to drive a herd of several thousand

cattle and sheep to a well-known rocky ravine, about six miles south, which was to be the rendezvous.

Before leaving, I made rather a pretty shot with the “Dutchman” from the poop-deck of my diahbeeah at a crocodile basking on a sandbank. The first shot through the shoulder completely paralyzed it. A second bullet from the left-hand barrel struck only three inches from the first. Lieutenant Baker determined to measure the distance; thus he took the boat with the end of a long line, and we found it exactly 176 yards.

The “Dutchman” was the best rifle I ever shot with, and was quite invaluable throughout the expedition.

I had served out a month’s rations to the men, and my last instructions to Raouf Bey were to look well after Livingstone, and provide for his comfort should he appear during my absence.

On 22nd January, 1872, we started at 8 a.m., when I took leave of my good friend and excellent engineerin-chief, Mr. Edwin Higginbotham. I little thought that we should never meet again.

The wind was light and variable, and my diahbeeah soon overtook the heavier vessels. In the evening we all joined and concentrated our forces at the rocky ravine, with the detachment that protected the cattle.

On the following day, the 23rd January, we all started in excellent spirits. The soldiers knew the country, and every one appeared to share the enjoyment of adventure. The people had learnt to depend upon my guidance, and although the interior of the country was unknown to them, they were quite contented that I had had a personal experience of the far south, and they were safe in my hands.

The stream was very powerful, and the wind was so variable that it was necessary to tow the vessels. This would have been easy work if the river had been deep in all parts, but unfortunately the water was rather low, and many extensive sandbanks necessitated long detours.

The men were then obliged to wade hip-deep, and to tow the vessels round the banks.

I never saw the people in such high spirits. They were not contented

with a walking pace, but they raced with each other, splashing through the water, and hurrying round the points of the sandbanks, until they once more reached dry ground. Then even the women and boys jumped ashore, and laying hold of the tow-rope, joined the men in singing; and running forward along the hard bank they made the diahbeeah surge through the water.

This fun had continued for some hours, and I rejoiced that all hearts seemed to have at length united in the work. I had no fanatics with me. The black officers were excellent fellows now that they were relieved from a certain influence at headquarters. Abd-el-Kader was as true as gold. Monsoor was a Christian,—and my “Forty Thieves” were stanch, brave fellows who would go through fire.

Ali Nedjar was, as usual, revelling in strength and activity, and was now foremost in the work of towing the diahbeeah.

A sudden bend in the river had caused a small sandbank. It was necessary to descend from the high shore to tow the vessel round the promontory.

Men, women, and children, jumped down and waded along the edge of the bank.

As the diahbeeah turned the sharp point, I noticed that the water was exceedingly deep close to the sandbank, and the stream was running like a mill race.

Fearing some accident to the children, I ordered all who could not swim to come on board the diahbeeah. At that time the bow of the vessel was actually touching the sand, but the stern, having swung out in the stream, might have been about fifteen feet from the edge of the bank in very deep water.

When the order was given to come on board, many of the people, in the ebullition of spirits, leapt heedlessly into the water amidships, instead of boarding the vessel by the fore part, which touched the sand. These were dragged on board with considerable difficulty.

The boy Saat would have been drowned had not Monsoor saved him. In the confusion, when several were struggling in the water, I noticed Ali Nedjar, who could not swim, battling frantically with his hands in such

a manner that I saw the poor fellow had lost his head. He was not three feet from the vessel's side.

My four life-buoys were hung on open hooks at the four corners of the poop-deck; thus, without one moment's delay, I dropped a buoy almost into his hands. This he immediately seized with both arms, and I, of course, thought he was safe: the buoy naturally canted up as he first clutched it, and, instead of holding on, to my astonishment he relinquished his grasp!

The next moment the strong current had hurried the buoyant safeguard far away. A red tarboosh followed the life-buoy, floating near it on the surface… … Ali Nedjar was gone!—drowned! He never rose again.

…

I was dreadfully shocked at the loss of my good soldier—he had been much beloved by us all. We could hardly believe that he was really gone for ever. Who would now lead the song in the moonlight nights? or be the first in every race?

I had quickly thrown every life-buoy into the river, as Howarti,

Mohammed, and others of the best swimmers had vainly plunged after Ali, and were now searching fruitlessly for his body, carried away by the powerful current. The boat was sent after them immediately, and they were brought on board.

The mirth of the diahbeeah had vanished; the general favourite had so suddenly disappeared from among us, that no one spoke, The women sat down and cried.

His knapsack and rifle were brought to me, and a list having been taken of his clothes and ammunition, I cut his name, “Ali,” upon the stock of his snider, which I reserved for the best man I should be able to select. There was no better epitaph for so good a soldier than his name engraved on his trusty rifle.

That evening every one was sad, and my people all refused their food… .

On the following day, the wind and stream being adverse, we had much trouble in avoiding the sandbanks, and our progress was so slow that we only reached the base of the rocky hill Regiaf. Here I resolved to wait

for the heavier vessels, which were far behind.

The natives were now friendly, and on the 25th January, Lieutenant Baker accompanied me to the summit of Regiaf to take observations of compass bearings of all the various mountains and prominent points of the country.

At the western base of Regiaf there is a very curious rock supported upon a pedestal, that forms a gigantic table.

This great slab of syenite is one of many that have detached and fallen as the original mountain decomposed.

I obtained my measuring tape from the diahbeeah, which gave the following results:—

	Feet.	Inches.
Length of slab … … …	45	4
Breadth of slab … … . .	45	8
Thickness of slab … … .	4	9
Height from ground … … .	10	5

Circumference of clay pedestal . 69 0

This rock must have chanced to fall upon a mass of extremely hard clay. The denudation of the sloping surface, caused by the heavy rains of many centuries, must be equal to the present height of the clay pedestal, as all the exterior has been washed away and the level reduced. The clay pedestal is the original earth, which, having been protected from the weather by the stone roof, remains intact.

The Baris seemed to have some reverence for this stone, and we were told that it was dangerous to sleep beneath it, as many people who had tried the experiment had died.

I believe this superstition is simply the result of some old legends concerning the death of a person who may have been killed in his sleep, by a stone that probably detached and fell from the under surface of the slab.

I examined the rock carefully, and found many pieces that gave warning of scaling off. Several large flakes, each weighing some hundredweight, lay beneath the table rock,-upon the under surface of which could be

distinctly traced the mould of the detached slab.

On 27th January, we arrived with all the vessels at the foot of the cataracts, in N. lat. 4 degrees 38’. This is a very lovely spot, as the rocky islands are covered with rich, green forest; the verdure being perpetual, as the roots of the trees are well nourished by water.

Our old friend Bedden met us with a number of his people, and came on board the diahbeeah. He professed to be quite ready to convey our baggage to the south, and I proposed that his people should go as far as Lobore, about sixty miles from this spot, where I knew we could procure carriers, as during my former journey the natives of Lobore were the only people who could be depended upon.

Bedden seemed determined to help us, and I really believed that our luck had arrived at last, and that I should be able to convey the carts, together with the steamer, to the navigable portion of the Nile in N. lat. 3 degrees 32’.

I determined to be very civil to the great sheik, Bedden; I therefore arranged with him that the work should be entirely in his hands, and

that he should represent the government as my vakeel. At the same time, I gave him a grand cloak of purple and silver tissue, together with a tin helmet, and turban of cobalt-blue serge; also a looking-glass, and a quantity of beads of various colours.

The country was dried up, and there was only scant herbage for my large herd of cattle, the half of which I promised to give Bedden if he would carry our baggage to Lobore.

The sheik returned to his village to make arrangements with his people for the journey.

Somehow or other, as he took leave and marched off in his grand cloak of silver and purple, I had certain misgivings of his sincerity.

Although great numbers of natives thronged the country, and came down to the vessels, there was not one woman or child. The absence of women and children is a sure sign of evil intentions. My wife, whose experience was equal to my own, at once expressed her suspicions. Had the natives been honest and sincere, their women would assuredly have come to visit her from simple curiosity.

Not only was there an absence of women and children, but the cattle had been driven from the country. There were several small cattle zareebas within half a mile of the vessels, situated upon the high ground. I went to visit them, as though simply strolling for my amusement; the dung of cattle was fresh, showing that the zareebas had been occupied during the past night, but the herd had evidently been driven far away.

Bedden's people had never been attacked by the slave-traders, as his tribe was considered too powerful; he had therefore no cause for suspicion.

Unfortunately, my past experience of the Bari natives had proved that kindness was thrown away upon them, and that nothing could be done with them until their inferiority had been proved by force of arms.

Bedden had never suffered. He had promised to assist; but no promise of a native is worth more than the breath of his mouth. If he failed me now, the object of my enterprise would be lost. I should not be able to move.

All my care and trouble would have been thrown away.

I was very anxious; but, without mentioning my suspicions, I ordered all the heavy vessels to cross over to the east side of the river, to prepare for disembarking the carts and general effects.

On the following morning the sheik, Bedden, arrived to visit me, with many of his people. I had erected a tent on shore in which I could receive him.

I was struck with a peculiar change in his manner, and after a short conversation he asked me, “Why I had sent the vessels to the east side?”

I replied that they would begin to unload and prepare for the journey.

“Who is going to carry all your baggage?” continued Bedden, as though the idea had occurred to him for the first time.

I was perfectly aghast at this cool and prostrating question. My suspicions had been well founded.

I explained to Bedden that I had arrived according to his express invitation, given some time before, when he had promised that his men should convey my things as far as Lobore. I pretended that his question had now been asked simply to amuse me, and I begged him in earnest to lose no time in collecting his people, as I should require at least 2,000 carriers.

Bedden continued in a cold, stoical manner, and declared that his people were determined not to work for me; they had never before carried for "The Turks," and nothing would induce them to engage in such a labour.

I begged him to remember the importance of his promise, upon which I had depended when making all my arrangements for the journey. If he failed me now, I should be entirely ruined; whereas if he assisted me, as I had relied upon his honour, we should always remain the firmest friends, and he would be benefited by a grand herd of cattle, and would receive most valuable presents.

He now declared "that his people had taken the matter into consideration, and they were quite determined. They would not listen to him, or be persuaded to anything they disliked. They never had carried,

and they never would."

I had the two natives with me who had resided for some time in our station at Gondokoro. One of these men, named Pittia, endeavoured to persuade Bedden to beat his nogara (big drum) and to summon his tribe; he might then, in my presence, explain the work proposed, and his people would see the cows which they would receive as payment for their labour.

Bedden looked very ill at his ease; but after some delay, he rose from his seat, and declared his intention of immediately beating his nogara. He took leave and departed with his people.

From my experience of Baris, I felt sure that I should never see Bedden again.

He had hardly left the tent, when Pittia exclaimed, "I will follow him and listen to what he says to his people. I believe he will tell them NOT to carry the loads." Pittia immediately disappeared.

Many natives had collected on the east side of the river, where my vessels had now formed a line alone the bank; I therefore crossed over

in the dingy to converse with them in the faint hope of securing carriers.

The natives were squatting about in small groups, and they listened coldly to all I had to say. The only answer I could obtain was, “that they belonged to Bedden, and if he told them to carry our things, they would obey; but without his order they could do nothing.”

This is the regular African diplomacy when work is required. The people say, “We must receive orders from our sheik.” The sheik says, “I am willing, but my people will not obey me.” It is this passive resistance that may ruin an expedition.

My first exploration in Africa must necessarily have failed had I not been provided with transport animals. The readers of “The Albert N’yanza” may remember that I could not obtain a single native, and that I started from Gondokoro by moonlight without even an interpreter or guide.

The horrible state of the White Nile had prevented all possibility of conveying camels from Khartoum. My carts and camel harness were

prepared, but the invaluable animals could not be transported. I was thus dependent upon such rotten reeds as native promises.

No one who is inexperienced in African travel can realize the hopeless position of being left with a mass of material without any possibility of transporting it.

The traveller may sit upon his box until he stiffens into a monument of patience and despair, but the box will not move without a carrier. There is only one method of travelling successfully, and this necessitates the introduction of transport animals, where the baggage is heavy and upon an extensive scale.

I felt perfectly helpless. My colonel, Abd-el-Kader, advised me to seize the sheik, Bedden, and to tie him up until his people should have delivered all the effects at Lobore.

This I might have done, but it might also have occasioned war, which would prevent the possibility of securing carriers. I should also incur the responsibility of having provoked the war by an act which, although necessary, could hardly be justified according to civilized ideas.

I had very little hope, but I had so frequently seen a sudden ray of good fortune when all had looked dark and cloudy, that I went to bed at night trusting that something might turn up in our favour tomorrow.

On 29th January, 1872, Pittia returned with bad news. Bedden had sent me a laconic message that “he should not call again, and that his people declined to carry the baggage.”

Pittia explained that the natives had all left the neighbourhood together with their sheik, therefore it would be well not to allow the soldiers to stray far from camp.

This was the gross ingratitude exhibited by Bedden and his people. Not only had I scrupulously respected all their property, but I had even placed sentries over their tobacco gardens to prevent the possibility of theft.

The absence of the women and children had been a certain sign of ill-will.

It was necessary to consider what should be done. We were perfectly helpless.

I had about 2,500 head of cattle and 1,800 sheep. These animals were driven every evening to the margin of the river, and were only protected at night by a line of soldiers who slept around them.

The conduct of the natives filled me with suspicions. The sight of so large a herd without protection might have excited their cupidity. They had expected my arrival with this grand supply of cattle, and instead of finding their villages occupied, I had observed that their own herds had been driven off for concealment; not a woman or child was to be seen in the country; the natives had refused to carry; and, lastly, their sheik and his people had absolutely absconded.

In the mean time my cattle were unprotected at night, thus, should the natives make a sudden attack in the darkness, there would be a regular stampede, as the large herd would be seized with a panic at the red flashes of the muskets during the attack, and they would scatter all over the country, and never be seen again.

The natives had probably considered that, instead of carrying our loads, and thereby earning a cow per man, it might save them much trouble should they possess themselves of our cattle without the necessity of carrying the baggage.

From my knowledge of the brutal character of all Baris, I arrived at the above conclusion.

I at once gave orders to secure the cattle. At a distance of about half a mile, there were three small villages on the high sloping ground, situated about eighty yards apart, and forming a triangle. I instructed my men to make an inclosure, by connecting each village with a strong hedge of thorns.

The country was generally bare of trees, but fortunately there was a grove of heglik not far distant; and the troops at once began to fell these trees, and to form fences by laying the prickly branches in the position I had selected.

The “Forty Thieves” were all provided with small and sharp Canada axes, which they carried under the strap of their knapsacks; thus forty-eight

axes were at work, in addition to the heavier instruments belonging to the expedition.

All the officers and men shared my suspicions, and they worked with great alacrity.

It was just dark by the time that the three fences were completed, and the herd of cattle were driven and secured within the inclosure.

I arranged a guard of sixty men: twenty upon each side of the triangle. They were to remain outside the fence, and to keep a vigilant lookout.

This work being over, I returned at night to the diahbeeah together with Lieutenant Baker. We found dinner ready on the poop-deck, where my wife had been rather anxiously expecting us. I sent for Colonel Abd-el-Kader, and gave him the necessary orders for the night.

My diahbeeah was a charming vessel, that had originally been sent from Cairo to Khartoum, when the former Viceroy of Egypt, Said Pacha, visited the Soudan.

The poop-deck was lofty and very spacious. This comfortable boat had been my home for two years, and she was kept in admirable order.

There were no mosquitoes during this season in Bedden's country, although they were very numerous at all seasons at Gondokoro, therefore, being relieved from these pests, the enjoyment of the evening was delightful.

The night was calm, as usual in these latitudes. Dinner was concluded. I was enjoying my evening chibouque with the best Ghebbelli tobacco, that soothes many anxieties. The troops were for the most part asleep, and all was quiet. My wife was sitting on the sofa or divan, and Lieutenant Baker had been recalling some reminiscence of the navy, when several musket shots in the direction of the cattle kraal suddenly startled every soldier from his sleep.

The shots were almost immediately succeeded by heavy firing from the whole force stationed at the cattle zareeba. The bugles sounded the alarm, and every man was quickly under arms.

Having arranged the men in position to defend the vessels in case of a

general attack, I took twenty men of the “Forty Thieves,” together with a supply of rockets. I was accompanied by Lieutenant Baker and most of the Englishmen, and we pushed rapidly forward towards the cattle zareeba, where the flashes of muskets were distinctly visible.

As we approached the position, I ordered my bugler to sound “cease firing,” as I expected to receive a few bullets intended for the enemy.

We were quickly challenged upon arrival at the zareeba. We found the cattle all safe; only a few sheep had been killed by the heavy attempt at a stampede when the cows took fright at the musketry.

I was informed that the natives in considerable force had made a sudden rush upon the zareeba, and had thrown showers of stones in order to create a panic among the cattle, which they expected would break through the fence and scatter over the country.

It was fortunate that I had taken the precaution of securing them.

I was determined to clear the neighbourhood before the attack should be renewed. The night was dark. I was provided with matches and port-fires,

and I quickly made an excursion and sent several rockets into the nearest villages. The Hale's rockets, as usual, rushed through the houses without igniting them; but a few of the powerful Egyptian rockets that are used as fireworks, rapidly lighted up the scene, as the descending fire-balls ignited the thatched roofs.

These rockets were fired from an inclined rest of a soldier's fixed bayonet.

Having cleared the neighbourhood, I returned to the diahbeeah at midnight.

I find this entry in my journal:-

"January 29, 1872.-All the googoos or granaries abound with corn. The natives are so rich, both in dhurra and cattle, that they will not work, but they are only ready to sleep or steal. After all my kindness, they have wantonly attacked my cattle without the plea either of hunger or provocation.

"What can be accomplished with such people? I shall be obliged to return

the steamer to Ismailia (Gondokoro). It is heartbreaking work after all my trouble in having brought her to this distant point.

“Nothing can be done without camels, and these animals cannot be brought from Khartoum in the closed state of the river.

“My original plan included 200 camels, 200 cavalry, and fifteen large decked sloops. None of these necessary items have been sent from Khartoum, thus I am paralyzed.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE ADVANCE TO LOBORE.

I determined upon a new plan. I knew the direction of Lobore, as I had been there during my former expedition; the distance could not exceed sixty miles.

If the soldiers could draw the carts, I might yet manage to advance, as I should be able to procure carriers on arrival at Lobore; provided always that the natives were as friendly as when I left them some years

ago.

It would be impossible to convey the steamer, as I could not expect to provide 2,000 carriers; but I might be able to penetrate south, suppress the slave-hunters, establish the government, and open up a legitimate trade.

The first step necessary was to convey the large herd of cattle across the river, which was about 400 yards in width, with a very rapid stream. I fully expected that we should be attacked by the natives in great force during this operation, which necessitated a division of my force upon both banks of the Nile.

The sheep were taken across in vessels, but the cows were obliged to swim. This passage was very tedious, as the animals were necessarily taken in small batches, guided by men who swam by their side in the manner already described at Gondokoro.

Although the natives were avowedly hostile, they dared not face us in the open. They made another attempt by night to surprise the cattle kraal, but Colonel Abd-el-Kader immediately set fire to a few villages

as a response and warning.

We were occupied four days in passing the cattle across the river. During the passage, we lost one taken by a crocodile, and three cows were wantonly seized and drowned by hippopotami. A herd of these creatures happened to be in the way as the cows were floating in large numbers down the stream, and several were seen to attack the cattle and seize them in their jaws. As the hippopotamus is not carnivorous, this was an unexpected attack.

My Englishmen had been busily engaged in erecting the carts, greasing the wheels, and attaching the ropes necessary for hauling. They were all loaded, and were arranged to be drawn by fifteen men each.

On the evening of the 5th February, while we were at dinner, I was astonished by the unexpected mustering of my whole force, excepting the “Forty Thieves.” The men were without arms or officers, but they marched to the margin of the river and formed a line two deep alongside the diahbeeah, which lay close against the bank.

I knew at once what all this meant, but I pretended to take no notice,

and I continued eating my dinner.

I was quickly interrupted by loud cries from the men. “We can’t draw the carts! that’s not the work for soldiers; we’ll fight, or do anything else you may desire, but we are not camels to drag the waggons.”

The “Forty Thieves” immediately seized their arms, and marching quickly to the spot, they formed in line upon the bank, between the diahbeeah and the men who thus mutinously had appeared without their officers.

I at once ordered the bugle call for all officers, and at the same time I sent for the Englishmen to come to the diahbeeah.

When all had arrived, and the shouts still continued, I rose from the table and addressed the troops in Arabic, from the poop-deck of the diahbeeah.

I recalled to their recollection how I had always led them successfully through every difficulty, and I assured them that the distance to Lobore was trifling, and that we should find good and willing natives to convey the baggage, if we could only once reach the desired tribe.

Cries of “there are no good negroes-they are all bad,” interrupted my discourse. I nevertheless continued; but having a thorough knowledge of the African character, and knowing that if a negro gets an idea into his head, that idea can only be eradicated by cutting the head off, I was not fool enough to persist in swimming against a torrent. The “Forty Thieves” now joined the tumult by declaring that “THEY would draw the carts, or do anything that I should command.”

I took immediate advantage of the occasion, and exclaimed, “You SHALL do all that I command. I have changed my plans, and I order you to take the carts to pieces at sunrise tomorrow morning. All those who are afraid to follow me shall return with the vessels and carts to Gondokoro. I never turn back; and my lady and I will go on alone with Mr. Baker. I only require orderly soldiers, who know their duty; if you have forgotten your duty, you shall return at once to Gondokoro.”

This declaration was followed by loud shouts—“We won’t let you go alone; the natives are treacherous; we will follow wherever you lead. Are we not soldiers of the Sultan? are you not the Sultan’s Pacha?”

I had them in hand; therefore I at once terminated the scene by commanding silence. I then gave an order aloud to the officers: “Return carts and all baggage on board vessels at sunrise tomorrow. All troops to be ready for the advance.”

“Bugler! sound the retreat.”

That peculiar habit of discipline yielded instinctively to the sound of the bugle. The officer gave the order, “Right, turn,” and the late tumultuous crowd marched quietly to their quarters. This was ended; at the same time it was not cheering.

My Englishmen, who had been witnesses of this scene, were filled with indignation. They were men who thoroughly represented English determination, and they at once volunteered to carry their own baggage if I would only permit them to accompany me.

How often my heart has beaten with pride when I have seen the unconquerable spirit of the country burst forth like an unextinguishable flame in any great emergency!

I now had to quell the eagerness of my own good fellows, as I knew that if “the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak,” and it would be impossible for Englishmen to carry loads through a journey in a tropical country.

I saw the necessity of the occasion at a glance; and I gave the necessary orders.

The Englishmen, together with the steamer sections, machinery, &c., must return to Gondokoro. They must immediately commence the construction of the No. 2 steamer of 108 tons and 20-horse power, as this vessel, being provided with twin screws instead of paddles, would be able to pass through the narrow channels of the Bahr Giraffe, and communicate with Khartoum.

I gave the order to prepare tomorrow for a return to Gondokoro.

On 6th February, at sunrise, all hands were at work dismounting the carts, and returning on board the vessels all material connected with the steamer, &c. I altered the loads, and made arrangements for a new plan of action.

I had determined to push on to Lobore with one hundred men, in heavy marching order, if I could only engage a few natives to carry the necessaries for the road. At Lobore I might be able to engage a few hundred porters that I should send back to the vessels with an escort of fifty soldiers, to bring up sufficient ammunition and material for an advance south. I knew the route.

It was therefore necessary to assort the baggage: much had to be returned to Gondokoro with the Englishmen.

I had a small invoice-book that had been carefully prepared by Mr. Marcopolo, which gave the numbers and contents of every box; therefore the difficulty of assortment was not great.

All the boxes were of block tin, painted; thus they could be piled like bricks one upon the other to form a wall. I arranged about 400 loads which were set apart for the carriers, should I be fortunate in procuring that number from Lobore.

On 7th February the carts were shipped. All the loads were perfected and

ready for a start on the following day. Some of my men were endeavouring to train a few oxen to carry their baggage.

On 8th February the Englishmen, in very low spirits, started for Ismailia (Gondokoro) in two vessels, with ninety urdeps of dhurra consigned to Mr. Marcopolo.

I had arranged that twenty-two boatmen should accompany me to Lobore, carrying such loads as were absolutely necessary for our party. They would then return together with the fifty soldiers who would escort the native carriers to the vessels.

I had given the Englishmen instructions to commence the building of the steamer immediately, and to confine their work to this vessel until she should be completed.

Having counted all the loads that were left in charge of Major Abdullah, I took a receipt for them, and gave that officer both clear and positive orders for his conduct.

I left with him 120 men, together with the fieldpiece and eight

artillerymen. In addition to these men was the crew of the No. 10 steamer, all of whom were trained as soldiers. Thus with the armed crews of the different vessels he would have a force of about 145 muskets. It was highly probable that the natives would attack the vessels and the cattle in my absence, as they would have remarked the great reduction of force. Although the country was perfectly open, the ground was high and rocky, and rapidly rose to about 200 feet above the level of the river within a distance of a mile; thus the natives scattered about the heights could always observe our proceedings.

Before I quitted the vessels, I made every preparation for their security. All the metal boxes were built into a quadrangular breastwork, that would form a little fort for a dozen people.

I moored the vessels in line close to the mouth of a deep flat-bottomed ravine, which, although now dry and about thirty paces wide, had formed the bed of a river during the wet season. The perpendicular banks of this fosse would make a grand protection for the cattle; I therefore ordered a fence of thorns to be constructed across the ravine about a hundred yards from the river, so as to form a kraal, in which the cows would be confined below the level of the country.

Sixty men were to guard the cattle at night; thirty upon either bank. As this ravine ran at right angles with the river, the sixty men would enfilade an enemy attacking the vessels, and the guard of the vessels would at the same time enfilade an enemy should he attack the cattle on the north side.

I placed the gun in a convenient position about twenty yards from the margin of the river, on a piece of hard, flat ground, exactly opposite the centre of the line of vessels. This would sweep the approach in front and upon the left flank.

I ordered the officer to load with canister containing 250 small musket balls. Having served out a dozen Woolwich tubes, instead of the uncertain Egyptian articles, I gave positive orders that the gun was to be laid for a point-blank range of 200 yards every evening at sunset, with the tube in its place, the lanyard attached and coiled. A piece of raw hide was to cover the breech of the gun to protect it from the night dew.

Having given every instruction, and impressed upon officers and men the

necessity of vigilance, I ordered Major Abdullah, in command, to remain in charge of the vessels and cattle until I should either send him carriers for an advance, or fall back myself, should I be unable to obtain them.

A tall old man of about seventy, or perhaps eighty years, had paid us a visit. From his appearance, and the numerous spells hung about his person, I judged him to be a rain-maker. His face was smeared with wood ashes, and there was a good deal of the ideal demon in his personal exterior.

I gave him a blue shirt, and a glass of Marsala wine, thus appealing at once to his exterior and interior.

It is always advisable to make friends with the rain-makers, as they are regarded by the natives as priests, and are considered with a certain respect. I therefore give him another glass of wine; or, to be correct, he drank it from a tin that had contained preserved provisions.

This caused him to blink his eyes and smack his lips, and the old rain-maker grinned a ghastly smile of admiration. His wood ash-smeared

features relaxed into an expression that denoted “more wine.” I thought he had enough, and there was none to spare; therefore, having opened his heart, I began to ask him questions.

That unfailing key, liquor, had established a confidential flow of conversation. The old fellow explained that he knew the entire country, and he had no objection to accompany us to Lobore for a small consideration in the shape of a cow. He assured me that if he were with us, the natives would be civil throughout the journey. Bedden had behaved very badly, but he had got the worst of it, and the news had spread up the country.

I asked him whether he would keep the rain away during the journey, as it would be very unpleasant should the soldiers’ kits get wet. He immediately blew his rain-whistle that was suspended to his neck, and looked at me as though I could no longer doubt his capability. I then sent for a German horn from my cabin. This was a polished cow’s horn, fitted with brass, which I think had cost a shilling. I begged the old rain-maker’s acceptance of this instrument, which might be perhaps superior to his whistle.

The wine had now so far warmed his old blood, that the ancient sorcerer was just in that state of goodwill with all mankind which made him doubly grateful for so interesting a present. He blew the horn!—again, and again! He grinned till the tears ran down his eyes, and at once suspended the glittering toy around his neck. He now said, “I am a great sheik; there is no rain-maker so great as I; you will travel with me, and this horn shall keep you dry. Don’t trouble yourself about the Baris, they won’t molest you; but start as soon as you can.”

We had thus gained a valuable ally and guide. Although I knew the direction of Lobore, I should have been obliged to travel by compass, therefore I was overjoyed that we had obtained so experienced an old fellow as the rain-maker. His name was Lokko.

At 3 p.m., on 8th February, we started, old Lokko leading the way, and waving a couple of thin, peeled sticks at a refractory black cloud that appeared determined to defy his rain-ruling powers. A few loud blasts upon the new horn, and a good deal of pantomime and gesticulation on the part of old Lokko, at length had the desired effect; the cloud went off about its business, and Lokko, having given his face an extra rub of fresh wood-ashes before starting, looked ugly enough to frighten any

rain-devil out of his wits.

My people were heavily laden. At the commencement of the journey, an ox that Monsoor had been training, kicked off its load, and went off at full gallop like a wild animal, and we never saw it again. Poor Monsoor now shouldered the load that the ox had left helpless, and marched thus heavily laden up the hill.

My wife rode “Greedy Grey,” which carried as much as could be hung upon the saddle. I rode the powerful chestnut “Jamoos.” Lieutenant Baker mounted a very handsome light chestnut “Gazelle,” and Colonel Abd-el-Kader rode the Zafteer. The latter was a fine old Arab that I had purchased of a zafteer (mounted police) in Cairo. I had ten donkeys which carried officers’ effects, spare ammunition, flour, &c. The twenty-two boatmen carried boxes.

My wife and I, with Lieutenant Baker and an advanced guard of five of “The Forty,” followed old Lokko, who led the way; and Colonel Abd-el-Kader and Captain Mohammed Deii were with the rear-guard, which drove 1,000 cows and 500 sheep. The cattle were in the charge of the Bari interpreter, Morgian.

Our boys and girls all carried loads. Amarn looked like a small Robinson Crusoe, with a tanned sheepskin bag of clothes upon his back, upon which was slung the coffee-pot, an umbrella, and various smaller articles, while he assisted himself with a long staff in his hand. Little Cuckoo, who, although hardly seven years old, was as strong as a little pony, strode along behind my horse, carrying upon his head my small travelling bag.

Everybody was in the best spirits, as the reaction from despair to success was delightful. We were really off at last, and were actually on the march to the interior.

That evening we halted at a village on the heights, only three miles from the vessels. The natives had deserted their habitations on our approach, and would not come near us. I ordered the troops to save their flour, and to eat from that discovered in the village, for which on the following morning I left two cows as a present. They were tied up in the native zareeba. The cows were worth at least fifty times the flour we had consumed; but I wished to adopt this plan throughout the journey to Lobore, in order to establish confidence, and to open up the road for

the future.

On 9th February we started at 5.35 a.m., and marched two hours and a half through a very beautiful undulating country, diversified with rocks, streams, and handsome park-like timber.

We halted at a village called Koojok, beneath a large fig-tree (Ficus Indica). Our old friend Lokko appeared to be perfectly well known, and he at once introduced us to the natives, who received us without fear or suspicion. At this village I was able to hire five natives for as many cows, to ease my people (especially Monsoor) of their loads.

Thus relieved, we started at 2 p.m., and halted for the night at a village named Gobbohr. The day's march was twelve miles. North latitude, by observation, 4 degrees 28 minutes.

At this spot the natives brought us a great curiosity, which they had purchased from the Baris of Belinian. This was no less than a shell of 8 1/4 lbs. that had been fired at the Baris by our cannon, but the fuze had not ignited. It had been sold to the natives of Gobbohr as a piece of iron.

I inquired the use of such a lump of metal to them. “Oh!” they replied, “we are going to hammer it into molotes (hoes).”

I explained to them that it was a loaded shell, that would explode and blow the blacksmith and his people to pieces, if he were to place it on the fire. They went away with their shell, evidently doubting my explanation.

On the 10th February, having as usual presented the natives with two cows, we started at 6 a.m., and marched ten miles. The country was even more lovely than before, comprising fine rocky scenery and beautiful park-like views. The undulations terminated in stony bottoms or watercourses; the rocks were all syenite, gneiss, and large masses of snow-white quartz.

Although at this season the ground was parched, the trees were all vividly green: the contrast of this bright green with the yellow turf was very remarkable.

At 2.50 p.m. we again started, and marched three miles, arriving at a

village on high ground called Marengo, in N. lat. 4 degrees 18 minutes. Here I met an old acquaintance, who, of course, asked me for a cow. This was a very respectable man, named Nersho, who had, when a boy, been brought up by the Austrian missionaries at Gondokoro. I had met him during my former journey when in company with Koorshood's vakeel, Ibrahim. We slept at Marengo. The soldiers borrowed the natives' mats, cooking pots, &c., but scrupulously returned everything according to orders.

February 11. —Nersho received his cow; and I left two in addition for the headman of the village.

We started at 5.35 a.m., and marched ten miles, and halted at a small ravine of running water among wooded hills.

Our old guide, Lokko, was at fault. After much trouble we succeeded in obtaining two natives, who told us, that in this spot they had killed a large number of the slave-hunters' people.

Other natives soon joined us, and we were led by a difficult rocky path through thick forest among the hills for five miles, to the pretty open

country of Mooge.

Throughout the journey from the Nile, the country had been thickly populated. At Mooge we camped in a large village on the hill.

February 12. —We started at 5.25, and marched straight to Lobore, a distance of fourteen miles. The road was through forest, intersected at right-angles with deep watercourses from the mountain, called Forke, about a mile distant upon our left. This fine, rocky, and almost perpendicular hill is 2,000 feet high.

On arrival at Lobore we halted beneath a large tree, and waited for the cattle, which were some distance in the rear, owing to the difficulty in crossing the numerous steep ravines. Some work would be necessary on this road to render it possible for carts.

We had thus marched fifty-seven miles from our vessels without the necessity of firing a shot, although we were accompanied by so tempting a prize as a large herd of cattle and sheep.

The natives of Lobore soon began to collect, and the dragoman, Wani,

shortly appeared, who proved to be an old acquaintance in my former journey. This man, who had been an interpreter when a boy among the traders, spoke good Arabic, and we soon felt quite at home. Abbio, the old sheik of Lobore appeared. This old fellow was half-blind; but he seemed very willing to assist, and, after I had explained the object of my visit, he assured me that his people would go to the vessels if accompanied by my soldiers, and that I need not be uneasy about my baggage.

The Lobore are not Bari. I was delighted to have passed the southern frontier at Mooge, and to have quitted that incomprehensible tribe. The language of the Lobore is a dialect of the Madi.

In the evening, the cattle arrived with the rear-guard. I had requested the old sheik to have a zareeba prepare, for them; this was quickly accomplished, therefore an ox was slaughtered as a reward for all those who had worked at the inclosure.

On 13th February “we held a regular market for the purchase of flour in exchange for sheep and goats. Many of these useful little animals were sickly, owing to the marches in the hot sun, which had created intense

thirst. Upon arrival at streams upon the route, they had drunk too greedily, and some had died of inflammation.

“The natives purchased live goats at the rate of about 30 lbs. of flour. This was an equal exchange in live weight of the animal; a pound of flour for a pound of goat.

“February 14.—The whole country turned out to hunt, and the natives returned in the evening, having only killed two buffaloes and a few small antelopes. Even the small boys are armed in this country with bows and barbed arrows, with which they shoot remarkably well.

“February 15.—The old sheik, Abbio, accompanied by Wani, appeared early, together with a considerable number of natives. They selected 396 cows from my zareeba, and a similar number of men promised to start tomorrow with fifty soldiers to convoy the material from the vessels.

“February 16.—After some delay the natives assembled, and with horns blowing and much shouting and whistling, they at length started, together with our return sailors, and an escort of fifty soldiers.

“I shall thus, after much care and anxiety, be able to push on with a quantity of goods sufficient to open the path and to establish relations with the equatorial countries. I shall have 212 troops and a good supply of ammunition, goods, and cattle: thus there should be no insurmountable difficulty.

“I wrote to Mr. Higginbotham, also to Mr. Marcopolo, and sent the letters inclosed in a bottle.

“February 17. A slight shower fell this morning. The sheik of Mooge arrived to see me last evening, and presented a fat goat.

“I am trying to persuade him and old Abbio to join in cutting the cart-road through the forest from Mooge. I gave Abbio a mixture of sulphate of zinc for his eyes, and put a mustard plaster on Wani the interpreter’s stomach. At first he said it was of no use, as it only felt like cold water, but when it began to burn, he was greatly amazed, and said the cold water had turned to fire.

“I then physicked Colonel Abd-el-Kader and Monsoor, both of whom were overheated.

“A judicious present of a few blue shirts to certain headmen put every one in good humour.

“February 18.—I took a stroll for some miles in the forest accompanied by Lieutenant Baker. Game was very scarce, but we at length came upon a fine herd of tetel (Antelope Babalis). These having been disturbed by the noise we had made in walking over loose stony ground, dashed through the open forest, about 120 paces in my front. I shot one through the shoulder, and upon running up I found it in the act of falling.

“I then heard a shot from Lieutenant Baker on my left, to whom my shot had turned the antelopes. He had killed a very large bull by a good shot in the neck.

“This luck was a windfall for the Lobore natives who had accompanied us; and a man immediately started off for assistance, as many men were required to transport the flesh and hides of such large animals.

“February 19.-The natives begged that we would accompany them to hunt, and they started with a considerable party.

“Having formed a long line like skirmishers, with intervals of about ten yards between each, they advanced with their bows prepared, and the arrows on the string, ready for a shot on the instant should game start on foot. There were many boys of about twelve years old, all of whom were armed with bows and arrows, and they advanced in the same line with the men. There were too many people, and the game became scared; so that after a long walk, we returned to camp without having fired a shot.

“I found some very curious flowers, which issued from the ground in pods, without leaves; these burst and threw out beautiful compact silk balls in great numbers, not half of which could be returned to the pod that had scattered them.

“On 22nd February we had purchased and stored, in expectation of the arrival of the troops, 3,740 lbs. of flour.

“I was determined to carry a large supply to the south, as the country had in some places been depopulated by the slave-hunters.

“February 23.—I went out with Lieutenant Baker, accompanied by some

natives, and travelled over very likely ground, composed of forest, glades, ravines full of bamboos, &c., until we reached the base of Gebel Forke.

“We had passed over several miles and had only seen a few small antelopes, when upon ascending some rising ground in the very open forest, we caught sight of a herd of tetel bounding along through some high grass towards some low, rocky hills, a few hundred yards distant. There were many large trees growing out of the clefts of the rocks, and I proposed that Lieutenant Baker should go round the hill on my right, while I should creep quietly over the summit of the rocks, as I expected we should find the antelopes standing in some sheltered glade.

“When I arrived at the base of the small hill, which was not higher than seventy or eighty feet, and was composed of large masses of granite, I carefully ascended, without making the slightest noise.

“On arrival at the denuded summit, I was well concealed by a detached block of granite that lay upon a flat weather-worn surface of the same rock.

“I raised my head, and looked in vain for the antelopes. The ground was a beautiful park, characterized by numerous masses of granite, like ruined castles, among trees of all shades of green. The ground was covered with young grass about six inches high, which had sprung up after the annual fire that had destroyed the last year’s dry herbage.

“I could see no game. Presently I observed the native, who was a few yards on my left, making eager gestures, and pointing with his finder in order to direct my attention. I at once perceived a family of wild pigs which had emerged from some bush, and were quietly feeding along the glade, so that they would shortly pass in front of me within sixty yards.

“The natives love pork beyond all other flesh, thus I had a good opportunity for showing them a little treat. With a quick right and left shot I knocked over two pigs, and reloading the “Dutchman” in a few instants, I rolled over a boar that had galloped off to about 120 yards’ distance. This animal recovered itself and got away to some place of cover.

“Upon the arrival of Lieutenant Baker and the natives, we tracked the

blood for about 300 yards to a small plot of high grass that had escaped the fire. I knew that we must find the wounded boar in this retreat. I therefore ordered the natives to beat it out. The boar soon broke cover and galloped off along the open, but quickly rolled over as a shot from the “Dutchman” struck it behind the shoulder. The natives were delighted with the success of the rifle, as it had produced three fine pigs for their service within a few minutes.”

“February 24. —The whole of the troops and baggage from the vessels arrived safely to-day, together with the cattle and sheep, thus all my arrangements have, thank God, speeded, and I am now in possession of my force and material.”

Major Abdullah delivered his report. As I had expected, he had been attacked in great force by the natives after my departure. The Baris, as usual, had employed treachery, which had very nearly succeeded.

A day or two after I had left the vessels, several natives had desired to communicate with Major Abdullah. These men declared that they had nothing to do with Bedden, and that all the Baris of the east side of the Nile desired peace.

It would have been natural to suppose that after so recent an example of treachery on the part of Bedden, Major Abdullah would have been keenly suspicious; he was nevertheless deceived by the specious promises of the wily Baris. This officer knew my wish for peace and goodwill, and he trusted to be able to assure me, that after my departure he had been able to establish amicable relations with our late enemies.

The messengers returned to their villages, and natives visited the camp with fowls, tobacco, and various articles for sale. The soldiers were ready purchasers, as they were well supplied with beads, zinc mirrors, and various trifles which they had recently obtained from the government magazines. The fault of my men lay in their extravagance, and they usually spoiled a market by offering too much. The trade commenced vigorously, and the now peaceable Baris thronged to the vessels, and mixed freely with the officers and troops.

On the night of February 17, 1872, the troops were fast asleep. Confidence had been thoroughly established, and there was no apprehension of coming danger. My officers and men were careless of precautions; the sentries were nearly all asleep. The cannon had been

loaded with shell instead of canister. The Woolwich tubes had been put away so safely that they could not be found when wanted. The gun had not been sighted for close distance, neither had any of my most positive instructions been carried out. The artillerymen were sound asleep upon their mats around their neglected gun.

I have already described the tactics of Bari night attacks. There can be no doubt that their scouts must have crept close to the camp, and must have returned to the main body without having been observed by the sentries. The report that all were asleep, or off their guard, had been delivered.

It is supposed that some thousands of the enemy moved cautiously forward, concealed by the darkness, upon ground that otherwise could not have admitted a stealthy approach.

Fortunately for the expedition, one or two of the cattle sentries were awake, otherwise the entire force must have been massacred.

The Baris crept forward without being observed, until they arrived near the silent and sleepy camp. Then with sudden shrieks and yells they

rushed forward in a mass upon the unsuspecting troops!

A slight impediment may check an assault during the darkness of night. The only protection to the position was a simple line of thorn branches laid in a row about twenty paces in the front, running parallel with the river. The naked legs of the first line of the enemy must have become entangled in this unseen obstruction for a few seconds, which caused sufficient confusion to destroy the momentum of the first rush forward.

The sentries by the ravine immediately fired, and the sixty men who formed the cattle guard quickly responded, and poured a fire into the enemy’s flank.

The delay caused by the thorns was only momentary, but it had been sufficient to allow the troops to awaken and to clutch their muskets. Here was a glorious opportunity for the gun, if loaded with canister and ready at point-blank range!

The enemy were already at the muzzle. The Egyptian artillerymen forsook their piece and fled ignominiously to the vessels for protection. Only one fine fellow had stood by the gun, and he pulled the lanyard when the

crowd of natives were almost upon him. Where were the unfailing English tubes? An Egyptian tube had been placed in the vent in spite of all my orders. It MISSED FIRE!

The gun that should have swept a clear road through the enemy was silent, and the gallant soldier who alone had stood faithful at his post was immediately speared through the body, and fell dead. The gun was in the hands of the Baris.

The troops, seized with a panic, fled on board the vessels, where they were with difficulty rallied by their officers so as to open fire from the protection of the banks of the river.

The Baris were prepared with fire to burn the ships; which they not only succeeded in throwing within the vessels, but they killed an unfortunate woman with a lance, who was on the fore part of a noggur.

Troops had rushed into the cabins and upon the poop-deck of my diahbeeah, from which they now opened fire upon the enemy who were at the same time exposed to a flank fire from the sixty cattle guards. Thus checked the advance, and the major, Abdullah, succeeded in leading his

men forward and recapturing the gun. At length a tube was found and fitted in the vent. Fortunately the Baris were ignorant, and the lanyard was lying by the gun. Another tube failed, but after some delay, the gun at length spoke, but unfortunately not with canister.

It was already too hot for the Baris, who were between two fires, and a few shots from the cannon settled the affair and determined the retreat.

I could not have believed in such negligence and folly had I not had a long experience of Egyptian troops, whether brown or black. These people can generally be surprised, unless their commanding officer is vigilant and most severe. Little or no dependence can be placed on the non-commissioned officers; these are ignorant, thoughtless people, who having learnt from their Mohammedan teachers to trust themselves to God, would seldom remain awake unless kept to their duty by their superior officers.

On the morning following this attack, the big drums of the natives were sounding in all directions upon both sides of the river. Thousands of Baris had congregated upon the various heights, and it appeared that a general attack would be renewed upon the camp.

It was not considered safe to drive the cattle out to pasturage.

There can be no doubt that with a force of 145 men, Major Abdullah should have anchored his vessels a few yards from the shore, and have then made a vigorous attack upon the Baris. He was provided with Hale's rockets in addition to the fieldpiece; and he should have given the enemy a severe example.

Instead of assuming the offensive, he remained inactive, which so encouraged the enemy that they gathered from every quarter, and naturally concluded that the troops had received a panic from the night attack.

At this critical time, the scarlet uniforms of my fifty men appeared in the rear of the natives, together with 400 of the Lobore. Some of my men belonged to the "Forty Thieves;" and the Baris upon seeing the arrival of so powerful a reinforcement, immediately dispersed, with much blowing of horns and whistles in defiance of Major Abdullah.

It was declared that the Baris had suffered severely during the night

attack; but I had ceased to pay much attention to the official reports of the enemy's losses, which were always exaggerated.

Between the river and Lobore, the troops had marched without opposition, and they had followed my instructions by leaving cows for payment at every night's halting-place.

I now divided the flour into loads of sixty pounds each, packed in baskets covered with raw hide.

I thus carried 3,600 lbs. by sixty porters. My troops were now relieved from much weight, as I engaged 500 natives for the journey to the interior; at the same time I ordered every soldier to carry six pounds of flour in addition to his knapsack and accoutrements. Every one of my men was provided with a small tanned goatskin stripped from the animal (like a stocking from the leg) and secured at one end like a bag. These little chorabs, or travelling sacks, were most convenient, and were well adapted for carrying flour, as they were easily strapped to the top of the knapsack.

I lost no time in preparing for a move forward. Wani the interpreter was

invaluable, as he superintended all the arrangements necessary for collecting the carriers.

The cattle were confined within the kraal waiting for selection. About 1,000 natives assembled, and they were allowed to enter the zareeba and choose their cows, in parties of four at one time, to prevent confusion.

This was a tedious operation, as the Lobore carriers were almost as particular in their selection of cattle as ladies are supposed to be in the choice of their dresses.

February 27.—The Lobore were exceedingly quiet and orderly in their conduct, and 500 cows having been received by as many natives, they returned to their homes to make arrangements for the journey to Fatiko. I find the following extract in my journal of this date :—

“The Lobore will be useful allies as they are enemies of the Bari, and their country is well situated, lying between Bari and Madi, on the route to Fatiko; thus they will be ready as carriers for both ends of the line.

“If I can obtain eighty camels from Khartoum, I can get the steamer along without any serious difficulty, as the Lobore natives can be engaged to make the road; but nothing can prosper until a regular camel transport service shall be established.

“I am sadly in want of troops and European officers. There should be 200 men in four parties stationed at intervals along the line to direct the natives in opening the road.

“A soldier deserted and ran away with his arms and ammunition to some distant village. I immediately called Wani and the old sheik Abbio, to whom I explained that I should hold them responsible if the deserter were not captured. They sent out natives in all directions in search.

“February 28.—The natives returned, saying they had found the deserter about half a march distant, but they could not seize him alive, as he threatened to shoot them; at the same time they were afraid to kill him, as he was my soldier.

“I immediately sent a sergeant and three men of ‘The Forty’ to take him prisoner.

“In the evening the soldiers returned, having captured the deserter. I left him in irons to be kept at hard labour by the sheik Abbio at Lobore, until I should return to the country. This is a good lesson to the troops.

“The natives had a grand dance to-day; the men and women as usual naked, leaping, and yelling wild songs to an extraordinary accompaniment of music, produced by beating a long stick of extremely hard wood with a short stick of the same substance. Some of the girls were pretty, but being smeared with red ochre and fat, they were not attractive. The natives were very civil, and although at least a thousand were present, they immediately made room for me upon my arrival; that I might have a good place to witness their performance.”

I was much struck with a simple arrangement made use of by the old people to support the back in lieu of an arm-chair. Each person had a cord knotted by the ends so as to form an endless loop or hoop. The size depended upon the measurement required, so that if the hoop were thrown over the body when in a sitting posture upon the ground, with the knees raised, the rope would form a band around the forepart of the knees and

the small of the back, which would thus be supported.

The Lobore are great workers in iron, which is used generally in the manufacture of ornaments. Large rings of this metal are worn round the neck, and upon the arms and ankles. Many of these ankle-rings are of extreme thickness, and would suffice for the punishment of prisoners. I was interested with the mechanical contrivance of the Lobore for detaching the heavy metal anklets, which, when hammered firmly together, appeared to be hopeless fixtures in the absence of a file.

I required several irons to construct the manacles for the deserter, thus I had purchased the massive ornaments which had to be detached from the ankles of the owner.

The man sat upon the ground. A stick of hard, unyielding wood was thrust through the ring beneath the ankle, so that each end of the stick rested on the earth. A man secured one end by standing upon it, while another placed a stone upon the stick thus secured, which he used as a fulcrum. The lever employed was a piece of abdnoos, which worked upon the stone, and pressed down the base of the ring at the same time that it opened the joint sufficiently to allow it to be passed over the thin portion of

the leg.

I never saw this ingenious application of the lever among other tribes than the Lobore. The usual method among the Madi is far more simple, but requires a certain number of men, and places the patient in an uncomfortable position. A rope is fastened to each side of the ring, upon which a number of men haul in opposite directions until they have opened the joint sufficiently to detach it from the leg.

On 29th February we were ready for the start. The loads were all prepared and arranged in separate divisions of twenty each, under the charge of selected officers and men.

The big nogara had sounded, the natives collected, and each man stood by his load; thus twenty-five gangs of twenty each should have stood in line.

I now discovered that the vaunted honesty of the Lobore was of the same order as that of other negroes. Five hundred cows had been given to as many natives, for all of which the sheik Abbio had declared himself responsible. The big nogara sounded in vain. After waiting for some

hours, and sending numerous messengers to as many villages, only 433 carriers could be mustered; thus sixty-seven had eloped with as many cows!

No one can imagine the trouble of such a journey with so long a retinue of carriers, most of whom are dishonest, and only seek an opportunity to abscond upon the road.

The Lobore are immensely powerful men, and they carried the boxes of Hale’s rockets as single loads, although weighing upwards of seventy-two pounds. At the same time they quarrelled among themselves as to the choice of parcels, and I could with difficulty prevail upon them to carry the zinc boat, although it did not exceed 130 lbs. Four men actually refused to touch it, as it sat uneasily upon their heads.

This handy little vessel was made of zinc upon an iron framework, and would contain four people upon a pinch, but would easily convey three across a river. I had arranged it upon two stout bamboos so adjusted that four men should have carried it with ease. The natives demanded eight, but I at length compromised for six.

The delay caused by the non-appearance of the sixty-seven carriers was extremely dangerous, as it increased the chance of desertions. Already many had volunteered to search for their missing friends, which would have resulted in a search for them also, until my body of carriers would have melted away.

Fortunately I had made a considerable allowance for desertions on the road, and I could manage to start with the assistance of the soldiers and their wives, among whom I divided many baskets of flour.

At 3.25 P.M. we started.

There was no danger now that we had passed the Bari tribe, therefore we could push on with an advance guard of five picked men of “The Forty,” who always accompanied us, and leave the charge of the march and baggage to Colonel Abd-el-Kader and the various officers.

We accordingly marched, at four miles an hour, through a rocky and hilly country, generally wooded, which would have been an awkward position if held by an enemy.

At 6 P.M. we halted at a rocky ravine where water had been expected by our guide. To our dismay we found it nearly dry, and it was necessary to dig temporary wells in the sand to procure a supply for ourselves, while the horses were forced to content themselves with the impure pool.

It quickly became dark, and the troops and baggage were far behind. We therefore gathered wood and made a blazing fire to show our position; at the same time a bugler and drummer who had accompanied us, made as much noise as possible from the summit of a small hill.

At 7.30 P.M. the cattle arrived by torchlight, together with the troops and baggage. Some of the Lobore carriers had already deserted on the road, which had caused much delay.

We had marched nine miles, but it was absolutely necessary to send four men back to Lobore, to insist upon fresh carriers being immediately sent to replace the runaways.

On March 1 we started at half-past six A.M., after a terrific scramble for loads by 400 Lobore carriers, who rushed in and tugged and wrestled for their packages like wolves over a carcase. Boxes were turned upside

down, and carried in that manner with an utter disregard for the contents.

The inverted canteen was discovered upon the head of a brutal Lobore, whose body was being basted with Cognac and gin that showered from the loosened stoppers of the decanters.

I never saw such a wild pack of savages; they were only fit to carry the elephants' tusks of the traders; but any civilized baggage ran a risk of instant destruction.

The old sheik, Abbio, had given me his son to keep order among the people. This young man was about twenty-seven years of age, but, although respectable in appearance, he did not appear to have the slightest control over his people, and he regarded their desertions with seeming indifference.

I had a strong suspicion that he might quietly abscond at night, in which case every man might instantly follow his example. I therefore ordered a light thong of leather to be attached to the iron collar worn as an ornament upon his neck, and I trusted him to the surveillance of a

couple of soldiers told off as his guard of honour.

We marched south for sixteen miles through a fine country of hills and low forest, where the villages of the Madi had been mostly destroyed by the slave-hunting parties of Abou Saood.

We passed large tracts of land that had formerly been in a high state of cultivation, and the charred remains of numerous villages bespoke the desolation caused by these brigands of the White Nile. The road was well watered by many small streams in deep gorges, until we descended to the Asua river. This was just twenty-five miles from our camp at Lobore, in latitude N., by observation, 3 degrees 43 minutes.

We happened to arrive at the spot where the river Atabbi joined the Asua. At this junction the Atabbi was perfectly clear, while the Asua was muddy, which proved that heavy rain had fallen in the Madi and Shooli countries, while the weather was dry in the mountains of Obbo.

The Asua flowed through a fine forest, but although the water was muddy from recent rains, the volume at this season was confined to a portion of the bed, in the deepest parts of which it did not exceed two feet six

inches. The bed from bank to bank was about 120 yards in width, and the maximum rise of the river was about twelve feet. During the wet season this is a frightful torrent that acts as a barrier to any advance or retreat of troops encumbered with baggage.

Having waded through the river, we halted under the shady trees on the south side; here there was excellent herbage for the cattle, as the young grass after the annual fires was now about eight inches high, upon the rich soil near the river's bank.

Whenever we halted during daylight, I took a stroll with the rifle, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker.

We walked for some time along the banks of the river up stream without seeing any game, and I was struck with the absence of tracks of the larger animals, which coincided with my remarks on the Asua river many years previous, when I crossed it about thirty miles higher up, on my route from Latooka to Shooa.

I expected to return without seeing game, when we suddenly spied a few waterbuck in the sandy bed of the river, about 300 paces distant.

We made a good stalk, but I only wounded the animal at which I fired at about 150 yards, and they galloped off through the open forest. I heard the bullet from the left hand barrel strike a tree stem, which saved the antelope, but having quickly reloaded, I had a clear and steady shot at a long range as the large buck suddenly stopped and looked back. I put up the last sight for 250 yards and took a full bead. To my great satisfaction the waterbuck with a fine set of horns dropped dead. I could not measure the distance accurately as we had to descend a rocky bank, and then, crossing the bed of the Asua, to ascend the steep north bank before we arrived at tolerably level ground.

Upon reaching the animal, I found the bullet in the neck, where it had divided the spine. I guessed the distance at about 240 yards. Some of our Lobore natives, who had kept at a distance behind us, now came up, and in a short time the noble waterbuck was cut up and the flesh carried into camp. This species of antelope, when in good condition, weighs about thirty stone (cleaned).

On March 2 we started at 6 A.M., and marched at a rapid rate along a hard and excellent path, which inclined upwards from the river for about

eight miles.

The bush was very open, and in many portions the country was a succession of deep dells, which in the wet season were covered with high grass, but at this time the young grass was hardly three inches high, having sprouted after the recent fires.

From an altitude of about 1,000 feet above the Asua river, we had a splendid view of the entire landscape.

On the east, at about fifty miles distant, was the fine range of lofty mountains that stretched in a long line towards Latooka. On the west, on the left bank of the White Nile, which now flowed almost beneath our feet, was the precipitous mountain Neri, known by the Arab traders as Gebel huku. This fine mass of rock descends in a series of rugged terraces from a height of between three and four thousand feet to the Nile, at a point where the river boils through a narrow gorge between the mountains. It is in this passage that the principal falls take place which I witnessed in my former journey. At that time our path led along the rocky bank of the river, and was both difficult and dangerous.

Eight miles from the Asua river now brought us to the top of the pass, and having stopped for a few moments to take compass bearings, we began the somewhat steep descent.

Walking was preferable to riding, and after a distance of a couple of miles had been accomplished, we rounded the rocky hill by crossing a ravine upon our right, and the view of the promised land burst upon us.

The grand White Nile lay like a broad streak of silver on our right as it flowed in a calm, deep stream direct from the Albert N'yanza; at this spot above all cataracts. No water had as yet been broken by a fall; the troubles of river-life lay in the future; the journey to the sea might be said to have only just commenced. Here the entire volume flowed from the Albert N'yanza, distant hardly one degree; and here had I always hoped to bring my steamers, as the starting-point for the opening of the heart of Africa to navigation. (This has since been proved correct by the efforts of my successor, Colonel Gordon, who carried the 38-ton steamer which I had left at Gondokoro to this point above the cataracts, and constructed her at Duffle on the opposite bank. This vessel steamed into the Albert N'yanza without any difficulty, and corroborated my assertion that the river was navigable. It may be remembered that many

geographers had contested the fact that the Nile was an effluent from the Albert N'yanza.)

I was deeply mortified when I gazed upon this lovely view, and reflected upon the impossibilities that had prevented my success. Had the White Nile been open as formerly, I should have transported the necessary camels from Khartoum, and there would have been no serious difficulty in the delivery of the steamers to this point. Two or three strong pioneer parties, with native assistance, would quickly have bridged over the narrow watercourses and have cleared a rough road through the forests as the carts advanced.

It was useless to repine. I still hoped to accomplish the work.

We now descended into the beautiful plain, to which I had given the name Ibrahimeyah, in honour of the father of his Highness the Khedive (Ibrahim Pacha).

This point is destined to become the capital of Central Africa.

The general depot for the steamers will be near the mouth of the

Un-y-Ame river; which, after rising in the prairies between Fatiko and Unyoro, winds through a lovely country for about eighty miles, and falls into the White Nile opposite to Gebel Kuku. The trade of Central Africa, when developed by the steamers on the Albert N'yanza, will concentrate at this spot, whence it must be conveyed by camels for 120 miles to Gondokoro, until at some future time a railway may perhaps continue the line of steam communication.

It is a curious fact that a short line of 120 miles of railway would open up the very heart of Africa to steam transport—between the Mediterranean and the equator, when the line from Cairo to Khartoum shall be completed!

The No. 10 steamer that I had brought up to Gondokoro from Khartoum was originally built in England for the mail service (per Nile) between Alexandria and Cairo, at the time when the overland route was made by vans across the desert to Suez. This steamer had sailed from London, and had arrived complete at Alexandria.

It appears almost impossible that she is now floating at an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level; to which great elevation she has

actually steamed from the Mediterranean. Thus, starting from a base line, and producing a line perpendicular to the sea level of 2,000 feet, she has climbed up the Nile to her present high position.

Accepting the approximate length of the Nile in all its windings from the Mediterranean to N. lat. 4 degrees 38 minutes, at 3,000 miles in round numbers; this will give an average rise or fall in the river of nine inches per mile; which easily explains the position of the steamer at her most remote point below the last cataracts.

I revelled in this lovely country. The fine park-like trees were clumped in dark-green masses here and there. The tall dolape-palms (Borassus Ethiopicus) were scattered about the plain, sometimes singly, at others growing in considerable numbers. High and bold rocks; near and distant mountains; the richest plain imaginable in the foreground, with the clear Un-y-Ame flowing now in a shallow stream between its lofty banks, and the grand old Nile upon our right, all combined to form a landscape that produced a paradise.

The air was delightful. There was an elasticity of spirit, the result of a pure atmosphere, that made one feel happy in spite of many anxieties.

My legs felt like steel as we strode along before the horses, with rifle on shoulder, into the broad valley, in which the mountain we had descended seemed to have taken root.

The country was full of game. Antelopes in great numbers, and in some variety, started from their repose in this beautiful wilderness, and having for a few moments regarded the strange sights of horses, and soldiers in scarlet uniform, they first trotted, and then cantered far away. The graceful leucotis stood in herds upon the river's bank, and was the last to retreat.

I selected a shady spot within a grove of heglik-trees for a bivouac, and leaving my wife with a guard, and the horses, I at once started off with Lieutenant Baker to procure some venison.

We returned after a couple of hours, having shot five antelopes. The native name for this part of the country is Afuddo. Our present halting place was thirty-seven miles from Lobore. Formerly there were villages in this neighbourhood, but they had been destroyed by the slave-hunters. Fortunately I had prepared a stock of flour sufficient for the entire journey to Fatiko.

In my last visit to this country I had thoroughly studied its features; thus I felt quite at home, and I knew my route in every direction. The mountain of Shooa was distinctly visible, where I had camped for four or five months, thus it would be impossible for the Lobore people to deceive me.

Abou Saood had four stations throughout this lovely district, i.e., Fatiko, Fabbo, Faloro, and Farragenia. I was now steering for Fatiko, as it was a spot well known to me, and exactly on my proposed road to Unyoro.

On 3rd March, we marched at 6 A.M., and continued along the plain towards the rising ground that led to Shooa. At six miles from the halting place we took bearings:

Shooa hill, about 35 miles distant, bearing 162 1/2 degrees Akiko hill about 16 miles distant, bearing 321 1/2 degrees Gebel Kuku about 9 miles distant, 299 1/2 degrees

Our course lay towards the S.S.E., beneath a wall-like range of

precipitous rocky hills upon our left, in no place higher than 200 feet. The guides were at fault, and no water could be found upon the road.

A herd of tetel (Antelope Bubalis) upon our right tempted me, and, jumping off my horse, I made a fair stalk and killed a fine beast with the “Dutchman” at 210 yards.

Every one was thirsty, as the sun was hot, and the wall-like, rocks upon our left reflected the heat. At length we discovered natives squatting upon the very summits of the perpendicular cliffs, and after some trouble we succeeded in coaxing them down. Two of these people volunteered to lead us to water, and they took us to a steep rocky ravine, in the bottom of which was a pool of dirty liquid that had been bathed in by wild buffaloes. My men quickly began to dig sand-wells with their hands, until the main body of the troops and cattle arrived.

In about an hour, I heard a great hubbub, with a noise of quarrelling and shouting; every one was running towards the spot. It appeared that a wild buffalo, being ignorant of our arrival, had suddenly visited his drinking-place, and had thoughtlessly descended the deep and narrow gorge to drink his evening draught. The Lobores had espied him, and they

immediately rushed down and overwhelmed him with lances from the cliffs above. There was now an extraordinary scene over the carcase; four hundred men scrambling over a mass of blood and entrails, fighting and tearing with each other, and cutting off pieces of flesh with their lance-heads, with which they escaped as dogs may retreat with a stolen bone.

On 4th March we started at 6.25 A.M. The advent of the buffalo was a sad misfortune, as it had supplied the natives with sufficient flesh to feed them on the road home; thus thirty Lobores had absconded during the night.

Fortunately we had already consumed many loads of flour. I was now obliged to divide two days rations among the troops as extra weight. The light loads were then doubled. Brandy boxes of twelve bottles were now lashed together, so as to form a load of twenty-four. Several boxes of gin had been entirely destroyed by the savage carriers, who had allowed them to fall upon the rocks.

Having crossed the bends of the Un-y-Ame river twice, we halted for the night in fine open forest on the south bank, beneath a large

tamarind-tree, that yielded an abundant supply of fruit for all hands.

We had only marched ten miles, owing to the delay occasioned by the desertion of the carriers.

On 5th March I led the way, as the Lobore guide professed ignorance of the route to Fatiko. The fact was, that the Lobores had wished on the previous day to take me to Farragenia, which is two days nearer than Fatiko. Had I been ignorant of the country, we should have been deceived.

I steered through low open forest, the leaves of which had been scorched off by the fire that had cleared the country. Neither a village nor the print of a human foot could be seen. This beautiful district that had formerly abounded in villages had been depopulated by the slave-hunters.

Having taken the Shooa mountain for a steering point, we reached the spot where in former years I had passed five months in the camp of Ibrahim. This also had been destroyed, in addition to all the numerous villages of the mountain. We had marched fourteen miles.

I gave orders that on the morrow all the troops were to appear in their best uniforms, as we were only six miles from Fatiko, the principal station, where I fully expected to meet Abou Saood himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL AT FATIKO.

ON 6th March, 1872, we started from the bivouac at the base of the Shooa mountain at 6.10 A.M.

The troops were in excellent spirits, the air was fresh and cool in this elevated country, the horses had been well groomed, and the arms and accoutrements had been burnished on the previous afternoon, in order to make a good appearance before my old friends the natives of Fatiko and Shooa.

The bright scarlet uniforms and snow-white linen trousers of 212 men looked extremely gay upon the fresh green grass, which had lately sprung up throughout this beautiful park.

There was no enemy in this country. From a former residence of five months at Shooa, both my wife and myself were well known to the inhabitants, and I felt sure that our arrival would be hailed with gladness. In my former visit I had been a successful hunter, and had always given the flesh to the natives; thus, as the road to a negro's heart is through his stomach, I knew that my absence must have been felt, and that the recollections of past times would be savoury and agreeable.

I had with me a herd of 1,078 cows and 194 sheep. No guard was necessary, and I intrusted the stock to the care of the three boatmen, and my Bari interpreter, Morgian.

The line of march was thus arranged:—Myself, with my wife and Lieutenant Baker, on horseback in advance, preceded by the guard of five of the "Forty Thieves." Then came Colonel Abd-el-Kader and the remaining forty-three, composing the gallant "Forty." After which came the regiment, all necessarily in single file. Then came the baggage with 400 carriers, followed by the herd of cattle.

All our boys were dressed in their scarlet uniforms, and the girls and

women generally had dressed in their best clothes. Little Cuckoo as usual carried my small travelling-bag upon his head, and kept his line with the other boys, all of whom assumed an air that was intended to be thoroughly regimental.

In this order the march commenced. The distance was only six miles. This was as lovely a route as could be conceived.

Magnificent trees (acacias), whose thick, dark foliage drooped near the ground, were grouped in clumps, springing from the crevices between huge blocks of granite. Brooks of the purest water rippled over the time-worn channels cut through granite plateaux, and as we halted to drink at the tempting stream, the water tasted as cold as though from an European spring.

The entire country on our left was a succession of the most beautiful rocky undulations and deep verdant glades, at the bottom of which flowed perennial streams. The banks of these rivulets were richly clothed with ornamental timber, the green foliage contrasting strongly with the dark grey blocks of granite resembling the ruins of ancient towers.

We travelled along a kind of hog's back, which formed the watershed to the west. As we ascended, until we reached a large plateau of clean granite of about two acres, we broke upon a magnificent panorama, which commanded an extensive view of the whole country.

On the west, we looked down upon the plains through which we had arrived, and the view stretched far away beyond the Nile, until it met the horizon bounded by the grey outline of the distant mountains.

No one could feel unhappy in such a scene. I trod upon my old ground, every step of which I knew, and I felt an exhilaration of spirits at the fact that I was once more here in the new capacity of a deliverer, who would be welcomed with open arms by the down-trodden natives of this country.

Having descended from the clean plateau of rock, we carefully rode across a slippery channel that had been worn by the sandy torrents of the rainy season, and once more arrived at level ground. We were now on the great table-land of Fatiko.

Upon our left, a mass of bold ruins, the granite skeleton remains of a

perished mountain, which formed a shelter from the morning sun, tempted us to halt.

We had thus suddenly appeared upon the greensward of the plateau without the slightest warning to the inhabitants of Fatiko. About a mile before us stood the large station of Abou Saood, which occupied at least thirty acres. On our right we were hemmed in by a wall of granite, sloped like a huge whale, about three-quarters of a mile long and 100 feet high. The southern extremity of this vast block of clean granite was the rocky and fantastic hill of Fatiko crested with fine timber. To our left, and straight before us, was a perfectly flat plain like a racecourse, the south end being a curious and beautiful assemblage of immense granite blocks, and groups of weeping acacia.

A large village occupied the base of Fatiko hill … The bugles and drums sounded “the advance.” The echoes rang from the hard granite rock as the unusual sound gave the first warning of our presence.

I had dismounted from my horse, and was watching the slaver’s camp with a powerful telescope, as the bugles sounded and the men fell into order.

A number of people ran out of the camp, and stared at the blaze of scarlet uniforms, which must have appeared as a larger force than the reality, owing to the bright contrast of red with the green turf.

In an instant there was confusion in the camp. I soon distinguished immense numbers of slaves being driven quickly out, and hurried away to the south. The slaver's drum beat, and a number of crimson flags were seen advancing, until they halted and formed a line close to the entrance of the village. I now saw natives rushing wildly to and fro in all directions armed with spears and shields.

Some time elapsed before the cattle and baggage arrived. In the meantime I waited, perched on a block of granite, with my telescope, watching every movement. There was no doubt that our sudden appearance had caused intense excitement. I saw men running from the trader's station to the large village opposite, at the foot of the hill.

At length, I observed two men approaching.

We were not yet ready for a general advance, therefore, as the servants and carriers, cattle, &c., fell into order, the band struck up some

Turkish airs, which sounded extremely wild and appropriate to the savagely-beautiful scenery around us.

In the meantime the two messengers drew nearer. They were both filthy dirty, and appeared to be clad in dark-brown leather. One man seemed to hesitate, and stood about sixty yards distant, and demanded who we were. Upon hearing from Colonel Abdel-Kader that it was “the Pacha,” and that “he need not be afraid,” he told us that Abou Saood was at the station, and that he would run back with the news.

The other messenger came timidly forward, until he stood close beneath me. My wife was on horseback by my side.

Can it be possible? MOHAMMED, my old Cairo servant of former years?

The grand dragoman of the lower Nile reduced to this! My wife exclaimed, “Ah, Mohammed, I am very glad to see you; but how wretched you appear!”

This was too much for the prodigal son; he seized my wife’s hand to kiss, and burst into tears.

Poor Mohammed! he had gone through many trials since we last met. When I left him in Khartoum ill with guinea-worm in the leg, he was on his way to Cairo; but after my departure he had been tempted by the slave-traders to re-engage in the infamous but engrossing career, and he too had become a slave-hunter. He had never received any pay, as the custom of the slavers was to pay their men in slaves. Mohammed had never been fortunate in his domestic affairs; he was not a favourite of the ladies; thus his female slaves had all run away; his fortune had walked off, and he was left a beggar, with an overdrawn account in slaves.

Mohammed had never been a good English scholar, but want of practice during many years had almost obscured the light of his former learning, which was reduced to the faintest glimmer.

The bugles now sounded the “advance,” and we marched forward in admirable order, with the band playing.

In the meantime, several natives had approached, and having recognized Lady Baker and myself, they immediately raced back to the village with the news.

My men looked remarkably well, and the advance into Fatiko was a sight that was entirely new to Central Africa. We were in magnificent order for work, with a hardy disciplined force of 212 men, and a stock of cattle and merchandise that would carry us to any direction I might desire.

This arrival, in such perfect organization, was a fatal blow to the hopes and intrigues of Abou Saood. I was actually among them, in the very nest and hotbed of the slavers, in spite of every difficulty.

Abou Saood came to meet me, with his usual humble appearance, as we neared his station; and he cringingly invited us to rest in some huts that had just been prepared for our reception.

I declined the invitation, and prepared to camp beneath some grand acacias, among the granite rocks, about a quarter of a mile beyond, where I had rested some years ago. I accordingly led the way, until we arrived at a very beautiful spot, among some immense granite blocks, shaded by the desired foliage. Here the word was given “Halt!” and the tent was quickly pitched in a favourable locality.

We were now distant from the junction of the Un-y-Ame river 48 miles, from Lobore 85 miles, and from Gondokoro 165 miles.

Abou Saood ordered his people to bring a number of straw-roofs from his station, to form a protection for the officers. The men quickly housed themselves in temporary huts, and the cattle were placed for the night in a regular amphitheatre of rock, which formed an excellent position.

On 8th March, I reviewed the troops, and having given the natives warning of my intention, I had a sham-fight and attack of the Fatiko mountain. Having fired several rockets at a supposed enemy, the troops advanced in two companies to the north and south extremities of the mountain, which they scaled with great activity, and joined their forces on the clean plateau of granite on the summit of the ridge. The effect was very good, and appeared to delight the natives, who had assembled in considerable numbers. After firing several volleys, the troops descended the hill, and marched back, with the band playing.

The music of our band being produced simply by a considerable number of bugles, drums, and cymbals, aided by a large military bass-drum, might not have been thought first-rate in Europe, but in Africa it was

irresistible.

The natives are passionately fond of music; and I believe the safest way to travel in those wild countries would be to play the cornet, if possible without ceasing, which would insure a safe passage. A London organ-grinder would march through Central Africa followed by an admiring and enthusiastic crowd, who, if his tunes were lively, would form a dancing escort of the most untiring material.

As my troops returned to their quarters, with the band playing rather cheerful airs, we observed the women racing down from their villages, and gathering from all directions towards the common centre. As they approached nearer, the charms of music were overpowering, and, halting for an instant, they assumed what they considered the most graceful attitudes, and then danced up to the band.

In a short time my buglers could hardly blow their instruments for laughing, at the extraordinary effect of their performance. A fantastic crowd surrounded them as they halted in our position among the rocks; and every minute added to their number.

The women throughout the Shooli are entirely naked, thus the effect of a female crowd, bounding madly about as musical enthusiasts, was very extraordinary. Even the babies were brought out to dance, and these infants, strapped to their mothers' backs, and covered with pumpkin shells, like young tortoises, were jolted about without the slightest consideration for the weakness of their necks, by their infatuated mothers.

As usual, among all tribes in Central Africa, the old women were even more determined dancers than the young girls. Several old Venuses were making themselves extremely ridiculous, as they sometimes do in civilized countries when attempting the allurements of younger days.

The men did not share in the dance, but squatted upon the rocks in great numbers to admire the music, and to witness the efforts of their wives and daughters.

The men of Shooli and Fatiko are the best proportioned that I have seen; without the extreme height of the Shillooks or Dinkas, they are muscular and well knit, and generally their faces are handsome.

The women were inclined to a short stature, but were very strong and compact. It was singular, that throughout the great Shooli country, of which Fatiko is simply a district, while the women are perfectly naked, the men are partially clothed with the skin of an antelope, slung across the shoulders, and covering the lower part of the body life a scarf. In other countries that I had passed, the men were quite naked, while the women were more or less covered.

After the dance, I was visited by several natives who had known me in former years, among whom was my old guide, Gimoro, who had first led me to Unyoro. Another excellent man named Shoeli now gave me all the intelligence of the country. Both these men spoke Arabic.

It was a repetition of the old story. The country was half-ruined by the acts of Abou Saood's people. The natives were afraid to resist them in this neighbourhood, as every adjacent country had been plundered, and the women and children carried off. Abou Saood had not expected that I could leave Gondokoro; but he had told the Shooli natives to attack me if I should arrive; thus on the day of my appearance, the natives, being ignorant of my presence, had considered the dreaded Pacha must be an enemy, until they had recognized my wife and myself as their old

friends.

Upon that day, when I had observed the natives running to and fro with spears and shields, Abou Saood had told them to resist me at once, and he had promised that his people should assist the Fatikos; but when the natives saw our powerful force, they had known that an attack would be useless; they had accordingly sent men to discover our intentions, and these messengers had reported my return to their country in the capacity of Pacha commanding the expedition.

My old friends now assured me, in reply to my explanation of the Khedive's intentions, that the whole country would rally around a good government, and all that the poor people desired was protection and justice. The fact of my return would give confidence throughout the country; and the news had already been carried to the great sheik, Rot Jarma, who had never visited Abou Saood or his people, but who would quickly tender his allegiance to me as the representative of the Khedive.

I told Gimoro and Shooli to inform the headmen, and the people generally throughout the country, of my pacific intentions, and to have no fear

now that the government was represented, as it would be impossible that the atrocities committed by the slave-hunters of Abou Saood should recur. At the same time I explained, that in about twenty days the contract entered into between Agad and Co. with the Soudan government would expire, and Abou Saood would be compelled to withdraw all his people from the country, which would then remain solely in the hands of the Khedive.

Throughout the subsequent expedition, I could always rely upon the fidelity of these two men, Gimoro and Shooli.

After their departure to spread the good news far and wide, I had a long conversation with my old servant, Mohammed, who I knew would give me every information respecting the acts of Abou Saood and his people, as he had been among them in these parts for many years.

He told me that my arrival at Fatiko was supposed to be improbable, as the Gondokoro natives were known to be hostile to the government; therefore it would be impossible to transport the baggage. Although the Baris were at war with the government, Abou Saood had about seventy of these natives at Fatiko, armed with muskets, in his employ; thus he was

openly in league with the enemies of the Khedive’s government.

The report among the slave companies asserted that Abou Saood had been in league with Raoul Bey to frustrate the expedition; thus the conspiracy of the officers headed by Raouf Bey, which I had checkmated, was the grand move to effect a collapse of the expedition, and to leave a clear field for the slave-traders.

“Up to the present time, my arrangements have been able to overpower all opposition.”

The success of the corn collection at the moment of the conspiracy was fatal to the machinations of Raouf Bey, and secured me the confidence of the troops.

“The success of every attack that I have personally commanded has clinched this confidence.

“The trader’s people are discontented with their leaders; they are without clothes or wages.

“Their parties have been massacred in several directions by the natives. Nearly 500 loads of ivory have been burned, together with one of their stations, by a night attack of the Madi, in which the slave-hunters lost thirty-five killed, and the rest of the party only escaped in the darkness, and fled to the forests.

“Thus I come upon them at a moment when they are divided in their feelings. A dread of the government is mingled with confidence in the arrival of a strong military force, which would be auxiliary in the event of a general uprising of the country.”

I found several of my old men engaged as slave-hunters. These people, who had behaved well on my former voyage, confided all the news, and were willing to serve the government. Kamrasi, the former king of Unyoro, was dead, and had been succeeded by his son, Kabba Rega.

Some few of the people of Abou Saood had been on a visit to the king M’tese at Uganda. This powerful ruler had been much improved by his personal communication with the traders of Zanzibar. He had become a Mohammedan, and had built a mosque. Even his vizier said his daily prayers like a good Mussulman, and M’tese no longer murdered his wives.

If he cut the throat of either man or beast, it was now done in the name of God, and the king had become quite civilized, according to the report of the Arab envoys. He kept clerks who could correspond, by letters, in Arabic, and he had a regiment armed with a thousand guns, in addition to the numerous forces at his command.

The Arab envoys of Abou Saood had been treated like dogs by the great M’tese, and they had slunk back abashed, and were only glad to be allowed to depart. They declared that such a country would not suit their business: the people were too strong for them; and the traders from Zanzibar purchased their ivory from M’tese with cotton stuffs, silks, guns, and powder, brass-coil bracelets, beads, &c. The beads were exchanged by equal weight for ivory.

“Even at Fatiko the brass-coil bracelets from Zanzibar are now common. Some of Abou Saood’s people are actually dressed in Manchester manufactures that have arrived via Zanzibar at Unyoro. This is a terrible disgrace to the Soudan authorities; thus the Zanzibar traders are purchasing by legitimate dealing ivory that should, geographically speaking, belong to Cairo.

“While fair dealing is the rule south of the equator, piracy and ruin are the rule of the north.

“Abou Saood and his people are now in a dilemma. For many years they have pillaged the country, and after having taught the natives to regard cows as the only medium of exchange for ivory, they have at length exhausted the cattle. Thus the transport of their large stock of ivory has for a time become impossible, as sufficient cows cannot be collected for the purpose.

“Every load from Fatiko to Ismailia (Gondokoro) requires two cows; one to Lobore, and another thence to the journey’s end.

“By the Nile traders’ arrangements, the companies of Abou Saood receive as their perquisite one-third of all the cattle that may be stolen in successful razzias.

“The consumption of cattle by these brigands is enormous. All flour is purchased in exchange for flesh, while flesh is also necessary for food; thus the cow is being eaten at both ends.

“The frightful drain upon the country may be imagined by the following calculation, which is certainly below the truth:—

“If 1,000 loads of ivory must be carried to Ismailia,

2,000 cows are required as payment of carriers;

To capture in a razzia 3,000 cows,
1000 belong to the brigands as their perquisite;
300 are necessary to feed the native carriers and soldiers
_____ during the journey;
3,300 cows are required to deliver 1,000 loads of ivory a distance of 165 miles, from Fatiko to Ismailia (Gondokoro).

A station of 350 men consumes
daily … . 700 lbs.
In addition, they require to
exchange for flour … . 350 lbs.

—

Daily consumption of flesh . . 1,050 lbs.

“The oxen of the country do not average more

than 170 lbs. cleaned.

2,255 beasts are thus required annually.

—

5,555 oxen are necessary to feed and pay for the transport
from a station only 350 strong; according to the
customs of White Nile brigandage.

“It must be remembered that at least a thousand, and sometimes double that number of slaves, are prisoners in each station. All these must be fed. The same principle is adopted in the exchange of flesh for flour; thus the expenditure of cattle is frightful. Not only oxen, but all the breeding cows and young calves are killed without the slightest reflection. No country can support such wilful waste; thus after many years of ravage, this beautiful province has become almost barren of cattle. The central districts occupied by the slave-traders having been denuded of cattle, it has become necessary to make journeys to distant countries.”

The slave-hunters of Abou Saood had recently suffered a terrible defeat, at the hands of the warlike tribe of Umiro, which was a just reward for the horrible treachery of their party.

A man named Ali Hussein was a well-known employee of Abou Saood. This ruffian was an Arab. He was a tall, wiry fellow, with a determined but brutal cast of countenance, who was celebrated as a scoundrel among scoundrels. Even his fellows dreaded his brutality. There was no crime that he had not committed; and as his only virtue was extreme daring, his reputation was terrible among the native population.

This fellow had waited upon my orders daily since my arrival at Fatiko.

At the death of the former vakeel of Fatiko, Ali Hussein had succeeded to the command of the station.

He had arranged to make a descent upon the Umiro tribe, about six days' march to the southeast.

He accordingly sent natives as spies, with specious messages to the

Umiro, announcing his intention of visiting them to purchase ivory.

With a party increased by volunteers from other stations to a force of about 300 men, he arrived at Umiro.

The simple natives received him gladly, and showed extreme hospitality. The country was thickly populated, and abounded with vast herds of the finest cattle.

After a week's sojourn among the Umiro, during which he had received large presents of elephants' tusks, and seventy head of oxen from the confiding natives, the treacherous ruffian gave an order to his brigands at sunset. They were to be under arms an hour before daybreak on the following morning, to set fire to the adjacent villages of their generous hosts, and to capture their large herds of cattle, together with their women and children.

At the time appointed, while every Umiro slept unconscious of approaching danger, several villages were surrounded, and volleys of musketry were poured upon the sleeping inmates. The straw huts were ignited, and the flames rapidly spread, while a massacre commenced

similar to the butcheries to which the slave-hunters were so well accustomed.

The Umiro, thus taken by surprise, and appalled by so dastardly a treachery, were easily defeated. Their children and wives were captured, together with large herds of cattle, which are celebrated for their size. All these were driven in triumph to Fatiko.

The success of this infernal scheme, raised the reputation of Ali Hussein to the highest pitch. The reports of the vast pastoral wealth of the Umiro excited the cupidity of the various companies in the stations of Abou Saood.

It was determined to make a grand attack upon a people, who, in spite of their warlike character, had exhibited a total want of power to resist.

Ali Hussein sent an expedition of about 350 men, in addition to a large number of Fatiko allies. They arrived on the borders of Umiro, within about an hour’s march of the villages doomed to pillage. The party was under the command of a notorious ruffian named Lazim, whom I had known during my former exploration.

Upon arrival in the Umiro country, during the night after a forced march, he sent a detachment of 103 men, together with about 150 natives, to attack the villages by a surprise at dawn, and to capture the slaves and cattle in the usual manner.

The party started at the early hour of first cock-crow, while the main body under Lazim waited for the result.

Hours passed, but the company did not return. A few shots had been heard in the distance.

The country was clear and open, but nothing could be seen. There was no lowing of cattle, neither did the heavy clouds of smoke, usual on such occasions, point out the direction of burning villages.

Presently, drums were heard in every direction, the horns and whistles of the Umiro sounded the alarm, and large bodies of natives rushed across the plain to the attack of Lazim’s main body.

They had just time to form, and to post the men around the strong cattle

kraal, which they had occupied, when the stream of enemies came down upon them.

Upon the open plain, the Umiro had no chance in attacking so well defended a position, and the muskets, loaded with heavy mould shot, told with great effect upon the naked bodies of the assailants.

The Umiro were beaten back with some loss, and the slave-hunters held the position, although in a state of terror, as they felt that some terrible calamity must have befallen the party which had started to surprise the villages.

After dark, a Bari native cried out to the sentries to let him pass.
This was a wounded man of their own people, the only survivor of all those who had left the main body on that morning.

The Bari described, that the Umiro, having gained information of the intended attack, had lain in ambush within high withered grass, in which they had awaited the arrival of their assailants.

The slave-hunters were advancing as usual, in single file, along the

narrow track through the high grass, unsuspicious of an enemy, when the Umiro rushed from both sides of the ambuscade upon them.

Taken by surprise, a panic seized the slave-hunters, very few of whom had time to fire their muskets before they were speared by the pitiless Umiro, who wreaked wholesale vengeance by the massacre of 103 of Abou Saood's men and about 150 of their allies.

The main body under Lazim were completely cowed, as they feared an overwhelming attack that might exhaust their ammunition. The Umiro had now become possessed of 103 guns and several large cases of cartridges, in addition to those in the pouches of the soldiers.

Night favoured the retreat, and the remnant of the expedition under Lazim returned by forced marches to Fatiko.

The defeat had spread consternation among the various stations, as it followed closely upon the destruction of a station belonging to Abou Saood in the Madi country.

This zareeba had been under the command of a vakeel named Jusef, who had

exasperated the natives by continual acts of treachery and slave-hunting. They had accordingly combined to attack the station at night, and had set fire to the straw huts, by shooting red-hot arrows into the inflammable thatched roofs.

These calamities had happened since the arrival of Abou Saood in the Shooli country, and it was he who had given the order to attack the Umiro. His own people, being naturally superstitious, thought he had brought bad luck with him.

It appeared that when Abou Saood had first arrived at Fatiko from Gondokoro, the vakeels of his different stations were all prepared for the journey to deliver the ivory. They had given the cattle obtained in the first attack upon Umiro to the native carriers of Madi and Shooli, and the tusks had been arranged in about 2,000 loads for transport.

The sudden arrival of Abou Saood changed all their plans, as he immediately gave orders to return the ivory to the store huts; he did not intend to deliver it at Gondokoro that year. He also sent a letter to his Latooka station, nine days' march to the northeast, together with a party of eighty men, with instructions to his vakeel to deliver

the ivory at the Bohr station below Gondokoro.

He thus hoped to defraud the government out of the two-fifths due to them by contract with Agad. At the same time, he had intended to remain concealed in the interior of the country until I should have returned to England; after which he had no doubt that affairs would continue in their original position.

It may be imagined that my sudden arrival at Fatiko had disconcerted all his plans.

In spite of his extreme cunning, he had over-estimated his own power of intrigue, and he had mismanaged his affairs.

According to the agreement with Agad & Co., the representative of that firm, Abou Saood, had contracted to supply the government troops with all provisions at a given price, including even sheep and butter, as he declared that he was in possession of these articles in his various stations. He was also to assist the government expedition in every manner, and to supply not only carriers, but even troops, should they be necessary.

I read this contract to some of his principal men, who fairly laughed outright at the audacity of Abou Saood in subscribing to such utter falsehoods.

Not only had he secretly fraternized with the enemy, instead of assisting the government, but he had cautioned the Baris not to carry our loads, and he had incited the Fatiko natives to attack us. The supply of food was too ridiculous. Instead of giving to the troops, he had been obliged to borrow corn from the government magazines at Gondokoro for his own people, and I had given him 200 cattle to save his men from famine.

The deceit and treachery of this man were beyond belief. He now came to me daily at Fatiko, and swore by the eyes of the Prophet, eternal fidelity. He wished to kiss my hand, and to assure me how little his real character had been understood, and that he felt sure I had been influenced against him by others, but that in reality I had no servant so devoted as himself. He declared that he had only attacked the Shir and stolen their cows in order to supply the government troops with cattle according to contract. (Thus he had the audacity to assert that

the government would become the purchaser of cattle stolen expressly for their use.)

In spite of these protestations, he could not explain his reason for having returned the ivory to store, instead of transporting it to Gondokoro. He therefore met the difficulty by a flat denial, as usual, calling upon the Prophet as a witness.

Only a few days of his contract remained, at the expiration of which he should have withdrawn his establishments from the country, according to my written orders that had been given many months ago.

He had entirely ignored these orders, as he had never expected my arrival; therefore he had concealed all such instructions from his people, in the hope that my terms of service would expire fruitlessly at Gondokoro, and that, after my departure, he would have little difficulty in arranging for the future with his friend Raouf Bey, who would most probably succeed to the command.

I at once issued written orders to the vakeels of his different stations, that, at the end of the month Mohurram, the contract with Agad

would cease, and that all future action would be illegal.

I gave all employees of Abou Saood due notice, that they must either quit the country, or become respectable subjects.

I granted them permission to settle at Gondokoro, and to commence farms on the fertile islands of the Nile free of all taxation.

Or, should they wish to enter the government service as irregular troops, I offered the same pay as the regulars, with the advantage of an annual engagement.

I met several headmen whom I had known in my former journey. These men found fault with Abou Saood for having left them in the dark respecting the contract with the government; and they at once declared that they should be happy to serve as irregulars at the expiration of the agreement.

There was a great difficulty respecting the ivory, which comprised in all the stations 3,200 tusks.

The cattle that had been given to the native carriers for the transport of the ivory to Gondokoro had only partially been returned by the disappointed Madi. Many of these people had killed and eaten the beasts, and had declared that they had died, when they found the necessity of restoring them.

It was now necessary to move the ivory, together with all the establishments, to Gondokoro. This would require at least 6,000 cows. It was a complete fix. There were no cattle in any of Abou Saood's stations; they had all been consumed; and he now came to me with a request that I would lend him eighty oxen, as his people had nothing to eat.

It was clearly impossible to move the ivory. Thus, in spite of my orders given to Abou Saood about ten months previous, the opportunity of moving had been lost, and the time of departure was reduced to sine die. This was a hopeless condition of affairs. There were no cattle in Abou Saood's possession, and without cows the ivory could not be moved. At the same time, it would be impossible for me to permit him to make razzias upon distant countries, as I had arrived to establish government, and to afford protection to all tribes that would declare

their allegiance.

I now discovered that the principal vakeel of Abou Saood, named Mohammed Wat-el-Mek, had only recently started with a large force, by Abou Saood's orders, to invade the Kooshi country on the west side of the White Nile, close to its exit from the Albert N'yanza.

This was a tribe that could not possibly have interfered with Abou Saood; but as the cattle had been exhausted on the east bank of the river, he had commenced a series of razzias upon the west. The Koshi were people with whom friendship should have been established, as they were on the navigable Nile that would eventually be traversed by the steamer, when constructed at Ibrahimeyah. It was thus that all tribes were rendered hostile by the slave-hunters.

Mohammed Wat-el-Mek (son of the king) was the man who had first discovered and opened up the countries south of Gondokoro. This person was a curious but useful character that I had always wished to employ, as he had great power with the natives, and he knew every nook and corner of the country.

I had known him during my former journey, and it appears that he had always wished to serve me in the present expedition. The slave-traders of Khartoum had been determined to prevent Wat-el-Mek from communicating with me; thus, when I had arrived in Khartoum, this important personage was actually there; but he was quickly sent by Abou Saood under some frivolous pretext up the Blue Nile, to keep him out of the way.

On arrival at Gondokoro, he had studiously been retained on the west bank of the river, and his name had been kept so secret, that I had never heard it mentioned. Thus, although both at Khartoum and at Gondokoro Wat-el-Mek had been within a few hundred paces of me, I had always supposed that he was in Central Africa.

Abou Saood now declared that Wat-el-Mek had started many days ago from Fatiko to Koshi; but I subsequently discovered that he had only left Fatiko on the morning of my arrival, and that he was kept waiting at Fabbo station, only twenty-two miles west of Fatiko, for several days, while I had been told by Abou Saood that he had gone to Koshi.

Mohammed Wat-el-Mek was the son of a petty king far away up the Blue Nile, beyond Fazokle.

He had in early life been a serjeant or choush in the Egyptian army; but having an adventurous disposition, he had taken to the White Nile, as the vakeel of Andrea Debono, a Maltese ivory merchant.

Mr. Debono, being a British subject, retired from the trade when the slave-hunting arrived at such a pitch that it became impossible for Europeans to continue business on the White Nile. (The slave trade arrived at such a maximum that all European traders in ivory were driven from the White Nile, including Mr. Petherick, British Consul.)

Debono had amassed a considerable fortune entirely through: the energy of Wat-el-Mek, who had pushed into the interior, and had established his stations with considerable forethought and skill throughout the formerly unvisited Madi country.

Wat-el-Mek was an exceedingly black man, about the middle height, and much pitted with the small-pox. While in the service of Debono, he had commanded the station of Faloro, where he had most hospitably received Speke and Grant on their arrival from Zanzibar. These great travellers were entertained at Faloro during many weeks, and were afterwards

conducted by their host to Gondokoro, where I had the good fortune to meet them.

Wat-el-Mek was a very courageous fellow; and although he would not perhaps have been considered a good character at London police court, he was a man who would be most useful to an expedition in Central Africa, where his vicious propensities could be restrained by the discipline of government.

When Speke parted from him at Gondokoro, he presented him with a beautiful double-barrelled gun by Blissett, in addition to other articles.

The worst vice of this man was drinking. When drunk, he could be induced to yield to any absurdity.

However, with all his faults, I should have been glad of Wat-el-Mek to command the irregular force.

In the days when Debono was the proprietor of the Madi station, Wat-el-Mek had been the sole vakeel; and although he was a tyrant, he

was not disliked by the natives. Since Debono had sold his stations to the firm of Agad & Co., every separate camp was governed by an independent vakeel; thus there were many tyrants instead of one.

These numerous agents acted in opposition to each other in the purchase of ivory. If a native of Fatiko should take a tusk to sell at the station of Fabbo, he would run the chance of being shot upon his return. This system of attempted monopoly was carried out throughout the country, and naturally resulted in anarchy. Although all the vakeels and companies belonged to one firm, they acted as rival traders. Thus, if slaves ran away from one station and took shelter with the natives of a village belonging to the people of another vakeel, an attack would be made upon the village that harboured the runaways, and their women and children would be immediately captured.

This onslaught on the village under the protection of a certain station would be quickly returned by a counter-attack upon a village belonging to the encroaching vakeel. This system was purposely adopted, as it served to divide the country into opposing sections, which prevented the natives from forming a general coalition.

It may readily be imagined that my arrival was hailed with satisfaction by the natives throughout the country. Should a stranger have filled my position, there might have been some suspicion in the minds of the natives, but I had been so well known during my former journey, that the people accepted the new government with thorough confidence.

Wat-el-Mek, who was always the discoverer of unknown lands, had lately visited a new country in the east.

It may be remembered by the readers of “The Albert N’yanza,” that shortly before my return from Shooa (only six miles from Fatiko) a new country named Lira had been discovered by the vakeel of Koorshad Agha—“Ibrahim.” Poor Ibrahim was dead, otherwise I should have had a good and dependable man.

The Lira country was rich in ivory, but the greatest prize discovered was the presence of donkeys, which are quite unknown in the White Nile districts.

Wat-el-Mek had now penetrated beyond Lira, and had reached the country of Langgo, which was exceedingly interesting.

From the description of the people, it appeared that the portion of the Langgo visited by them was entirely different from the country between Gondokoro and Unyoro.

The expedition HAD CROSSED THE SOBAT RIVER, and had arrived in the Langgo about 130 miles due east of Fatiko. They described the country as similar to portions of the Soudan. Generally, flat plains of the rich grass known as negheel, which never grows high, and is the finest pasturage. The trees were for the most part Soont (Acacia Arabica), which is not met with in the White Nile countries south of the Sobat junction.

The Langgos were an immense tribe, but were, like the Baris, divided under many chiefs. These people were exceedingly large and powerful, and were esteemed as great warriors. They seldom ate flour, but lived upon the milk and flesh of their innumerable herds.

The cattle were as large as those of England, and were celebrated for the extreme size of their horns.

Wat-el-Mek had made a razzia with a very powerful force, collected from all the stations of Abou Saood, and he had succeeded in capturing an enormous number of these fine animals, together with a large herd of donkeys.

These strange cattle would not live at Fatiko, as the herbage was quite different to that to which they had been accustomed. They died in such numbers, that in three months only three or four remained out of as many thousand. Thus all these beautiful beasts were wasted.

The river Sobat was described as flowing from the south, and was known as the Chol. The Asua river is only one day's march or about twenty miles, east of Fatiko. The Sobat is never dry and is reported to be a noble river; this suggests that Speke Victoria N'yanza, or the Bahr Ingo's eastern corner, must have an effluent in addition to the Victoria Nile, that flows from M'tese's capital of Uganda.

Beyond Langgo there is a country called Lobbohr, which is said to possess camels. In the Lobbohr there is a river called Jooba. This is, I believe, the Juba that flows into the Indian Ocean, as the report continues that: "Arabs arrive at Lobbohr mounted upon camels, and armed

with swords and pistols, but without guns.” Horses and donkeys are also reported to exist in Lobbohr.

There can be no doubt that most important countries lie to the east of Fatiko, and should the story of camels prove correct, there will be no difficulty in opening up a commercial route.

It appears that at Langgo the demand for beads is very great, as the natives work them into patterns upon their matted hair. Ivory has little or no value, and exists in large quantities.

The natives refuse to carry loads, and they transport an elephant’s tusk by boring a hole in the hollow end, through which they attach a rope; it is then dragged along the ground by a donkey. The ivory is thus seriously damaged … . .

Such was the position of affairs at Fatiko in March, 1872. New and important countries had been investigated, not by explorers or traders, but by the brigands of Abou Saood, whose first introduction was the unprovoked attack and carrying off of slaves and cattle.

Such conduct could only terminate in an extension of the ruin which a similar course had determined in every country that had been occupied by the traders of the White Nile.

I trusted that my arrival would create a great reform, and restore confidence throughout the country. The news had spread far and wide. The scarlet soldiers were regarded as a distinct species, and the report quickly circulated, that the “Pacha’s troops were entirely different from any that had hitherto been seen, as their clothes were red, and their muskets were loaded from the wrong end.”

I now determined to establish a station at Fatiko, to represent the government during my absence in the south.

Abou Saood had sworn fidelity. Of course I did not believe him, but as the natives had welcomed the government, I could not leave them without protection.

It was therefore arranged with Abou Saood that after the expiration of the contract, all operations should cease. He would simply remain on sufferance in the country, until he should be able to transport his

ivory to Gondokoro. This could only be effected by the arrival of carriers from his stations, about 180 miles west of the Nile, in the Makkarika country. His first step would therefore be to communicate with the vakeel Atroosh, who commanded about 600 men in the west station.

I ordered Abou Saood to disarm the seventy Baris who were in his service at Fatiko, as I would not allow muskets to be placed in the hands of natives who were hostile to the government.

This he promised to do, but of course he evaded the order, by returning the arms to the Baris the instant I had departed.

It may appear to the public that having “absolute and supreme power,” I was absurdly lenient towards Abou Saood, whom I knew to be so great a villain. I confess to one fault. I should have arrested and transported him to Khartoum when he first arrived at Gondokoro with the cattle stolen from the Shir; which caused the subsequent massacre of the five soldiers of the government.

At the same time that I admit this error, it must be remembered that I was placed in an awkward position.

“Absolute and supreme power” is a high-sounding title; but how was I to exert it?

I was an individual possessing a nominal power, the application of which required extreme delicacy. I was determined to win, and with God’s help I did win, but every step necessitated the coolest judgment. Had I adopted severe or extreme measures against Abou Saood, I might have ruined the expedition at commencement.

It was impossible to know who was faithful. There was a general leaning towards his favour among all the officers, with whom he had been in close connection when in Khartoum. He was a man in a high social position in the Soudan, the partner of the great firm of Agad & Co., who commanded about 2,500 armed men. He had worked for many years in company with the government, according to his connection by agreement with the governor-general.

I knew that I had him in my power, provided I should be supported by the authorities in Egypt; therefore I gave him line, and occasionally held him tight, as though he had been a salmon on a single gut; but I was

determined to land him safe at last, in such a manner that his greatest supporter should be obliged to acknowledge that he had received the fairest play. Abou Saood's Fatiko station was crowded with slaves. His people were all paid in slaves. The stations of Fabbo, Faloro, and Farragenia were a mass of slaves.

I did not enter a station to interfere with these wretched captives, as I knew that such an act would create irretrievable confusion.

I had only 212 men, and I wished to advance to the equator.

Fatiko was in north latitude 3 degrees 01 minutes, and 165 miles from headquarters. Had I attempted to release some thousand slaves from the different stations, I should have required a large military force to have occupied those stations, and to have driven out the whole of the slave-hunters bodily.

If the slaves had been released, it would have been impossible to have returned them to their homes, as they had been collected from every quarter of the compass and from great distances. If I had kept them, I could not have procured food for so large a number: as the stations

contained several thousand.

Under the circumstances, I took the wiser course of non-interference with the stock in hand, but I issued the most severe orders respecting the future conduct of Abou Saood's companies. I arranged to leave a detachment of 100 men, under the command of Major Abdullah, to form a station adjoining that of Abou Saood in Fatiko, together with the heavier baggage and the greater portion of the ammunition.

The government would be thus represented by a most respectable and civilized officer, who would give confidence and protection to the country; as I concluded that the prestige of the Khedive would be sufficient to establish order among his subjects, by the representation of one of his officers and a detachment of 100 troops.

I gave orders to Gimoro and Shooli to prepare carriers for the journey to Unyoro.

An untoward occurrence had taken place shortly after our arrival at Fatiko.

As has already been described, the Lobore natives had not only cheated us out of many cows that had been received, for which the carriers had not been forthcoming, but numbers had deserted on the road, which had caused the troops great trouble and fatigue, as they had been obliged to divide among them the abandoned loads. Upon our arrival at Fatiko, the son of sheik Abbio, of Lobore, would have absconded with all his people, had he not been retained by the troops. This man was responsible for the natives who had engaged themselves for the journey.

It would have been the height of imprudence to have permitted the immediate departure of our carriers before I had arranged for the future, thus about eighty were secured by the soldiers, including the sheik's son, from a general stampede that took place.

I ordered them to be disarmed, as I considered that if unarmed, they would not venture alone through the Madi country.

In the evening they were secured by a slight line tied round each man's neck, and connected in gangs of five. A guard was placed over them in addition to the usual sentries.

At about 4 a.m. a signal was given by one of their people. Every man had gnawed through his cord with his teeth during the darkness, and at the concerted cry in a language that no one understood, the entire party, of upwards of eighty men, knocked down the astonished guard, also the sentries, and rushed headlong over the rocks in the direction of Lobore.

It was a natural impulse and a soldier's duty to fire in the direction of the assailants, as the overturned sentries quickly recovered and joined the guard in a volley.

I was up in an instant, and upon arrival at the spot I was informed of the occurrence. It was pitch dark, therefore a lantern was brought, and after a search, three bodies were discovered of the rash and unfortunate Lobore. I was exceedingly sorry that such an event had happened, at the same time I could hardly blame the sentries. I was much afraid that if three were shot dead, others must have escaped wounded, and altogether the affair would have a bad effect at Lobore.

The sheik of Fatiko was named Wat-el-Ajoos. This name had been given him by the slave-hunters, meaning "Son of the old man." His village was not quite half a mile from our camp, and he frequently came to see me with

his interpreter, accompanied by his wives.

Upon his first visit I gave him a long blue shirt, together with some yards of Turkey red cambric, to form a waist sash; also a red fez and two razors, with a quantity of beads for his wives.

Fatiko is merely a district of the great country of Shooli, which is governed by the sheik, Rot Jarma. This person had sent word that he intended to visit me, to tender his allegiance to the government.

On 16th March, a wild sound of many horns was the first introduction, and shortly after, a number of his people advanced chanting a peculiar low song, and dancing a solemn slow step. The great sheik came behind them. He was quickly ushered into my presence beneath a shady acacia, close to my tent door. He was perfectly red from head to toes, having been freshly smeared with red ochre and grease for the interview. A well-dressed skin of an antelope was slung across his shoulder, and descending across his loins it constituted his scanty clothing.

His conversation was merely a repetition of the old story being a series of complaints against the slave-hunters. He declared that he had never

visited Abou Saood or any of his people, but that when he had heard of my arrival, he had determined at once to offer his allegiance, and he and all adjacent countries would serve the government faithfully, in return for protection and justice.

I assured him that he had nothing to fear from the slave-hunters in future, as I should leave Major Abdullah and a detachment of troops to represent the government during my absence. He was to supply them with corn, and to yield the same obedience to Major Abdullah as he would to me. I gave him nine yards of red cotton cloth, six pounds of beads, two razors, one comb, two horn snakes in boxes, one knife, one burning glass, one zinc mirror, two nickel spoons, three rods of thick brass wire, two finger rings, two pair of earrings, two red and yellow cotton handkerchiefs.

The total value of this extensive present was about twenty-one shillings.

Before he had arrived, he had requested that a goat might be sent to be slaughtered at a stream before he should cross over; otherwise bad luck would attend his visit. Of course this was acceded to, and the goat was

sacrificed and eaten by his people.

I gave him, according to my usual custom with all sheiks and headmen, seeds of the best Egyptian cotton, tomatoes, pumpkins, cucumbers, watermelons, sweet-melons, barmian, maize, &c., &c.

Before parting, I amused and shocked him with the magnetic battery, and he went away surprised and delighted.

I subsequently discovered that a large quantity of flour, together with some fowls which he had forwarded to me, had been stopped and appropriated by the renowned Ali Hussein. The intriguing spirit of these slave-hunters was extraordinary. It is their custom never to receive a sheik unless he brings a present. He therefore considered that if Rot Jarma should appear for the first time before me empty-handed, I should either not admit him, or perhaps be prejudiced against him; thus he had stolen the customary gift of introduction in order to create ill-will on my part towards Rot Jarma, who had never yet condescended to visit the station of Abou Saood … . .

Wat-el-Ajoos, with the assistance of Shooli and Gimoro, had collected

200 carriers, all of whom had received each a cow.

I had assorted the luggage, and although I had not the slightest suspicion of any fighting, nevertheless my ammunition formed a considerable portion of the heavier baggage.

Major Abdullah had received his instructions, and a site had been chosen for his station within a hundred yards of the south extremity of that of Abou Saood. This position was backed by a high rock, upon which I had already commenced to build a powder magazine of solid masonry.

Abou Saood having as usual sworn upon the eyes and head of the Prophet to do all that was right and virtuous, and the natives throughout the country being confident of protection, I prepared for the journey to Unyoro—a distance across the uninhabited prairies of seventy-eight miles from Fatiko, due south.

Our excellent and trusty friend Shooli was to be our guide. Gimoro was prevented from accompanying us owing to a wounded foot.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARCH TO UNYORO.

On 18th March, 1872, we were all in order for the march to the south, under the direction of our guide, Shooli.

Having taken leave of Major Abdullah, I left him a good supply of sheep and cattle for his detachment, and at 2 p.m. we started for the prairie march to Unyoro.

The descent from the table land of Fatiko was rapid for the first seven miles, at which point we reached a stream of clear running water, which is one of the channels of the Un-y-Ame river.

The limit of the inhabited country is about three miles from the camp at Fatiko, after which all is wilderness to Unyoro.

This fertile country has been left uninhabited, on account of the disturbance occasioned by the diversity of tribes. On the east it is bounded by Umiro, on the south by Unyoro, and on the west by Madi. This large tract of land, about eighty miles from north to south, is

accordingly the resort of wild animals, and it forms the favourite hunting-ground of the various tribes, who generally come into conflict with each other during their excursions in pursuit of game.

We halted for the night at the clear stream of the Un-y-Ame, as the native carriers expected their wives to bring them provisions for the journey. It was only five o'clock, therefore I strolled along the banks of the stream accompanied by Shooli, and shortly came upon game.

At this season the country was very lovely, as the young grass was hardly a foot high. Stalking was extremely difficult, as the land was clear of trees, and the long sweeping undulations exposed every object to view when upon the face of the inclines. I managed at length to get a tolerable shot at one of the beautiful teel antelopes (Leucotis), by creeping up the broken bed of a watercourse until I arrived at a white-ant hill. On my way home I shot a gazelle, thus the natives all had flesh from the two animals on the first night of the march.

The wives appeared to be excellent women, as they arrived in great numbers with a quantity of hard porridge made of dhurra flour, which was to form the commissariat for a journey of nearly 160 miles to Unyoro and

back.

If a native travels through wilderness, he will always make forced marches, thus the Fatikos would only sleep one night upon the road of seventy-eight miles when on the return journey.

On the following morning, we were rather late in starting, as more women arrived with food, and certain farewells took place. The Fatiko natives appeared to be very superior to the Lobore, as not one man absconded. In fact, one native who had a swollen leg which prevented him from walking, actually sent back his cow with an explanation of the cause of absence.

On 19th March we started at 6.50 a.m., all our carriers being well provided with food. The country was as usual a well-watered undulating prairie, abounding in game. At this season the journey was very delightful, but when the grass is about nine feet high it is simply detestable travelling.

On the march, we, as usual, led the way. Lieutenant Baker dismounted for a shot at a splendid buck (Leucotis), which he wounded somewhere behind, and the animal made off in evident discomfort. This was a signal for the

natives, who immediately put down their loads and started off in pursuit, like a pack of hounds.

Although the animal was badly hit, the pace was very great, and it went along the face of the opposite undulation followed by the extraordinary runners, who, with their long springing strides, kept up a speed for about three-quarters of a mile that at length brought the leading native sufficiently near for throwing his lance. The next moment a crowd of hungry fellows fell upon the welcome name like starving wolves.

After a march of twelve miles we arrived at a rocky stream of clear water, which is another channel of the Un-y-Ame river, that carries off the main drainage of this country. We halted to refresh the people and to have our breakfast on the clean rock that bordered the stream, and started for the afternoon march at 2 p.m.

During the march I endeavoured to stalk a large bull tetel (Antelope bubulis), but there was very little chance in so open a country. The animal galloped off exactly in a straight line from me at about 200 yards. I put up the last leaf of the sight, and I distinctly heard the bullet strike. The next moment I saw the animal was wounded. It was just

disappearing over the next undulation, and upon arriving at the spot, I saw the wounded bull standing about 200 yards before me.

I approached from behind until within 100 paces, without being observed by the tetel, who was evidently very bad. Moving slightly to my right, I was quickly seen, and the animal turned its flank preparatory to making off. A shot from the “Dutchman” through the shoulder killed it on the spot.

I now found that my first bullet had struck the spine exactly above the root of the tail. This large animal was a good supply for the people, who quickly divided it and continued the march, until, having crossed another stream, we left the open prairie gad entered a low forest. Halted for the night. The march during this day bad been nineteen miles.

On the 20th we marched, from 6 A.M. till 9.45, through undulating forest, and halted upon high ground, which commanded a fine view of the mountain that borders the west shore of the Albert N’yanza, opposite Magungo, about fifty-five miles S. S. W. From our elevated point we looked down over a fine extent of country, and the Fatiko natives pointed out the course of the White Nile from the great lake, along

which was a line of smoke, caused, according to their accounts, by the fishermen who were at this season burning the high reeds on the river's bank.

The natives were thoroughly conversant with the country, as they had on several occasions accompanied the slave-hunters in razzias along the river to Foquatch and Magungo. Just as we halted, a party of Umiro hunters came across our path, but immediately took to flight, as they supposed we were enemies.

The day's march had been thirteen miles, and we were requested by our guide, Shooli, to halt for the night, as there was no water for a considerable distance to the south.

I immediately employed the soldiers in the construction of a cattle kraal, lest the prowling Umiro should endeavour to scare the animals during the night.

On 21st March we started at 6 A.M., and marched thirteen miles through forest. We at length reached water, but it was so thick with mud that the horses refused to drink it.

On the 22nd we were compelled to march twenty-three miles, as the water was quite undrinkable, the few muddy pools having been stirred into paste by the buffaloes and elephants.

We now reached the grand Victoria Nile, flowing beneath cliffs of seventy or eighty feet in depth, through magnificent forest. It was refreshing for all parties to obtain pure water after the miserable fluid we had lately been compelled to drink.

In the evening a sheik and several people, who had known me formerly, crossed the river from the Unyoro side, and desired an interview. They reported that the Khartoum traders had almost destroyed the country, and they begged me simply to judge with my own eyes.

I must now extract from my journal the entry of the date, as, although briefly written, it will convey the impression of the moment:—

“March 23, 1872.—We marched three miles east, along the banks of the beautiful Victoria Nile, through fine open forest, until we halted on a high cliff exactly opposite, the last station of Abou Saood, commanded

by a vakeel named Suleiman.

“It is impossible to describe the change that has taken place since I last visited this country. It was then a perfect garden, thickly populated, and producing all that man could desire. The villages were numerous; groves of plantains fringed the steep cliff’s on the river’s bank; and the natives were neatly dressed in the bark cloth of the country.

“The scene has changed!

“All is wilderness! The population has fled. Not a village is to be seen!

“This is the certain result of the settlement of Khartoum traders. They kidnap the women and children for slaves, and plunder and destroy wherever they set their foot.

“Seleiman and Eddrees, two vakeels, who were well known to me as forming a portion of Ibrahim’s party on my former journey, now came across the river to visit me.

“The cunning Abou Saood has never told them of the expiration of the government contract with Agad & Co., neither had they any warning of my expected arrival.

“I explained the exact state of affairs.

“The principal sheik of the district, with many people, came to see me. The chief, Quonga, was one of my old acquaintances, and was formerly the favourite adviser of Kamrasi.

“Kamrasi died about two years ago. His sons fought for the succession, and each aspirant sought the aid of the traders. This civil strife exactly suited the interests of the treacherous Khartoumers. The several companies of slave-hunters scattered over the Madi, Shooli, and Unyoro countries represented only one interest, that of their employers, Agad and Co.

“Each company, commanded by its independent vakeel, arrived in Unyoro, and supported the cause of each antagonistic pretender to the throne, and treacherously worked for the ruin of all, excepting him who would be

able to supply the largest amount of ivory and slaves.

“The favourite sons of Kamrasi were Kabba Rega and Kabka Miro, while the old enemy of the family, Rionga, the cousin of Kamrasi, again appeared upon the scene.

“The companies of Abou Saood supported all three, receiving ivory and slaves from each as the hire of mercenary troops; and at length they played out their game by shooting Kabka Miro, and securing the throne to Kabba Rega.

“They arranged with Rionga that he should be ostensibly banished to a convenient distance, to be ready as a trump card, should occasion require, against the new king, Kabba Rega.

“I explained the new reform to Quonga, and I gave him the following presents for Kabba Rega, who resides about six days’ march south-west of this spot:—

“One piece entire of Turkey red cloth, one piece grey calico, twelve pounds of beads of the finest varieties, three zinc mirrors, two razors,

one long butcher’s knife, two pair scissors, one brass bugle, one German horn, two pieces of red and yellow handkerchiefs, one piece of yellow ditto, one peacock Indian scarf, one blue blanket, six German silver spoons, sixteen pairs of various carrings, twelve finger-rings, two dozen mule harness bells, six elastic heavy brass spring wires, one pound long white horsehair, three combs, one papier-mache tray, one boxwood fife, one kaleidoscope.

“I proclaimed upon all sides that the reign of terror was ended. As I formerly, when alone, had defended Kamrasi, and driven out the invaders under Wat-el-Mek, by hoisting the English ensign, so now I would take the country under my protection with a powerful force.

“I gave Quonga and all his sheiks presents of beads, and shocked them powerfully with the magnetic battery, leaving a strong impression.

“March 24.-I wrote officially to Suleiman, the vakeel of Agad & Co., to give him warning ‘that sixteen days hence the contract would expire, and that he and all his people must be ready to evacuate the country and return to Khartoum on that day. That any person who should remain after this notice would be imprisoned. That, should he or any of his people

wish to enlist in the service of the government as irregular troops, their names must be handed in before the expiration of two days.'

"Suleiman declared his willingness to enlist together with Eddrees and several others.

"He told me that nothing could be procured in the country. Thank God I left a good reputation here seven years ago; thus I shall be able to purchase food.

"This morning my old acquaintance, Keedja, formerly chief of Atada, came to see me with many of his people, and with perfect confidence they commenced a trade, bringing provisions in exchange for beads. They promised to arrive tomorrow, and to establish a daily market at our camp.

"Keedja explains that he and his people have been obliged to fly from the depredations of the companies of Abou Saood, thus they have settled in the forest on the north side of the river, and have cultivated farms. They have very few clothes, as their bark-cloth trees are on the south side of the river in their old plantations.

“All the people declare they will now return to their old habitations and re-cultivate the land as in former days.

“I found that the natives who ran from us on the march, and dropped their elephant spears, were Keedja’s people, thus I returned to them the three spears and an axe, to their great astonishment. (A party of native hunters had been scared during our march by our sudden appearance.)

“The elephant spears were of a kind used from trees. The blade is about twenty inches long, the handle about twenty-four inches. The end of the handle is heavily weighted with a lump of several pounds, composed of clay, cow-dung, and chopped straw, and the weapon, beautifully sharpened, is dropped upon the elephant’s back by a hunter from the branches of a tree. The constant movement of the heavy handle as it strikes the boughs when the elephant rushes through the forest, cuts the animal so terribly that it bleeds to death. The hunters follow on the blood track until they find the dying animal.

“March 25. —Suleiman, the vakeel, summoned his men to volunteer for the

government service as irregular troops.

“I issued a written proclamation, that should volunteers enlist, the term of service would be annual, subject to three months’ notice, should any officer or private wish to retire at the expiration of twelve months.

“The rank of the vakeel would be equivalent to that of major in the regular army.

“The pay would be equal to that of regular troops.

“If I can form a regiment of 600 irregulars I shall be independent of troops from Khartoum.

“March 26. —Quonga and many other sheiks arrived, and were quite delighted with the wheel of life.

“The natives are selling sweet potatoes and tobacco for beads, but flour is brought in very small quantities.

“March 27. —Provisions are coming in so slowly that we shall be short of food. Upon the arrival of Quonga and his sheiks, I make a hot complaint; he coldly told me that it would be better if the soldiers were to forage for themselves.

“I explained to him the rigid discipline that I enforced, and that, should I once permit thieving, the troops’ character would be entirely ruined, and they would pillage throughout the route.

“He replied that this neighbourhood was in a state of anarchy; that many of the inhabitants were hostile to Kabba Rega, and they would not obey his orders.

“I told him that my troops were lambs if well fed, but they were like lions if hungry, and to prove their number I would summon them before him.

“The bugle sounded the ‘taboor,’ and upwards of 100 men immediately fell in with bayonets fixed, to the no small dismay of Quonga and his sheiks, who began to look very uneasy at the scarlet uniforms. By a coup de theatre, I marched the men, with bugles and drums playing, round the

numerous huts, so that they reappeared twice before the tent, and thus doubled their real number.

“At the halt and dismissal, they shouted their usual wild cry in Turkish, in honour of their commander.

“‘Do you understand what they say?’ I asked Quonga. To his negative reply, I answered, ‘They say they will eat from the country if provisions are not supplied tomorrow!’

“Quonga and his sheiks started off immediately to give the necessary orders.

“Upon his return I told him ‘to advise Kabba Rega to behave in a different manner to the conduct of his father, the late Kamrasi. I had returned to this country to bestow prosperity upon the land; that if Kabba Rega meant fair dealing and legitimate trade, he must act honourably and sincerely; if I should find any signs of unfairness, I should pass on direct to Uganda, the Country of M’tese, and he would receive the goods I had intended for Unyoro.’

“Negroes are great deceivers, especially the natives of Unyoro. I have beads, cattle, merchandise, and every article necessary to purchase flour and potatoes: nevertheless, our wants are not supplied. The cattle are dying, as the change of herbage does not agree with them; this is a sad loss. (One of the African difficulties consists in the mortality of the cattle when changing districts.)

“March 28. —The great sheik, Lokara, who is the commander-in-chief of Kabba Rega’s forces, arrived. This man has left a large army on the banks of the Nile, a few hours’ march up stream, ready to attack Rionga, who is settled, with his people, on an island in the river. Of course he is come to request military aid. This is the old story. Upon my last visit I was bored almost to death by Kamrasi, with requests that I would assist him to attack Rionga. I have only been here for a few days when I am troubled with the old tune.

“March 29. —Provisions are very scarce; the people have been fighting for so many years that cultivation has been much neglected, and the natives live principally upon plantains.

“I gave Suleiman, the vakeel, five cows yesterday. He declares that Abou

Saood told him that my term of service with the Egyptian government had expired, therefore the entire country was now in his hands. This liar, Abou Saood, will some day reap the fruits of his treachery.

“I ordered the government flag to be hoisted in Suleiman’s camp, and the vakeel, Suleiman, called upon all those who were willing to enlist in the service of the Khedive to assemble beneath the ensign. Sixty-one men registered their names.

“The only difficulty is the rate of wages. I offer the privates sixty piastres (the piastre equals twopence-halfpenny) per month, i.e., thirty piastres as equal pay to that of the regulars, and thirty piastres in lieu of clothes. Formerly these brigands nominally received fifty and fifty-five piastres, in addition to one third of all cattle that might be captured in razzias.

“Should I be able to establish a small irregular corps as a commencement, the expense would be considerable in proportion to the actual proceeds in ivory. The position is difficult.

“A radical change throughout the country is absolutely necessary. The

companies have hitherto purchased ivory with slaves and cattle; thus all countries in which this custom has been established, must be abandoned until the natives will sell ivory in exchange for goods.

“The expenses will continue, or perhaps augment, while the ivory produce must decrease for the first twelve months, or until the people will understand and accept the reform.

“Without an irregular force it will be impossible to hold the country, and at the same time to carry on the work of government. The force that I originally proposed, of 1,650, is absolutely required to occupy a chain of stations from Gondokoro.

“March 30.—The cows are dying in great numbers, and the natives are bringing large quantities of potatoes in exchange for the flesh, but there is no corn in the country.

“The days and nights are now cloudy and showery.

“Lokara and Quonga came this morning, but no messenger has yet arrived from Kabba Rega.

“I gave Lokara a blue shirt, a long red sash, and a crimson fez, to his great delight. The chiefs were much struck with the present intended for Kabba Rega; this consisted of three rows of roman pearls as large as marbles, with a gilt shield, and onyx-pendant tied up with green satin ribbon.

“March 31.—I sent all the cattle across the river in charge of Quonga; two were carried off by crocodiles while in the act of swimming.

“The great sheiks paid me a visit, together with many of inferior rank. Lokara, Quonga, Matonse, and Pittia, were among the principal chiefs of the country. As they were sitting before me, Lokara lighted a huge pipe and immediately commenced smoking. This is a great breach of etiquette, as smoking is strictly forbidden in the presence of Kabba Rega.

“My old Cairo dragoman, Mohammed, who was now thoroughly installed as one of the expedition, was well up in the customs of the country, and he quietly resented the insult of the pipe.

“He gently approached with a bottle of water, which he poured politely

into the bowl, as though he was conferring a favour; at the same time, he explained that in my presence every one smoked water instead of tobacco. The hint was immediately taken, and the huge pipe, thus summarily extinguished, was handed to a slave in attendance.

“We now entered upon geographical discussions. All the chiefs declared that the M’wootan N’zige extends beyond Karagwe, and that it exceeds the Victoria N’yanza in size. The native name, in Unyoro, for the Victoria N’yanza is simply N’yanza, and for the White Nile, Masaba.

“There is a country called Barega on the Albert N’yanza, south-west of Uganda, governed by a powerful king whose people are armed with bows, and arrows that are feathered. I have never yet seen feathered arrows among the White Nile tribes.

“The great mountain Bartooma is again mentioned, as on my former journey. I imagine it must be identical with the M’fumbiro of Speke.

“I shall send an expedition front Magungo to Ibrahimeyah by river to prove the capabilities of the route. I shall form a station at Magungo to trade with Malegga on the opposite shore. I shall then thoroughly

explore the Albert N’yanza in boats, and afterwards proceed to King M’tese of Uganda … .

“It rained last evening and during the night. Seven cows died. I have erected a comfortable stable for the horses.

“April 1.—The people belonging to Suleiman hesitate to accept the government pay, although a day or two ago they enlisted. I fear that these people can never be trusted. I shall give them a little time to consider, after which, if they refuse to serve, I shall turn them out of the country. Every camp or zareeba is course full of slaves.

“There is a curious custom throughout Unyoro: a peculiar caste are cattle-keepers. These people only attend to the herds, and the profession is inherited from past generations. They are called Bohooma, and they are the direct descendants of the Gallas who originally conquered the country, and, like the reigning family, they are of an extremely light colour. If the herds are carried off in battle, the Bohooma, who never carry arms, accompany; them to their new masters, and continue their employment. Nothing but death will separate them from their cattle.

“April 2.—The natives built a zareeba yesterday for the cattle; but they are dying as rapidly as upon the north side of the river.

“I tried to do a little geography with the sheik, Pittia. He was the man who, some years ago, first gave me the information respecting the distance of the Albert N’yanza from M’rooli. He would say nothing without orders from the king, beyond telling me that you might travel for months upon the lake.

“It is very annoying in this country that no information can be obtained, neither can any work be commenced, without the direct order of the king. My patience is sorely tried. No reply has as yet been delivered to my message sent to Kabba Rega, although ten days have elapsed.

“My desire is to benefit the country by opening the road for legitimate commerce; but the difficulties are great, as the king will endeavour to monopolize the market, and thus prevent free trade.

“April 3.—I sent for all the great sheiks to complain of Kabba Rega’s

conduct. This young fellow was evidently aping the manners of his father, Kamrasi, and attempting to show his own importance by keeping me waiting. The sheiks explained, that before my arrival, Suleiman had agreed to furnish soldiers to assist the forces of Kabba Rega in a united attack upon Rionga; and the army was now only a short distance from this spot, expecting the promised aid. My arrival had upset all their plans, as I had forbidden all action until I should have had a personal interview with Kabba Rega.

“The military operations were in abeyance until a reply should be received from the king. The return messengers were expected this evening.

“The sheiks declare that the ruling class in this country are all exceedingly light in complexion ‘because they do no work, but sit in the shade and drink abundance of milk.’

“The natives of Unyoro are very inferior in PHYSIQUE to the Fatiko. This is the result of vegetable food without either cereals or flesh. None of the general public possess cattle; thus the food of the people from infancy, after their mothers’ milk has ceased, is restricted to

plantains and the watery sweet potatoes. The want of milk is very detrimental to the children. The men generally exhibit a want of muscle, and many are troubled with cutaneous diseases.

“April 4.—The messengers are reported to have arrived from Kabba Rega. Last evening, at 8 P.M., we had a very heavy storm of rain with thunder. Fifteen cows died to-day, and I fear we shall lose the greater portion of the herd. All cattle that may be brought from the countries of Bari, Madi, and Langgo, are said to die on arrival in Unyoro.

“April 5.—The great sheiks, Rahonka and Kittakara, arrived, together with Lokara and Quonga, and the smaller fry, Pittia and Mallegge. The latter was my guide to the Albert N’yanza many years ago.

“The ‘Forty Thieves’ and the band received them on arrival. The band was, of course, encored, all being delighted with the big drum and the cymbals. The latter were examined as great curiosities.

“Rahonka is Kamrasi’s maternal uncle, and is great-uncle to Kabba Rega; and he can give more information than any man concerning the neighbouring countries.

“In reply to my inquiries about Livingstone, he says that two persons are living in a large house in Karagwe, which they have constructed in a different form to those of the natives. These people have no military escort, but they possess a large quantity of goods. This does not sound like Livingstone, unless he may have joined some Arab merchant.

“There are natives of Karagwe now visiting Kabba Rega at Masindi; thus I shall have a good opportunity of making inquiries. There are likewise envoys from M’tese in this country; therefore I shall be able to send him a valuable present, and beg him to search for Livingstone in all directions.

“April 6.—Kabba Rega’s messengers presented themselves, with an offering of two cows, a parcel of salt, and some plantains.

“One of these cows is a splendid animal from Umiro. She is the size of a fair Durham—bright red colour—with immensely long and massive horns.

“Had I not had former experience in this country, and provided myself with a herd of cattle, eve should have been half-starved, as there is

nothing to be procured but beans, sweet potatoes, and plantains.

“April 7.—We all crossed the river in canoes. A heavy shower fell this morning. My improvident men have torn all their waterproof cloaks and blankets just as we have arrived in a country where they will be most required.

“April 8.—It now rains daily, more or less. The order was given by Kabba Rega that we were to be supplied with carriers for the journey to Masindi, which is to be under the charge of Rahonka. Suleiman and Eddrees have arranged with their men, all of whom now present in the camp have agreed to accept the government rate of pay, and to enlist for twelve months. I accordingly issued serkis, or certificates, for each man, with his name, date of engagement, and rate of wages.

“This is very satisfactory, as I shall now have a station in my rear on the river, with the command of boats, while I march up the country to Masindi. The irregulars in this station, which is in the district of Foweera, number sixty-five men. If they remain faithful, they will form a nucleus for the irregulars who will most probably follow their example. I understand that a small party of seventeen men are now

staying with Kabba Rega. These people will join their comrades under Suleiman, and raise the strength of the Foweera station to eighty-two men. I shall thus be able to keep up a communication with my detachment at Fatiko.

“April 9.—At the expiration of Agad’s contract there were 188 elephants’ tusks in the zareeba of Suleiman. These will remain in his care.

“The natives collected were insufficient to convey all the loads. I therefore sent off a division, escorted by Morgian Agha with ten men, to await my arrival at the village of Deang. The sheik, Rahonka, killed a man who attempted to evade the order to carry baggage.

“April 10.—Rain fell throughout the night, which makes everybody miserable. During the middle watch, having been awakened by the heavy shower, I heard the sentry outside my tent muttering a kind of low chant:—‘This is the country for rain and potatoes; this is the place for potatoes and rain. Potatoes and rain, potatoes and rain; rain and potatoes, rain and potatoes.’

“Neither the rain nor the potatoes were esteemed by the troops. The roots were almost as watery as the rain, and their sweetness was excessive. A very uncomfortable result from this vapid food was extreme flatulence. The waist-belts of the boys were obliged to be let out by several holes at the buckles. As my men justly declared, ‘They were uncomfortably full after a meal; but half-an-hour’s march made them feel as though they had fasted for a day.’

“During the afternoon I was sitting beneath a shady tree, with my wife and Lieutenant Baker, when a naked native rushed wildly past the sentries, and, before he could be restrained threw himself on the ground and embraced my feet, at the same time begging for mercy by the Arabic ejaculation, ‘Aman! aman!’

“He was immediately seized. On examination through an interpreter, it appeared that he was a native of Koitch, near Fatiko, and that he had attached himself to Suleiman’s party at some former time, but now he had just escaped from the Foweera station, as Suleiman wished to kill him.

“In a few minutes Suleiman himself appeared: he was pale with rage.

“Suleiman was a thorough brigand in appearance. His father was a Kurd: thus his complexion would have been white had he not been for many years exposed to the African climate. He was a powerful dare-devil-looking fellow, but even among his own people he was reputed cruel and vindictive.

“He was so overpowered with passion that he approached and kissed my hand at the same time imploring me, ‘as a favour, to allow him to cut off the native’s head with his sabre.’

“Upon a trial of the case, I found that the native was a thief, and that upon a former occasion he had stolen a gun and two pistols from the camp, which, after some trouble, had been recovered. He was now accused of aiding and abetting at the escape of five female slaves from the zareeba during the past night, therefore he was to be beheaded without delay.

“As this was not my form of punishment, especially for the crime of *releasing slaves* that had been captured by force, I ordered the native to be secured in the zareeba until further orders, but on no account should he be injured.

“Although I had heard from my old Cairo dragoman, Mohammed, that the prisoner was a bad character, I did not wish to punish him severely, as the effect among the natives of the country would be disastrous. He had run to me for protection, therefore, should he suffer, a precedent would be established that would deter others from appealing to me for mercy.

“The man was led away under a guard and was secured in the zareeba. Suleiman acknowledged that he was in an inexcusable rage, but that I had been just in my decision, and he would keep the prisoner in safe custody until further orders. Suleiman was to accompany me on the journey to Masindi on the following morning, as Rahonka had collected the native carriers.

“That evening, after a heavy shower, we witnessed one of those remarkable appearances of the winged white ants that issued from a mound within a few yards of our tent. Millions of these large fat insects struggled into their ephemeral flight, and were quickly caught by our people with lighted wisps of straw. The ant disengages its wings a few minutes after its appearance from the parent mound.

“The exodus from the ant-hill takes place annually at the commencement of the rainy season, and the collection of the insects is considered to be an important harvest throughout all Central Africa. The white ant, in this stage of its existence, is esteemed as a great delicacy when fried in a little butter.

“We tasted a considerable number, and found them tolerably good, but with a slight flavour of burnt feathers.

“On April 11 we were ready to start, but at the last moment the vakeel, Suleiman, who was to accompany us, excused himself until the next day, as he had some important business to transact with his people. I accordingly gave him permission to remain, but I ordered him to follow me quickly, as it would be necessary to present him to Kabba Rega in his new position as vakeel of the government.” … .

It will now be necessary to explain the true position of affairs, which at that time I did not suspect.

Upon my first arrival at the river, when I had explained my views to Suleiman, he had immediately despatched a letter to Abou Saood at

Fatiko. His party had travelled fast, and they returned with an answer.

I could never discover the actual contents of the letter in reply, but I heard that it cautioned Suleiman not to part with the slaves, and to join Abou Saood with his ivory and all his people at the station of Fabbo, a day's march west of Fatiko.

Suleiman was in an awkward position. He had always held a high place in the eyes of Kabba Rega and his chiefs, and his alliance had been courted and obtained for a combined attach upon the old enemy, Rionga. The army of Kabba Rega had been waiting at the rendezvous in expectation of Suleiman's assistance. A fleet of large canoes had been concentrated at a given point for the invasion of the island; and Kabba Rega and his sheiks considered that at length their old enemy was in the snare.

My unexpected arrival had ruined the project, as I strictly forbade Suleiman to attack Rionga.

This disappointed Kabba Rega and his people, who could not understand how I could be the friend of his late father Kamrasi, and at the same time protect his enemy Rionga.

The attack on the island was a dangerous adventure, as it was surrounded by dense masses of papyrus rush that would prevent canoes from landing, except at certain places were narrow passages had been cleared. A few men concealed among the papyrus could massacre an attacking party at discretion, as they struggled through the narrow entrance in canoes. It had been proposed that Suleiman's people were to attack in boats and clear out the enemy by a sharp fire into the papyrus to cover the general advance.

Suleiman was in a dilemma, as he had already promised alliance, and had received a quantity of ivory in payment for his services. He had accordingly made the following secret arrangement with Rahonka and Lokara:—"Let the Pacha and his soldiers start for Masindi, and he will suppose that Suleiman will follow on the morrow; instead of which, he will at once join Kabba Rega's forces, and attack Rionga, when the Pacha shall be several days' journey distant from the river."

On his return to Foweera from a successful invasion of Rionga's island, the commanders of the forces, Lokara and Rahonka, were at once to furnish carriers to transport Suleiman with all his people and ivory to

the Fabbo station, according to the instructions received from Abou Saood.

I should thus be deceived, and be left at Masindi, 160 miles distant from my detachment at Fatiko, without the power of communication.

At 8.30 A.M. we were in the saddle, and started from Foweera. Suleiman came to kiss my hand at my departure. We rode at once into the low forest, and as the last man of our party disappeared from view, Suleiman returned to his zareeba. He then prepared for vengeance, which through my presence had long been delayed.

He and his ferocious people dragged the prisoner (whose life I had protected) from the camp, until they arrived at a thick grove of plantains about 200 paces from the station. Rahonka, Lokara, Quonga, Matonse, and other principal chiefs, were summoned to witness the impotence of the Pacha's power to save; and to see with their own eyes the defiance that Suleiman would exhibit to the orders of a Christian.

"Now let the natives clasp the knees of the Pacha and defy the power of Suleiman!"

The ruffian drew his sabre, and with his own hand, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, he hacked off the head of the unfortunate prisoner, and thus publicly ridiculed my authority.

In the mean time, while this murder was being committed, we were travelling onward without a suspicion of treachery. (It will be seen how by degrees I became acquainted with the crime and designs of Suleiman, who had already secretly forwarded instructions to his men at Masindi at the same time that he had communicated in his rear with Abou Saood at Fatiko.)

Accompanied by Lady Baker, I rode at the head of the party with my usual advanced guard of five picked men of “The Forty.” Lieutenant Baker walked on foot, as he wished to save his horse’s back that was slightly galled.

We rode far in advance, as there was no danger to be apprehended in this country, and my five guards with knapsacks, small axes, and general accoutrements, kept the pace of four miles an hour for about twenty-one miles to Kisoona. The march had been through forest, and grass about

four feet in height, which was now growing vigorously after the recent showers. The large trees were covered with orchids, among which I noticed a peculiar species which hung from the boughs like an apron. This was exceedingly pretty, as the leaf was about eighteen inches in breadth, the edges were scalloped and of a copper-brown colour, while the upper portion was dark green.

The whole country had been desolated by civil war, in which the companions of Abou Saood had taken a prominent part, and had carried off a great number of the women.

Kisoona was a poor straggling place in the centre of the forest; but although the beehive-shaped huts were far apart, there was the usual amount of filth and ashes that disgrace the villages of Unyoro. A very large plantation of bananas afforded food for the inhabitants, all of whom seemed to have disappeared.

Throughout Unyoro the soil is exceedingly rich; the tobacco gardens exhibited an extreme luxuriance, and the size of the leaves formed a great contrast to the plants in the hot soil of the Bari country.

I placed a sentry over the tobacco, and cautioned the troops against stealing or in any way damaging the crops.

A native of Umiro travelled as our interpreter. This man was a confidential slave belonging to Kabba Rega, and formed one of his regiment. Umbogo (or the “Buffalo”) was a highly intelligent fellow, and spoke good Arabic, as he had been constantly associated with the Arab slave-traders. I had supplied him with clothes, and he looked quite respectable in a blue shirt belted round the waist, with a cartouche-pouch of leopard’s skin, that had been given him by the people of the zareeba. Umbogo carried a musket, and was altogether a very important personage, although a slave.

The long march of twenty-one miles, through forest, along a rough and narrow path, had delayed the carriers and the cattle. Although my men had stepped along so briskly, the rear-guard did not arrive until the evening. A tremendous downpour of rain deluged the ground. This was a godsend to us, who were well housed and tented, as we caught a good supply of water with the mackintosh camp-sheets that was very superior to the contents of a small pool, which usually sufficed for the village people.

I always travelled with a large sponging bath, which was one of the household gods of the expedition. This was now full of pure rain water. The value of this old friend was incalculable. In former years I had crossed the Atbara river in this same bath, lashed upon an angareb (stretcher), supported by inflated skins. Without extra flotation it would support my weight, and it was always used when crossing a small stream, assisted by two men wading, one of whom held it on either side to prevent it from overturning. Thus we could travel without the necessity of plunging into deep mud and water.

Such a utensil was invaluable for watering the horses; also for washing clothes, or for receiving a supply of rain-water during a shower, from the camp-sheets suspended above the bath.

The neighbourhood of Kisoona was very populous, but the villages were all concealed in the forest, amidst vast groves of bananas.

There was a large tract of potato cultivation; a supply of these welcome roots was with difficulty obtained from the natives.

It appeared to be a repetition of my former experience in this country, which unpleasantly reminded me of the scarcity of food during my first exploration of Unyoro.

On the following morning (12th April), when the horses were saddled and we were ready to start, not a single native was forthcoming. Every man of about 200 carriers had absconded!

“Although Rahonka had assured me, previous to starting from the river, that food would be ready for the troops at every halting-place, nothing has been prepared. We are thus left as much neglected as during my former voyage in this detestable country. There is not one sheik with us, although three principal chiefs were told off to accompany us to Masindi. I therefore told our friend Pittia that I should not proceed farther, as I would have nothing to do with so miserable a king as Kabba Rega.

“I immediately sent Colonel Abd-el-Kader back to Foweera with thirty men, and a letter to Suleiman, ordering him to collect 300 men at once to return my effects to his zareeba. I tied Pittia, the guide, by a small cord attached to the neck, as I feared he also might escape. What

can be done with these treacherous people?

“There is a report, now confirmed by the dragoman, Umbogo, that a plan had been arranged between Suleiman and Rahonka that I should be led out of their way, and they would then join their forces and attack Rionga.

“I do not believe that Suleiman would place his head in such a halter.

“Very heavy rain at 1 P.M.

“April 13.—The soil is wonderfully fertile—this is a chocolate-coloured vegetable loam. Among the crops is a species of esculent solanum, with large orange-coloured berries; both the fruit and leaves are eaten by the natives.

“I repaired my boots to-day with the milk from the india-rubber-tree. Julian (Lieutenant Baker) had fever. Colonel Abd-el-Kader and party returned at 2.40 P.M., having marched rapidly, and accomplished their mission and a journey of forty-two miles in twenty-seven hours and forty minutes.

“This excellent officer brought with him, secured by a small leather thong, by the neck, the great sheiks Kittakara, Matonse, and several smaller fry.

“The royal sheik, Rahonka, escaped by breaking through the side of his hut.

“The report was as follows:—

“Colonel Abd-el-Kader and his party of thirty men had arrived at Suleiman’s zareeba at about 8 P.M. He found the vakeels, Suleiman and Eddrees, surrounded by many of their men, apparently in consultation.

“Upon Abd-el-Kader’s appearance, the men moved off, one by one, and quietly packed up their effects, preparatory to a general flight.

“Abd-el-Kader informed Suleiman of the desertion of our carriers. He then at once proceeded to the native zareeba, about 200 yards from the camp. He there found the principal sheiks in the hut of Rahonka.

“Abd-el-Kader immediately informed them of the purport of his arrival,

and requested the sheiks to accompany him to the zareeba of Suleiman. Rahonka begged to be left alone for a short time to enable him to dress.

“Abd-el-Kader waited outside the door of the hut, and, becoming tired of so long a delay, he re-entered, and to his astonishment found the dwelling *empty.* Rahonka had escaped by a hole in the straw wall.

“Suspicion being raised by the incomprehensible flight of Rahonka, the colonel placed the remaining sheiks under a guard, and led them to Suleiman’s zareeba. He then applied to Suleiman for a guard of eight men to watch the sheiks during the night, as his own party required rest.

“Suleiman now informed him that he could not supply the men, as all his people had absconded from fear (of Abd-el-Kader).

“On the following morning the colonel perceived, from the smoke above our old camp on the opposite side of the river (which in this part is 500 yards broad), that Suleiman’s people had escaped during the night, and had crossed the river with all their slaves and effects.

“This was the first act of my new irregular levy—they had positively

run away from the colonel like a parcel of hostile natives!

“Suleiman and Eddrees declared that they could not control their men, who were afraid that I had ordered my officer to release the slaves that were in their possession. (The truth was they considered that I had heard of the murder of the prisoner committed to the care of Suleiman, and that I had sent the colonel and his party to make inquiries.)

“Abd-el-Kader ordered Suleiman to accompany him to my halting-place at Kisoona. Suleiman declined upon the excuse that he had some business, but that he would present himself tomorrow.”

“I can stand these scoundrels’ conduct no longer. I have tried lenient measures, and I had hoped that by forming Suleiman’s party into an irregular corps I might be able, by degrees, to change their habits, and to reduce them by good discipline into useful troops, but ‘Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?’

“I immediately released and examined the captive sheiks, who one and all declared that the fault lay with Suleiman, who had previously arranged the plan with Rahonka: that when I should be led away a distance of two

days' journey, he would assemble his men and attack Rionga in conjunction with Rahonka's army.

"The report of Umbogo, the dragoman, is thus corroborated by overwhelming evidence. This man, Umbogo, declares that Abou Saood wrote to Suleiman, instructing him to wait until I should have passed on, and then to bring all his slaves to Fabbo.

"I immediately sent Captain Mohammed Deii with fifty men, including twenty-five of the 'Forty Thieves,' with orders to liberate all slaves that might be discovered within the zareeba. He was to summon all the people of Suleiman, and to disarm those who had run away from the colonel, Abd-el-Kader.

"In the event of resistance, he was to use the force at his disposal, and at all hazards to prevent the escape of the slavers across the river.

"Suleiman and Eddrees were to be brought before me.

"A heavy shower fell just after the troops started.

“April 14.—Julian’s horse, Gazelle, died last night; the poor animal had been ill for some days.

“Quonga, who is the sheik of this district, came this morning and excused his absence in rather a lame fashion, by saying that he had been collecting food for the troops, together with carriers, who are now ready to transport the baggage to Masindi. He declared that Kabba Rega was impatient, and had sent three of Suleiman’s people to deliver the message to me, but these rascals had passed on this morning direct to the zareeba of Suleiman, without communicating with us on the way.

“Quonga not only corroborated the testimony of the sheiks and the dragoman, Umbogo, against Suleiman, as having conspired to attack Rionga after my departure, but he gave additional evidence, that ‘Suleiman had told Rahonka and the great sheiks that I, the Pacha, knew nothing about war, that none of the government troops could shoot, and that I should only travel and subsist upon the country, but that he (Suleiman) would join them and kill Rionga after I should have departed.’

“This I believe to be true, as a few days ago, when speaking of the

troops, I told Suleiman that the Soudanis were very hardy soldiers for marching and resisting climate, but that generally they were bad shots. Thus, in a treacherous manner, he has informed the natives that the soldiers of the government cannot shoot. In the afternoon, fresh reports reached me that Suleiman had, with his own hands, murdered the native to whom I had given protection. He had committed this horrible act the instant that my back was turned, and he had exhibited the crime before the great sheiks in derision of my authority!

“At 4.30 P.M. Captain Mohammed Deii returned with his party of fifty men, together with the vakeels, Suleiman and Eddrees, with six of their men who had been met upon their road from Masindi, and eight slaves.

“As I had expected, the greater number of Suleiman’s people had escaped with their slaves to Fabbo, when the Colonel, Abd-el-Kader, had suddenly appeared among them; his arrival had disconcerted all Suleiman’s arrangements, and my detention at Kisoona had completely upset all his plans respecting an alliance with Rahonka’s army. That cunning general had gone off straight to Kabba Rega after his escape through the wall of his hut.

“I summoned the great sheiks, Kittakara, Quonga, together with Pittia, and several others. These men gave their evidence most clearly as witnesses to the plan arranged by Suleiman for the attack upon Rionga; and as eye-witnesses to the murder of the prisoner, whom they saw dragged by Suleiman and his men to the grove of bananas, where he was beheaded.

“I ordered Suleiman and his people to be disarmed; and secured both him and Eddrees in shebas.

“The sun had set, and, the sky being over-cast, it had become extremely dark.

“I proceeded at once to the trial of Suleiman and Eddrees, as the witnesses were all present.

“The bugler sounded the ‘taboor’ (assembly), and the officers and troops quickly appeared, and formed in line two deep, facing the table at which we sat. I ordered half-a-dozen large port-fires to be brought; these were lighted and held by six men who stepped forward from the ranks. The blaze of red light illumined the whole neighbourhood, and cast a

peculiar glow upon the dark foliage of the bananas and the forms of the dusky chiefs who sat in a line opposite the troops.

“Suleiman and Eddrees were led by the guard, and appeared before the tribunal. Suleiman, although pinioned, retained the same haughty swagger that had always distinguished him. The charges against him were as follows:

“1. For having conspired to attack Rionga, in direct opposition to my positive orders.

“2. For treasonably speaking against the government of the Khedive to the native chiefs.

“3. For arranging and abetting the escape of the irregular new levy, who had enlisted in the government service, together with that of the slaves.

“4. For having murdered, with his own hands, a native whom I had confided to his care.

“After a careful trial the prisoner was found guilty upon every charge; and the second vakeel, Eddrees, was proved to have been an accomplice.

“I immediately sentenced Suleiman to receive 200 lashes upon the spot, as a first instalment of future punishment. Blue lights had been substituted for the port-fires that had burned out, and the haughty brigand, Suleiman, was laid upon the ground by the ready troops to receive his punishment.

“My ever-present attendant, Monsoor, volunteered to be one of the whippers, and the pride and audacity of the prisoner were soon exchanged for effeminate cries for pardon. It was this same man, Suleiman, who had flogged a poor boy nearly to death during my former journey, and the life of the child had with difficulty been saved by the kind attention of my wife. When he now cried for mercy, I recalled to his recollection the unfortunate boy whose posterior he had literally CUT OFF with a whip of hippopotamus’ hide… .

“Eddrees was sentenced to receive 100 lashes, but when thirty strokes had been administered, the native chiefs interceded in his behalf, saying that the great blame rested upon Suleiman, and that Eddrees was

not a bad man, but that he was obliged to obey the orders of his superior.

“They now continued, ‘that Suleiman had ruined the country, that he had kidnapped all the women and children, and that the natives had fled from their homes as the result.’

“I was much struck with the straightforward, at the same time moderate behaviour of the native chiefs. I accordingly spared Eddrees, who at once turned evidence against Suleiman, together with two of his own soldiers.

“They signed a declaration as witnesses of the murder of the native by Suleiman. This paper was formally witnessed and signed by Lieutenant Baker, Colonel Abd-el-Kader, and Captain Mohammed Deii.

“The punishment having been awarded and the prisoners withdrawn, but secured in shebas by the guard, I addressed the native chiefs, assuring them of my protection; and that in future the country should be governed with perfect justice; that property and the rights of women and children would be respected, and that any transgressor of the law would be

punished. I explained that the object of the expedition was to bring prosperity; but, on the other hand, I should expect fidelity from Kabba Rega and his people. I told them that I should lead the prisoners in shebas to Kabba Rega, he must then summon a general assembly of his chiefs to hear and witness the truth.

“I now ordered the bugler to sound the ‘destoor’ (retreat), and the troops marched back to their quarters.

“The trial was over; the blue lights had burnt out, and we were now in comparative darkness beneath the banana foliage, with a feeble lamp glimmering on the table.

“The native chiefs declared their perfect confidence in the government, and that we should start on the following morning direct for Masindi.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARCH TO MASINDI.

“April l5.—The latitude of Kisoona was 2 degrees 2 minutes 36 seconds

N. We started at 11 A.M. till 1 P.M., reaching Kasiga—eight miles—through interminable forest full of fine ripe yellow plums and unripe custard apples.

“April 16.—Started at 8.20 A.M. till 12—arriving at Koki—thick forest throughout the march. We passed several small villages, and made twelve miles, N. lat. 1 degree 59 minutes. I gave various seeds of European vegetables to the headman; and I myself sowed the seeds of watermelons and sweet melons in his garden, and explained their cultivation.

“April 17.—All the carriers have absconded. There is extensive cultivation in this district, and the tobacco is well attended, as the tops of the plants are carefully nipped off to prevent them from running too much into stalk.

“The chief, Kittakara, who is a kind of prime minister to Kabba Rega, gave me this afternoon the history of the country.

“Kabba Rega is the sixteenth king since the original conquest of Unyoro by the Gallas. These invaders arrived from the East, beyond the country

of the Langgos.

“To this day a peculiar custom is observed. Before a new king can ascend the throne, he is compelled to sleep during two nights on the east of the Victoria Nile. He then marches along the path by which his victorious ancestor invaded Unyoro, and upon reaching the river, he takes boat and crosses to the exact landing-place where the original conqueror first set his foot upon the frontier.

“April 18.—I purchased a quantity of excellent tobacco and divided it among the soldiers as a reward for their having respected the native gardens during the march.

“Kittakara is the only gentleman that I have seen in the country, and he never asks for presents, thus forming an extraordinary exception to the rule of Unyoro society.

“I gave him a blue blanket, a zinc mirror, a spoon, comb, and four red and yellow handkerchiefs. To Quonga I gave a tarboosh (fez), and four yards of turkey red cloth.

“April 19.—Fresh carriers arrived, and we started at 10.45 A.M., and halted at 4 P.M.—twelve miles. Forest and high grass as usual throughout the route, which would render this country highly dangerous in case of hostilities.

“The lofty mountains on the west shore of the Albert N’yanza are now in view about fifty miles distant. We halted at a populous district, and occupied a village at Chorobeze.

“There is an impression of general ruin in passing through this wonderfully fertile country. The slave-hunters and their allies have produced this frightful result by ransacking the district for slaves.
“The civil dissensions after Kamrasi’s death were favourable for the traders’ schemes. The two sons, Kabba Rega and Kabka Miro, contended for the throne. The latter was royally born by sire and mother, but Kabba Rega was a son by a shepherdess of the Bahoomas. The throne belonged by inheritance to Kabka Miro, who, not wishing to cause a civil war, and thus destroy the country, challenged his brother to single combat in the presence of all the people. The victor was to be king.

“Kabba Rega was a coward, and refused the challenge. The chivalrous

Kabka Miro again offered terms:—Kabba Rega, as the son of the shepherdess, should take all the flocks and herds; and Kabka Miro would occupy the throne.

“Kabba Rega, like most cowards, was exceedingly cunning and treacherous, and, with the alliance of Suleiman’s people, he shot his gallant brother, and secured both the throne and his father’s flocks.”

April 20.—All the native carriers have, as usual, absconded. We are now about twenty-seven riles from Masindi, the headquarters of Kabba Rega, and yet there are no signs of control.

“I ascended a small hill near the village, and sighted the waters of the Albert N’yanza, due west, about twenty miles distant.

“April 21.—About fifty natives collected. I sent off Colonel Abd-el-Kader with the prisoners to Kabba Rega to complain of the want of carriers and provisions. I ordered him to disarm all the traders’ people, and the Baris in their employ, who might be at Masindi; as the news has arrived that the men belonging to Suleiman have returned to Foweera and are actually taking slaves in the neighbourhood.

“April 22.—More natives collected. I sent off 140 loads in charge of Morgian Agha, with an escort of twenty soldiers, and the herd of cattle. The latitude of Chorobeze was 1 degrees 57 minutes N.

“April 23.—The natives having collected, we started at 10.5 a.m. I was obliged to walk, as my good horse, ‘Greedy Grey,’ is sick.

“The route was through forest and high grass as usual. We marched seventeen miles, and halted at immense groves of bananas at a place called Jon Joke.

“The baggage and cattle arrived after sunset, Morgian Agha having been deserted yesterday by all the carriers. As usual, throughout the route the water is bad.

“Alas! my poor horse, `Greedy Grey,’ died to-day. He was the most perfect of all the horses I had brought from Cairo.

“April 24.-As usual, the native carriers have all bolted! Last night a sergeant arrived with a letter addressed to me from Abd-el-Kader, who

has carried out my orders at Masindi by disarming the traders' party.

"April 25.-It rained throughout the night. The carriers sent by Kabba Rega arrived early. We started at 8.15 a.m., and marched ten miles, arriving at last at the capital of Unyoro—Masindi.

"This large town is situated on high undulating land with an extensive view, bounded on the west by the range of mountains bordering the Albert N'yanza, about fifty miles distant. The country is open, but covered with high grass. A succession of knolls, all more or less ornamented with park-like trees, characterize the landscape, which slopes gradually down towards the west, and drains into the Albert N'yanza, which is about twenty miles distant.

"The town of Masindi is, as usual throughout Unyoro, exceedingly neglected, and is composed of some thousand large beehive-shaped straw huts, without any arrangement or plan.

"I selected a position beneath a large banian-tree, from the base of which I cleared the herbage, and having pitched the tent, the natives tore up about an acre of the high grass, and we encamped upon the clean

ground.

“Kabba Rega sent a present of twenty-nine loads of tullaboon (a small seed, Eleusine Coracan), a quantity of plantains and potatoes, and six goats.

“This spot is in N. lat. 1 deg. 45 min., and is seventy-nine miles, by our route, from the river at Foweera. We are thus 322 miles by route from Ismailia (Gondokoro).

“April 26.-I visited Kabba Rega officially, with the officers and troops in full uniform, and the band playing.

“I found him sitting in his divan; this was a large neatly-constructed hut, ornamented with some very common printed cotton cloths, which had arrived via Zanzibar. Kabba Rega was very well clad, in beautifully made bark-cloth striped with black; he was excessively neat, and appeared to be about twenty years of age. He gave me the same account of the atrocious proceedings of Abou Saood’s companies that I had already received from his chiefs, and he expressed his delight at my arrival, and that I had captured Suleiman and some of his people.

“I explained the intentions of the Khedive of Egypt, at the same time I lamented the terrible change that had occurred throughout his country since my former visit. I assured him that the future would be prosperous, and that, under the protection of Egypt, he would never have further cause for alarm. I then summoned the prisoners that had been captured and disarmed by Colonel Abd-el-Kader; and having explained the charges against them, they were publicly flogged in the presence of a multitude of Kabba Rega’s people, while Suleiman and Eddrees were led away in shebas, to the astonishment and delight of all beholders.

“The slaves that had been discovered in the possession of Suleiman’s people were now brought forward, and having been identified by Kabba Rega and his people as belonging to Unyoro, they were at once released, and I returned both young girls and boys to their country. One woman did not wish to leave the traders, as she had been married to one of the company for some years, and had several children.

“I explained that they were actually FREE—to remain with their captors, or to return to their homes, as they thought proper.

“This was a good opportunity for assuring both Kabba Rega and this people that I should restore all the slaves that had been carried out of their country to the various stations of Abou Saood at Fatiko, Fabbo, Faloro, &c.

“I described to the young king and his chiefs that I was determined to suppress the slave trade, and that I had hitherto forborne to interfere in the release of the slaves at the various stations, as it would have been impossible to have returned them to their distant homes, neither could I have supplied them with food. I was now at Masindi, beyond the farthest station of Abou Saood, and I should certainly insist upon the return of every slave that had been kidnapped from this country. This would at once prove to the inhabitants of Unyoro the benefit of the Khedive’s protection. (The subsequent attack made by the slave-traders upon the government troops and myself at Fatiko was due to this declaration that all slaves should be taken away from their captors and returned to their homes. It will be seen later that I sent orders to the commandant of my station at Fatiko to release all slaves, and this command was resisted by Abou Saood and his people.)

“April 27.-Kabba Rega had arranged to return my visit.

“I had ordered a broad roadway to be cleared from Kabba Rega’s divan to my tent, which was pitched beneath an enormous fig-tree or banian (Ficus Indica). The troops were lined on either side of this approach in their best uniforms.

“The band was stationed near the tent, which was spread with skins and small carpets, all the sides being open.

“An hour and a half passed away after the first messenger had arrived from Kabba Rega to announce his visit. One after another, messengers had hurried to assure me that the king was just now approaching; but still the troops remained in expectation, and no king made an appearance.

“At length, after this long delay, he sent Rahonka to say that ‘if it was all the same to me, he would rather see me at his own house.’

“This unmannerly young cub was actually suspicious of foul play, and was afraid to enter my tent!

“I immediately told Rahonka that his king was evidently not old enough

to have learnt good manners, therefore I should at once dismiss the troops, who had already been waiting for nearly two hours to do him honour.

“I ordered the bugler to sound the ‘destoor,’ and the troops at once obeyed the signal.

“Terrified at the sound of the bugle, which was known to be some mysterious order, Rahonka implored me not to be angry, and he would at once bring Kabba Rega to the tent. The troops resumed their position.

“In a few minutes a great din of horns, drums, and whistles announced his approach, and we observed him walking down the road with an extraordinary gait. He was taking enormous strides, as though caricaturing the walk of a giraffe. This was supposed to be an imitation of M’tese, the king of Uganda, whose ridiculous attempt to walk like a lion has been described by Speke.

“Kabba Rega thus stalked along, followed by his great chiefs, Kittakara, Matonse, Rahonka, Quonga, and a number of others. Upon arrival opposite the band, the bugles and drums suddenly commenced with such a clash of

cymbals that he seemed rather startled, and he entered the tent in the most undignified manner, with an air of extreme shyness half concealed by audacity.

“He was trembling with nervous anxiety, and with some hesitation he took his seat upon the divan that had been prepared for him. His principal chiefs sat upon skins and carpets arranged upon the ground.

“A crowd of about 2,000 people had accompanied him, making a terrific noise with whistles, horns, and drums. These were now silenced, and the troops formed a guard around the tent to keep the mob at a respectful distance. Every now and then several men of Kabba Rega’s bodyguard rushed into the crowd and laid about them with bludgeons five feet long, hitting to the right and left. This always chased the people away for a few minutes, until, by degrees, they resumed their position. Everybody was dressed up for a grand occasion, mostly in new clothes of bark-cloth, and many were in skins of wild animals, with their heads fantastically ornamented with the horns of goats or antelopes. The sorcerers were an important element. These rascals, who are the curse of the country, were, as usual, in a curious masquerade with fictitious beards manufactured with a number of bushy cows’ tails.

“Kabba Rega was about five feet ten inches in height, and of extremely light complexion. His eyes were very large, but projected in a disagreeable manner. A broad but low forehead and high cheek-bones, added to a large mouth, with rather prominent but exceedingly white teeth, complete the description of his face. His hands were beautifully shaped, and his finger-nails were carefully pared and scrupulously clean. The nails of his feet were equally well attended to. He wore sandals of raw buffalo-hide, but neatly formed, and turned up round the edges.

“His robe of bark-cloth, which completely covered his body, was exquisitely made, and had been manufactured in Uganda, which country is celebrated for this curious production.

“This was Kabba Rega, the son of Kamrasi, the sixteenth king of Unyoro, of the Galla conquerors, a gauche, awkward, undignified lout of twenty years of age, who thought himself a great monarch. He was cowardly, cruel, cunning, and treacherous to the last degree. Not only had he ordered the destruction of his brother, Kabka Miro, but after his death, he had invited all his principal relations to visit him; these he had

received with the greatest kindness, and at parting, he had presented them with gifts, together with an escort of his bodyguard, called bonosoora, to see them safe home. These men, by the young king's instructions, murdered them all in the high grass during their return journey. By these means he had got rid of troublesome relations, and he now sat securely upon the throne with only one great enemy; this was Rionga, the stanch and determined foe of his father, who had escaped from every treachery, and still lived to defy him in the north-eastern provinces of Unyoro.

"It was easy to understand that he would welcome my arrival with a force sufficiently large to assist him against Rionga, and at the same time to rid him of Suleiman's party. He made use of the latter force as mercenary troops, to which he was obliged to allow boundless license; otherwise he might be invaded by the whole power of the combined companies of Fabbo, Faloro, Fatiko, and Farragenia. These companies might at any time change sides and ally themselves with Rionga, thus, could I clear the country of such doubtful allies, he would be relieved from all cause of alarm."

Notwithstanding these advantages, the young king sat uneasily upon his

divan, and appeared timid and suspicious. According to Turkish etiquette, a handsome chibouque, trimmed with blue silk and gold, was handed to him. He examined the amber mouth-piece but declined to smoke, as “tobacco would blacken his teeth;” this was a curious excuse from a Central African dandy.

I begged him to accept the long pipe as a reminiscence of my arrival. Coffee and sherbet were then handed to him, but he declined both, and insisted upon two of his chiefs drinking the whole; during which operation he watched them attentively, as though in expectation of some poisonous effect.

This was conduct that boded no good for future relations. My wife tried to converse with him through the interpreter, Umbogo. Kabba Rega then explained that he recollected us both, as he was one of a crowd when a boy on the day we started from M’rooli for the Albert N’yanza.

The conversation quickly turned upon Rionga, whom he declared must be either captured or killed, before any improvement could take place in the country. The young king assumed that it was already arranged that I should assist him in this laudable object. I now changed the

conversation by ordering a large metal box to be brought in. This had already been filled with an assortment of presents, including a watch. I explained to him that the latter had been intended for his father, Kamrasi; in the recollection of his constant demands for my watch during my former visit. The new toy was ticking loudly, and it was of course handed round and held to the ear of each chief before it was replaced in the box.

Kabba Rega replied that he knew I had been a great friend of his father, Kamrasi, and that I had now brought many valuable presents for him; but I must not forget, that, although the father was dead, the son (himself) was still alive, therefore I might at once hand over to him all that I had intended for his parent.

This was a true son of his father in the art of begging. I replied, that "hens did not lay all their eggs in one day, but continued one by one; and that I hoped, when I should know him better, he would discover the advantage of commerce, as the various goods that had now been introduced were intended to exhibit the manufactures of my own country. These would continue to arrive in Unyoro to be exchanged for ivory."

I then exhibited the large musical box with drums and bells. This was one of the best instruments of its kind, and it played a remarkably good selection of airs, which quite charmed the audience. Among the presents I had given to Kabba Rega was a small musical snuff box. This was now wound up and exhibited, but the greedy young fellow at once asked “Why I did not give him the large box?”

I gave him a regular lecture upon the advantages of commerce that would introduce an important change in this extraordinary country; at the same time I recalled to his recollection, that I had promised his father to open up a commercial route by which the productions and manufactures of the north should arrive in Unyoro, and render that country even more prosperous than Uganda. I had now arrived, as the lieutenant of the Khedive, according to my promise, and the whole of the equatorial Nile basis would be taken under his protection. No unnecessary wars would be permitted, but he (Kabba Rega) would remain as the representative of the government, and the affairs of the country would be conducted through him alone.

I assured him that no country could prosper without industry and a good government; that agriculture was the foundation of a country’s wealth;

and that war or civil disturbance, which interfered with agricultural employment, would ruin the kingdom. He replied that “Rionga was the sole cause of war; therefore it would be necessary to destroy him before any improvements could be made. If Rionga were killed and the slave-hunters expelled from the country, there might be some hope of progress; but that it was wasting breath to talk of commerce and agriculture until Rionga should be destroyed.”

This was Kamrasi’s old tune once more dinned into my ears. In my former journey I had been deserted by my carriers and starved for three months at Shooa Moru, simply to induce me to yield to this repeated demand: “Kill Rionga; or give me your men to assist me against him.”

From what I had heard I considered that Rionga must be a very fine fellow, and much superior to either Kamrasi or his son.

In my former journey I had accomplished a long and difficult exploration without firing a shot at a human being; and I had studiously avoided meddling in native politics, which is certain to involve a traveller in difficulty. It had always been a source of great satisfaction when I looked back to my past adventures, and reflected that I had never pulled

a trigger at a native; thus the arrival of a white man in these countries would be regarded without suspicion.

In my present expedition I had always endeavoured to preserve peace, but, as this work will show, I was in every instance forced to war in absolute self-defence. I was therefore determined not to attack Rionga, unless he should presume to defy the government.

In reply to Kabba Rega and his chiefs, who all had joined in the argument, I declared that I would find means to establish peace, and that Rionga would assuredly come to terms. Nothing would induce me to use force against him or any other person, unless absolutely necessary. I suggested to Kabba Rega that he should for a moment change positions with Rionga. What would his feelings be should I wantonly attack him, simply because I had been requested to do so by his enemy?

No argument was of any avail. Kabba Rega replied, “You were my father’s friend and brother: your wife was the same. You drove back the slave-hunters under Wat-el-Mek by hoisting your flag. Since you left us, the slave-hunters have returned and ruined the country. My father is dead; but Rionga is still alive. Now you are my father, and your wife is

my mother: will you allow your son’s enemy to live?”

It was quite useless to attempt reason with this hardened young fellow, who had not an idea of mercy in his disposition. As he had murdered his own relatives by the foulest treachery, so he would of course destroy any person who stood in his way. I therefore changed the conversation to Abou Saood.

Kabba Rega and his sheiks all agreed that he had arrived here some time ago in a very miserable plight, exceedingly dirty, and riding upon a donkey. He was without baggage of any kind, and he introduced himself by giving a present to Kabba Rega of an old, battered metal basin and jug, in which he washed, together with a very old and worn-out small carpet, upon which he was accustomed to sit. With these magnificent presents he declared that he was “the son of a sultan, who had come to visit the king of Unyoro.”

Kabba Rega had replied that “he did not believe it, as he had heard that he was simply a trader.”

Reports had reached Unyoro that I had arrived at Gondokoro, and that I

was on my way to visit Kamrasi, and to explore the Albert N'yanza; therefore Kabba Rega had questioned Abou Saood concerning me.

"Oh," Abou Saood replied, "that man whom we call 'the traveller'? Oh yes, he was a very good fellow indeed; but he is dead. He died long ago. The Pacha is a very different person; and I hope he will never be able to reach this country. If he does, it will be a bad time for YOU."

"Indeed!" replied Kabba Rega. "I heard that the Pacha and the traveller, the friend of my father, were the same person."

"You have been deceived," said Abou Saood. "The Pacha is not like the traveller, or any other man. He is a monster with three separate heads, in each of which are six eyes—three upon each side. Thus with eighteen eyes he can see everything and every country at once. He has three enormous mouths, which are furnished with teeth like those of a crocodile, and he devours human flesh. He has already killed and eaten the Bari people and destroyed their country. Should he arrive here, he will pull you from the throne and seize your kingdom. You must fight him, and by no means allow him to cross the river at Foweera. My soldiers will fight him on the road from Gondokoro, as will all the

natives of the country: but I don’t think he will be able to leave Gondokoro, as he has a large amount of baggage, _and I have told the Baris not to transport it:—thus he will have no carriers.”

This was the actual report that Abou Saood had given to Kabba Rega, as the dragoman Umbogo had been the interpreter, in the presence of Mohammed, my old Cairo dragoman.

I laughed outright at this absurdity: at the same time it corroborated all that I had already heard of Abou Saood’s treachery. I immediately asked Kabba Rega if he was satisfied now that he had seen me? He replied, “Abou Saood is a liar, and you are Kamrasi’s friend, and my father: therefore you will, I am sure, assist me, and relieve me from my great enemy, Rionga. I shall then know that you are indeed my true friend.”

Once more it was necessary to change the conversation. A number of buffoons that were kept about the court for the amusement of the young king now came forward. The crowd was driven back, and an open space having been thus cleared, they performed a curious theatrical scene, followed by a general fight with clubs, until one man, having knocked

down all the party, remained the victor. The scene terminated with an act of disgusting indecency, which created roars of laughter from the immense crowd, who evidently considered this was the great joke of the piece.

“Kabba Rega now took leave, and retired as he had before arrived, with drums, whistles, horns, flageolets, making a horrid din … .”

The spot that I had selected for a station was at the southern edge of the town, from which site the land sloped into a valley about a hundred feet below. I had at once commenced clearing away the high grass, and, as usual when first settling, I had broken up a few small plots, and had already sown seeds of English cucumbers, sweet melons, &c.

The soil was wonderfully rich, at the same time it was very easily worked. When the tall rank grass was torn out by the roots, a fine surface was exposed that resembled dark chocolate. This was a vegetable loam, with a minimum of two feet thickness, resting upon a bright red quartz gravel.

The quartz was not rounded, and appeared to be only the residue of

decayed rock that had never been subjected to the action of running water. When washed, a handful remained of sharp and clear white fragments.

With such a subsoil the country must be healthy, as the heaviest shower drained rapidly through the gravel.

I employed the prisoners in clearing the grass, while the soldiers commenced cultivation, and dug up the ground with a number of hoes that I borrowed from Kabba Rega.

These implements are nearly the same in shape as those in Gondokoro and throughout the Madi country, but smaller, and the iron is very brittle and inferior. They are not used like the Dutch hoe, with a long handle, but are fixed upon a piece of wood with a bend of natural growth, so the hoe can be used with a downward stroke like a pickaxe.

On 29th April I commenced building a government house and public divan.

The king of Uganda (M’tese) has envoys throughout the countries which surround his dominions. One of these chiefs, who represented M’tese at

Masindi, paid me a visit, and gave me a good deal of information.

He described the M'wootan N'zige (Albert N'yanza) as forming the western frontier of Karagwe, from which point it turned westward for a distance unknown. This was a similar description to that given by Kamrasi some years ago.

I gave the envoy a red and yellow handkerchief to tie around his head. The man was neatly dressed in Indian clothes that had arrived from Bombay via Zanzibar.

On 30th April, Kabba Rega sent a present of twelve elephants' tusks, forty-one loads of tullaboon, twelve pots of sour plantain cider, and thirty-four cows. At the same time, he complained that some of Abou Saood's people were taking slaves in the neighbourhood of Foweera and Kisoona.

The principal chiefs, together with Kabba Rega, assured me that Abou Saood's people had been in the habit of torturing people to extract from them the secret of the spot in which their corn was concealed. Throughout Unyoro there are no granaries exposed at the present time, as

the country has been ravaged by civil war; thus all corn is buried in deep holes specially arranged for that purpose. When the slave-hunters sought for corn, they were in the habit of catching the villagers and roasting their posteriors by holding them down on the mouth of a large earthen water jar filled with gloving embers. If this torture of roasting alive did not extract the secret, they generally cut the sufferer's throat to terrify his companion, who would then divulge the position of the hidden stores to avoid a similar fate. This accusation was corroborated by Mohammed, the Cairo dragoman.

It is difficult to conceive the brutality of these brigands, who, thus relieved from the fear of a government, exhibit their unbridled passions by every horrible crime.

Umbogo, the interpreter, was now regularly installed in a hut within call of my tent. This man appeared to be exceedingly fond of us, and he was the main source of information.

He had a very lovely wife, a Bahooma, who was a light brown colour, with beautiful Abyssinian eyes; she had been given to him by Kabba Rega, with whom he was a great favourite.

Umbogo was very intelligent, and he took a great interest in all my plans for establishing free trade throughout the country: but he told me privately that he thought the idea would be opposed secretly by Kabba Rega, who would wish to monopolize all the ivory trade, in order to keep up the price, and to obtain the whole of the merchandise.

The great variety of goods much astonished him, and he advised me strongly to send for a large supply of soap, for which there would be a great demand, as a light complexion was greatly admired in Unyoro. He said that Mohammed, the Cairo dragoman, was several shades lighter since I had supplied him with soap; this was true, as he had been very filthy before my arrival; but Umbogo was persuaded that the difference between white and black people was caused by the fact of our ancestors having always used soap, while the blacks used only plain water. This ethnological fact having been established, I gave him a small piece, to his great delight, as he expressed his intention to become a white man.

I was always chatting with Umbogo and the various chiefs, especially with my favourite, Kittakara, who was Kabba Rega's most confidential counsellor. They gave me a graphic account of the royal funeral that had

taken place a few months ago, when Kamrasi has interred.

When a king of Unyoro dies, the body is exposed upon a framework of green wood, like a gigantic gridiron, over a slow fire. It is thus gradually dried, until it resembles an over-roasted hare.

Thus mummified, it is wrapped in new bark-cloths, and lies in state within a large house built specially for its reception.

The sons fight for the throne. The civil war may last for years, but during this period of anarchy, the late king’s body lies still unburied.

At length, when victory has decided in favour of one of his sons, the conqueror visits the hut in which his father’s body lies in state. He approaches the corpse, and standing by its side, he sticks the butt-end of his spear in the ground, and leaves it thus fixed near the right hand of the dead king. This is symbolical of victory.

The son now ascends the throne, and the funeral of his father must be his first duty.

An immense pit or trench is dug, capable of containing several hundred people.

This pit is neatly lined with new bark-cloths.

Several wives of the late king are seated together at the bottom, to bear upon their knees the body of their departed lord.

The night previous to the funeral, the king's own regiment or bodyguard surround many dwellings and villages, and seize the people indiscriminately as they issue from their doors in the early morning. These captives are brought to the pit's mouth.

Their legs and arms are now broken with clubs, and they are pushed into the pit on the top of the king's body and his wives.

An immense din of drums, horns, flageolets, whistles, mingled with the yells of a frantic crowd, drown the shrieks of the sufferers, upon whom the earth is shovelled and stamped down by thousands of cruel fanatics, who dance and jump upon the loose mould so as to form it into a compact mass; through which the victims of this horrid sacrifice cannot grope

their way, the precaution having been taken to break the bones of their arms and legs. At length the mangled mass is buried and trodden down beneath a tumulus of earth, and all is still. The funeral is over.

Upon my return to Egypt I was one day relating this barbarous custom to a friend, when Mr. Kay, of Alexandria, reminded me of the curious coincidence in the description of the travels of Ibn Batuta, written A.D. 1346.

I am indebted to Mr. Kay for the following extract from the work of Ibn Batuta, which will go far to prove the extreme conservatism of Africans in all that regards their rites and customs.

On his arrival at Khan Balik (Pekin), Ibn Batuta found that the khan, or emperor, was absent. His cousin had risen against him, and had been joined by most of the ameers, who accused the khan of having broken the laws of the Yassak, and had called upon him to abdicate.

The emperor marched against the rebels at the head of an army (which, Ibn Batuta says, consisted of a million cavalry and half a million infantry). A battle was fought, in which the khan was defeated and

killed.

“This news reached the capital a few days after our arrival. The city was decorated, drums and trumpets were sounded, and games and rejoicings instituted, which continued for the space of a month.

“The dead body of the khan was then brought, together with the bodies of about a hundred men, his relations and followers.

“A large vault was constructed underground. It was spread with magnificent carpets, and the body of the khan was laid in it, along with his weapons and with the gold and silver vessels that were used in his household.

“Four female slaves and six memluks were led into the vault, each provided with a drinking vessel filled with liquid.

“The entrance of the vault was walled up, and earth was heaped on the top until it resembled a large hillock.

“Four horses were then brought and made to gallop in the neighbourhood

of the tomb until they stood still with fatigue. A large beam of wood was erected over the tomb, and to this the horses were attached, being impaled with wooden pales, passed longitudinally through their bodies and projecting through their mouths.

“The bodies of the khan’s relatives, whom I have previously mentioned, were likewise deposited in vaults, each with his weapons and with the vessels used in his house.

“Those of highest rank were ten in number. Over each of their tombs three horses were impaled, and one horse over each of the others.

“The day was one of public solemnity, and no one abstained from its observance, neither man nor woman, Moslem nor infidel. All arrayed themselves in funeral garments—the infidels wearing white tailasans, and the Moslem white gowns.

“The empresses, wives of the khan, and his chief followers remained in the neighbourhood of the tomb for forty days, living in tents. Some prolonged their stay up to a year, and a market was established at which provisions and every other necessary were sold.

“These are practices of the existence of which among any other people in these present times I have no personal knowledge.

“The Indian infidels and the people of China burn their dead. Others bury them, but without burying living men or women along with the corpse.

“But I was informed in the Soudan, by persons upon whose word full reliance may be placed, that among certain infidels in these countries, on the death of the king, a vault is constructed in which the corpse is laid, and along with it a certain number of his courtiers and servants; as also thirty persons, sons and daughters of the most distinguished men of the country. The fore-arms of these persons are first broken, as also their legs, below the knees, and drinking vessels are deposited with them in the tomb.

“I was informed by a person, one of the chief men of the Masuffahs, who dwelt in the country of Koobar, in the Soudan, and who was a favourite with the sultan, that on the death of the latter the people wished to bury my informant’s son in the tomb along with those of their own

children who had been chosen for the same purpose. He added: ‘I remonstrated, saying, “How can ye do this? The lad is not of your faith, neither is he one of your children.” Finally, I ransomed him,’ he continued, ‘with a heavy payment.’”… .

This is an interesting fact, that so long ago as the year 1346 such a practice was known to exist in Central Africa.

When the funeral rites of Kamrasi were over, Kabba Rega ascended the throne, and succeeded to all his father’s wives, with the exception of his own mother. This is the invariable custom in Unyoro.

The throne is composed partly of copper and of wood. It is an exceedingly small and ancient piece of furniture, and has been handed down for many generations and is considered to be a cojoor, or talisman. There is also an ancient drum, which is regarded with reverence as something uncanny, and the two articles are always jealously guarded by special soldiers, and are seldom used.

Should the throne be lost or stolen, the authority of the king would disappear, together with the talisman, and disorder would reign

throughout the country until the precious object should be restored.

CHAPTER XIX.

RESTORATION OF THE LIBERATED SLAVES.

The work had now fairly commenced, and Kabba Rega and his chiefs were assured of a grand reform. Already the slave-hunters had been punished: the vakeel, Suleiman, was secured in the stocks, and the slaves that had been kidnapped had been restored to their homes in Unyoro. I now determined to insist upon the restoration of all the Unyoro slaves that had been carried away from this country, and were captives in the zareebas of Fatiko, Fabbo, Faloro, and Farragenia. From the descriptions of Kabba Rega and his chiefs, I considered that these prisoners amounted to about a thousand persons—women and children.

Umbogo, the interpreter, declared that Abou Saood's companies would attack the government troops, should I insist upon the liberation of the slaves. He had lived with these slave-hunters, and he had frequently heard them declare, that, "should the Pacha ever arrive in this country, and insist upon the suppression of slavery, they would shoot him rather

than lose their slaves.” I treated this idea as an absurdity.

At the same time that Kabba Rega and his people were eager for the restoration of the numerous women and children that had been stolen from Unyoro, they were themselves great slave-dealers.

M’tese, the powerful King of Uganda, on the southern frontier of Unyoro, was in the habit of purchasing ivory in that country for the merchants of Zanzibar.

These purchases were made by an exchange of slaves, brass-coil bracelets, and long cotton shirts; which were either of British or Indian manufacture, that had arrived via Zanzibar.

M’tese, with his usual sagacity, did not permit the merchants of that country to enter Uganda in force, but he received from them both slaves and merchandise, which he sent into the surrounding countries for the purchase of ivory. He thus monopolized the trade, and kept the price at a minimum.

In Unyoro there was an established value for a healthy young girl. Such

a person was equal to a single elephant's tusk of the first class, or to a new shirt. Thus a girl could be purchased for a shirt, and she might be subsequently exchanged for a large elephant's tusk.

In the country of Uganda, where the natives are exceedingly clever as tailors and furriers, needles are in great demand. A handsome girl may be purchased for thirteen English needles! Thus for slave-traders there existed an excellent opening for a profitable business. A girl might be bought for thirteen needles in Uganda, to be exchanged in Unyoro for an elephant's tusk that would be worth twenty or thirty pounds in England.

Abou Saood's brigands had been far too lawless even for this innocent traffic, and in default of the merchandise necessary for such profitable exchanges, they had found it more convenient to kidnap young girls, which saved much trouble in bargaining for needles and shirts.

In every African tribe that I have visited, I found slavery a natural institution of the country. I had at length discovered that it was bad policy to commence a dissertation against the slave trade generally; this attacked local interests, therefore it was more diplomatic to speak against the capture of women and children that belonged to my hearers,

but to avoid a discussion upon the moral aspect of the slave trade.

The negro idea of the eighth commandment is: “Thou shalt not steal—from ME;” but he takes a liberal view of the subject when the property belongs to another.

I had been rather startled in the year of my arrival at Gondokoro, when, during the voyage, I landed and conversed with some sheiks of the Shir tribe. One of these headmen was loud in his complaints against the slave-hunters and against the slave trade in particular, from which his tribe had suffered. Many of the women and children had been carried off by a neighbouring tribe, called the Berri, on the east of the Nile. The sheik therefore proposed that I should join him with my troops and capture all the women and children that belonged to his enemies. This was natural enough, and was a simple example of the revenge that is common to uneducated human nature. The sheik and I got on famously, and I found a good listener, to whom I preached a touching sermon upon the horrors of the slave trade, which I was resolved to suppress.

The good man was evidently moved at the allusion to the forcible separation of children from their parents.

“Have you a son?” he asked.

“My sons are, unfortunately, dead,” I replied.

“Indeed!” he exclaimed. “I have a son—an only son. He is a nice boy—a very good boy; about so high (showing his length upon the handle of his spear). I should like you to see my boy—he is very thin now; but if he should remain with you he would soon get fat. He’s a really nice boy, and always hungry. You’ll be so fond of him; he’ll eat from morning till night; and still he’ll be hungry. You’ll like him amazingly; he’ll give you no trouble if you only give him plenty to eat. He’ll lie down and go to sleep, and he’ll wake up hungry again. He’s a good boy, indeed; and he’s my only son. I’ll sell him to you for a molote! (native iron spade).”

The result of my sermon on the slave trade, addressed to this affectionate father, was quite appalling. I was offered his only son in exchange for a spade! and this young nigger knave of spades was warranted to remain always hungry.

I simply give this anecdote as it occurred without asserting that such conduct is the rule. At the same time, there can be no doubt that among the White Nile tribes any number of male children might be purchased from their parents—especially in seasons of scarcity.

Girls are always purchased, if required, as wives. It would be quite impossible to obtain a wife for love from any tribe that I have visited. “Blessed is he that hath his quiver full of them” (daughters). A large family of girls is a source of wealth to the father, as he sells each daughter for twelve or fifteen cows to her suitor. Every girl is certain to marry; thus a dozen daughters will bring a fortune of at least 150 cows to their parents in all pastoral countries.

In Unyoro, cattle are scarce, and they belong to the king; therefore the girls are purchased for various commodities—such as brass-coil bracelets, bark-cloths, cotton shirts, ivory, &c.

I was anxious to establish a new and legitimate system of trade in this country, which would be the first step towards a higher civilization. I accordingly devoted every energy to the completion of the station, in which we were assisted by the natives, under the direction of their

various headmen.

The order and organization of Unyoro were a great contrast to the want of cohesion of the northern tribes. Every district throughout the country was governed by a chief, who was responsible to the king for the state of his province. This system was extended to sub-governors and a series of lower officials in every district, who were bound to obey the orders of the lord-lieutenant. Thus every province bad a responsible head, that could be at once cut off should disloyalty or other signs of bad government appear in a certain district.

In the event of war, every governor could appear, together with his contingent of armed men, at a short notice.

These were the rules of government that had been established for many generations throughout Unyoro.

The civil war had ceased, and Kabba Rega having ascended the throne, the country had again fallen into the order that a previous good organization rendered easy.

The various headmen of the district now appeared daily, with their men laden with thatch grass and canes for the construction of the station.

I commenced a government house, and a private dwelling adjoining for myself.

On my first arrival at Masindi I had begged Kabba Rega to instruct his people to clear away about fifty acres of grass around our station, and to break up the ground for cultivation, as I wished my troops to sow and reap their own corn, instead of living at the expense of the natives.

The system, both in Uganda and Unyoro, is bad and unjust.

Should visitors arrive, they are not allowed to purchase food from the people, but they must be fed by the king’s order at the cost of the inhabitants. This generally results in their not being fed at all, as the natives quit the neighbourhood.

I had suffered much from hunger in Unyoro, during my former visit, in the reign of Kamrasi; therefore I wished to protect myself against

famine by a timely cultivation of the surrounding fertile land, which was now covered with rank grass about nine feet high.

In a military point of view it was impolitic to sit down within a station incircled by a dense grass covert, and although I had not the most remote suspicion of hostility in this country, I preferred a situation whence we could enjoy an extensive landscape.

The Albert N’yanza lay distant about twenty miles on the west, in the deep basin which characterizes this extraordinary sheet of water. Immense volumes of cloud rose in the early morning from the valley which marked the course of the lake, as the evaporation from the great surface of water condensed into mist, when it rose to the cooler atmosphere of the plateau 1,500 feet above the level.

The proposal of farming did not appear to please Kabba Rega. It was explained that the men were not accustomed to labour in the fields, as agricultural work was performed by the women, all of whom were now absent and engaged in preparing their own land.

Although Masindi was a large town, I was struck by the absence of females. The only women that I saw were two, one of whom was the pretty wife of Umbogo the dragoman. It has already been explained, that the absence of women generally denotes hostility, but as the rainy season necessitated hard work, I accepted the explanation.

The corn for the supply of Masindi was brought from a distance of two days' journey, and numbers of people were daily employed in going to and fro for the general provisions of the station.

The slave-hunters belonging to Suleiman, who were now prisoners under a guard, numbered twenty-five men: I employed these people daily to clear away the high grass, which was piled and burnt, the ashes were then spread, and the ground was hoed up and thoroughly prepared by the troops.

It was in vain that I urged upon Kabba Rega and his chiefs the necessity of cultivation for the supply of corn requisite for the troops. Every day they promised to clear away the grass, provided the soldiers would then dig and prepare the ground. This I agreed to do, but the natives showed no intention of working.

I began to suspect that Kabba Rega had an objection to a large open clearing. The tactics of all natives are concealment; if a man is frightened, he hides in the grass; in case of hostilities, the high grass is a fortress to the negro. It became evident that we were to remain surrounded by this dense herbage, which not only obstructed the view, but rendered the station damp and dreary.

I explained to the chiefs the folly of Kabba Rega in thus neglecting such magnificent soil, which, with a little labour, would produce all that we could require, and would save both him and his people the trouble of feeding us. At the same time I set all hands of my own people to clear a large space and to make gardens.

Unyoro had always been a country of cowardice and suspicion, and I could plainly see that we were narrowly watched. Kabba Rega usually sat in his public divan from about two p.m. till 4 daily, to transact public business. This large circular building was extremely neat, and the ground was carefully strewed with the long fringes of the papyrus rush, after the fashion of our ancestors in England, who, before the introduction of carpets, strewed the floor with rushes.

The young king informed me that, as he wished to be in constant communication with me personally, he should build a new divan within a few yards of my residence, so that we could converse upon all occasions without being watched by his people.

This was merely an excuse for erecting a building within fifty yards of my house, from which his guards could watch all that happened, and report everything to their master.

The new building was constructed with wonderful quickness, and prettily walled with canes inside to resemble basket-work.

Kabba Rega came to his new divan, attended by a number of his guards, or bonosoora, armed with guns. To give him confidence, I went to see him unattended, except by Lieutenant Baker and my ever-faithful attendant, Monsoor, who did not at all approve of my going unarmed.

The conversation quickly turned upon guns. Kabba Rega was delighted with the mechanism of Monsoor’s snider rifle, which he at once understood and explained to his bodyguard. He appeared to have quite lost his shyness;

and he begged me to consider him simply in the light of my own son, and to give him all the merchandise AT ONCE that I had brought with me to establish a new trade.

I told him that fathers did not give their sons all their property at once; but that if I saw that he performed his duty to the Khedive, he need not fear. I had both the power and the goodwill to reward him.

He continued the conversation precisely according to his late father Kamrasi's style: "I have no one but yourself to regard. Does not a father consider the interests of his son? You were my father's friend; and I have always looked for your return. I knew that Abou Saood was a liar when he spoke against you; I knew that he was an impostor when he announced himself as the son of a sultan. Would the son of a sultan only give me a present of an old carpet and a dirty washing-basin? I always said, 'Wait till the Pacha comes', Mallegge, (Mallegge, or the Man with the Beard, was my nickname in Unyoro during my former journey.) my father's friend. He is truly a great man, who does not travel empty-handed; and he will bring me presents worth my acceptance—things that the impostor, Abou Saood, does not understand the use of.' By the by, there was a magic instrument with which you could find your way

without a guide in strange countries, that you PROMISED to send to my father; you have, of course, brought it for me?”

This demand amused me much, as I well remembered how Kamrasi had bothered me for my compass. I pretended that he meant a watch, which I had already given him.

At length I was obliged to promise that if he would clear away the grass and cultivate the neighbouring ground, I would give him a compass.

I now explained the advantages of free trade, and I begged him to order his men to complete the government house without delay, as I could not unpack my numerous boxes until I had some place where I could exhibit the contents. I described the difficulties of the route from Khartoum, and the expense of transport from Gondokoro, owing to the unwillingness of the Baris to carry loads, and I explained my intention of erecting steamers on the Nile which would bring all kinds of merchandise to Unyoro via the Albert N’yanza in exchange for ivory, thus the Zanzibar trade would turn towards the north and the elephants’ tusks that were now purchased by M’tese, would remain in Unyoro, until delivered to the Khedive’s government in barter for manufactured goods.

The name of M’tese seemed to make him uncomfortable. He replied: “You are my father, and you will stand by your son against his enemies. This M’tese troubles me. In my father Kamrasi’s lifetime he frequently attacked us, and carried off our herds together with our women and children. He is too strong to resist single-handed, but now that you are hero I shall have no fear. Don’t let us talk about merchandise, that will come in due time; never mind trade; let us talk about guns and gunpowder. You must give me muskets and ammunition in large quantities; I will then arm all my bonosoora (soldiers) and with your assistance I will fight M’tese. I will then fill your large new house with ivory for the Khedive.”

“There is no time to lose; you PROMISED to fight Rionga; my troops are all ready, your men have nothing to do. Keep a few here, and send the main force with my army to attack him at once, before he has time to escape to the Langgos.”

I could almost have imagined that I had been speaking with Kamrasi, so thoroughly did his son resemble him in his diplomacy.

I answered him with caution, declaring that I could not allow any reckless acts that would plunge the country in confusion. He (Kabba Rega) had nothing to fear; but time was required to ripen my plans. I had promised that I would dismiss Suleiman and his people from Unyoro: at the same time I should liberate all the slaves that had been stolen by Abou Saood's companies, and restore them to their homes. This was my first duty, that would assure the natives of my sincerity, and establish general confidence in the government.

Fatiko was 160 miles distant. I should therefore send Suleiman and his people under an escort direct to Major Abdullah, the commandant, with orders to recover from Abou Saood all the slaves that had been captured from Unyoro.

Major Abdullah would then break up his camp at Fatiko, and march in charge of the slaves, with his detachment of 100 men, together with all effects, and join me at Unyoro. He would, upon arrival at the Victoria Nile, occupy the now deserted station of Suleiman at Foweera; thus he would be within a march of Rionga.

The old enemy of the family (Rionga) would then have an opportunity,

either of declaring his allegiance and remaining at peace, or, should he become turbulent, a government force would be at hand to control him.

I therefore arranged that Kabba Rega should supply me with 300 carriers, who would accompany my escort to Fatiko and transport all stores, ammunition, &c., &c., so as to concentrate my force in Unyoro.

This plan seemed to delight Kabba Rega; he declared that the first step necessary was the banishment of Suleiman and his people from the country. The next move would be the attack upon Rionga. I explained to him that it would be quite useless for any enemy to retreat for security to the river islands, as the rockets would search them out in the middle of the dense canes, and they would be only too glad to escape; but at the same time, I should hope that Rionga would come to terms and avoid the necessity of a resort to force.

That evening, after we had dined, and I was smoking my customary chibouque, Kabba Rega astonished me by an impromptu visit; he was as usual attended by some of his followers armed with muskets. He sat down at the table, and having felt the table-cloth, he wished to know “why the table was covered;” he then examined the tumblers, and everything

that was present, all of which he seemed to admire. I offered him some gin and water. This he smelt but would not taste, as he suspected poison; accordingly he poured it into wine glasses, and divided it among three of his people, who were obliged to drink it, while their master watched them attentively, in expectation of some ill effects. His people rather approved of the poison, and asked for more. Kabba Rega seemed to think that a larger dose was necessary; but as we could not afford to waste Geneva by experiments upon numerous attendants, all of whom were to be poisoned with our good liquor for the amusement of the king, I sent the bottle away and turned the subject.

Kabba Rega now minutely examined the lamps and glass shades. The principle was explained to him, and the candle was withdrawn from the tube and spring, and again replaced. He expressed a wish to have one, saying that he intended to have everything precisely as I had.

I assured him that this was my object; I wished to create new wants among his people and himself, which would tend to develop commerce. He might have everything in European style, and live in a civilized manner, now that the route was open from the north. Ivory was abundant in this country, and this would provide him with the means of purchasing all

that he could desire.

I had ordered Monsoor to arrange a stake in the ground, with a large nail driven in the top at right angles to form a rocket-stand. I now asked Kabba Rega if he would like to see a rocket fired.

The idea delighted him, and a few rockets having been brought, together with port-fires and blue lights, we exhibited the fireworks. There was no wind, thus the rockets did no damage, as they were inclined towards the north, in which direction there were no buildings.

Kabba Rega himself ignited a rocket with a port-fire, and although rather nervous at the great rush of fire, he seemed interested at the fact that a town composed of straw huts could be destroyed from a distance … .

On the following morning, Umbogo, the dragoman, told me that the natives had been very much frightened at the rockets, as they said, “the Pacha was going to set the sky on fire.”

The station was progressing rapidly. The soil was of such extraordinary

richness that the seeds sprang up like magic. On the third day after sowing, the cucumbers, melons, pumpkins, and cotton seeds, showed themselves above ground.

I had made a broad walk of red gravel from Kabba Rega's new divan, to the government house. The roads and approaches were finished, and all neatly laid with fresh gravel stamped firmly down. The borders of all paths and roads were sown with the best quality of Egyptian cotton, known in Egypt as galleen. My large tent was pitched beneath an immense banian-tree, close to which was the new government house. This grand-sounding name was given to a very solid construction of a most simple character. The divan was a building containing only one room twenty-eight feet long by fourteen wide, and about twenty feet high. It was carefully thatched with overhanging eaves, which formed a narrow verandah, and it was entered by a commodious porch; this was arched in the native fashion, and was so large that it formed a lobby, in which we sometimes dined. The inside walls of the divan were neatly made with canes closely lashed together.

There was a back door to this public room which communicated with a separate house by a covered way.

This was our private residence, which also consisted of only one room; but I had arranged it with extreme neatness, in order to excite the admiration of Kabba Rega and his chiefs, who would, I hoped, imitate the manners and customs of civilized life, and thus improve trade.

The room was twenty-four feet long by thirteen wide. The walls were as usual made of canes, but these were carefully hung with scarlet blankets, sewn together and stretched to the ground, so as to form an even surface. The floor was covered with mats. Upon the walls opposite to each other, so as to throw endless reflection, were two large oval mirrors (girandoles) in gilt metal frames. A photograph of her Majesty the Queen stood on the toilet table.

At the extreme end of the room was a very good coloured print, nearly life size, of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The scarlet walls were hung with large coloured prints, life size, of very beautiful women, with very gorgeous dresses, all the jewelry being imitated by pieces of coloured tinsel. A number of sporting prints, very large, and also coloured, were arranged in convenient places on the walls. There were fox-hunting scenes, and German stag-hunts, together with a few

quiet landscapes, that always recalled the dear old country now so far away.

The furniture was simple enough: two angarebs, or Arab stretchers, which, during the day, were covered with Persian carpets and served as sofas, while at night they were arranged as beds. The tables were made of square metal boxes piled one upon the other and covered with bright blue cloths. These were arranged with all kinds of odd trinkets of gaudy appearance, but of little value, which were intended to be asked for, and given away. Two native stools curiously cut out of a solid block formed our chairs. The guns and rifles stood in a row against a rack covered with red Turkey cloth; and a large Geneva musical box lay upon a table beneath the Princess of Wales.

Altogether the room was exceedingly pretty. It would have been vulgar if in England; but it was beautifully clean, and it shortly became the wonder of Central Africa.

I had brought the large gilt mirrors from England specially for M’tese, the king of Uganda, and for Kamrasi. I knew that if they were arranged in my own house, the news would be carried to M’tese immediately; and

the fact of so great a curiosity and treasure being on the road to him would at once open a communication.

On 8th May, the prisoners of Suleiman's company, numbering twenty-five persons, came to the divan, headed by Ali Genninar, and supplicated forgiveness. They all declared their desire to be registered on the government books as irregular troops.

I had already witnessed an example of their duplicity, therefore I had no confidence in their professions, but at the same time I did not know what to do with them. The fact of their being in custody required twenty soldiers to relieve the necessary guards. I therefore determined to be magnanimous, as I was only too happy to be rid of such bad bargains should they run away. The only man that I trusted was Ali Genninar; he was a clever and plucky fellow that I had known in my former African journey, at which time he belonged to the company of Ibrahim.

After a good lecture I forgave them, and they all received their serkis (certificates) as members of the irregular corps. Ali Genninar was to have the rank of lieutenant.

I told them that it was my intention to hoist the Ottoman flag, and to officially annex the country in the presence of Kabba Rega and his people, therefore I did not wish any subjects of the Khedive to be in disgrace upon such an occasion, excepting only Suleiman, who would be sent to Cairo on the first opportunity, to answer for the murder of the prisoner at Foweera. I therefore divided a few pounds of beads among them for the purchase of new bark-cloths, as I could not allow them to appear in their dirty clothes on the day of the ceremony.

They all went away rejoicing, and swearing fidelity, at the same time confessing their sins, and vowing that I had treated them better than they had deserved.

As usual, our proceedings were narrowly watched by the guards stationed at Kabba Rega's new divan, within fifty yards of my house. These spies immediately ran off to their master with the report that I had forgiven the slave-hunters who were lately prisoners, and that I had actually made them presents of beads. (At that time I had not the slightest idea that the liberation of the prisoners would excite suspicion in the minds of Kabba Rega and his people, but there can be no doubt that this act of clemency on my part destroyed the confidence which had previously

existed.)

This report was quickly confirmed, as the new and dirty members of the irregular corps, who were now at liberty, presented themselves in the town with their hands full of beads to purchase the necessary bark-cloths. These cloths are prepared from the bark of a species of fig-tree in a very simple manner, which I have personally witnessed.

A piece of bark about six feet long, and as wide as possible, is detached from the trunk of the tree. The outside rind is pared off by a lance-head used with two hands, like a cooper’s drawing-knife. The bark is then laid upon a beam of wood on the ground, on which it is hammered with a mallet grooved in fine cuts, so that the repeated blows stamp the bark with lines somewhat resembling corduroy. This hammering expands the bark, which is repeatedly turned and hammered again, until at length it is beaten into a cloth of rather fine texture. The action of the air colours the material, which, although white when first stripped from the tree, quickly assumes a delicate shade of brown, as a slice of an apple oxydizes upon exposure in our own climate.

The finest cloths are ornamented with patterns in black. These are

simply produced by drawing the design with water from iron springs, which combining with the tannin of the bark immediately stains it.

The sheets of bark-cloth are frequently dyed this colour by immersing them for a short time in springs of the same water.

The finest cloths are produced in Uganda, and all that are used for royal wear are brought from that country in exchange for ivory.

My new men, the late slave-hunters, who I hoped were “wicked men that had turned away from their wickedness,” had succeeded in purchasing a quantity of new cloths ready for the day of annexation.

That night, at about nine o’clock, just before we were going to bed, we had remarked an extraordinary stillness in the town of Masindi. There was not a whisper to be heard throughout the capital, where generally the night was passed in the uproar of drunken singing and blowing of horns.

Suddenly this extraordinary silence was broken by the deep notes of a nogara or drum. This sounded for a second or two, and ceased. Again all

was still as death.

A sudden burst of hellish noise, such as I have never heard before or since, now startled every soldier to his feet, and without orders, every man armed and fell into position!

Colonel Abd-el-Kader, with his sword belted on and a rifle in his hand, came to me for orders on the instant. The ever-ready Monsoor was armed and by my side.

In the mean time the din of very many thousands continued, yelling and shrieking as though maniacs; I should imagine that at least a thousand drums were beating, innumerable horns were blowing, with whistles, fifes, and every instrument that would add to the horrible uproar.

At the same time not a human being was visible.

Mohammed, the dragoman, appeared, together with Umbogo. In reply to my question as to the cause of such a sudden irruption of noise, Umbogo laughed, and said it was “TO MAKE ME AFRAID, and to exhibit the great numbers of people that were collected at Masindi.”

This was all. I therefore at once ordered the band to play, as I determined to accept the carefully planned surprise as a compliment that I would return.

The band struck up, the cymbals clashed, the big drum thundered, and the buglers blew their loudest, while the regimental drums rattled away as hard as the sticks could roll upon the skins.

In a short time the noise of the town ceased, and the only sound was occasioned by our own band.

I ordered them to cease playing. Once more there was perfect stillness.

I ordered the sentries to keep a sharp lookout, and we all went to bed.

This was a practical joke that did not please me, as it smacked of distrust and defiance. It took place on the same day upon which I had liberated the slave-hunter’s people, and engaged them as irregular troops.

On the following morning I sent several messengers to Kabba Rega to beg him to pay me a visit. They all returned, some saying that he was asleep—others, that he was drunk. It was the usual habit of this young man to get very drunk every night, and to sleep until about 2 p.m., when he dressed and attended at his public divan.

I now heard that native messengers had arrived from the country of Faieera, which formed one of the districts within nine miles of Fatiko, under the charge of the great sheik, Rot Jarma, who had sworn allegiance to the government, and was under the protection of Major Abdullah.

These messengers had brought some guns and ammunition to sell to Kabba Rega. They wished particularly to see me, as they had important news.

When they appeared in the divan, I at once recognized them as people that I had seen at Fatiko.

They informed me that since my departure, Abou Saood and his people had ridiculed the authority of my commandant, Major Abdullah; and to prove to the natives how powerless he was to protect them, Abou Saood had sent his men to attack Rot Jarma, and they had carried off his cattle and

slaves.

The messengers declared that both Rot Jarma and all the natives were delighted with Major Abdullah and his troops, as they were very different from the slave-hunters, but the latter were too numerous and strong for Abdullah to contend against.

I told them that Abdullah was only waiting for orders; but if such was the state of things “why had he not written a letter by this opportunity?”

The natives asserted that the slave-hunters of Abou Saood had lost five of their party, killed in the attack upon Rot Jarma; therefore they (the messengers) were afraid to go near the station of Major Abdullah. They had accordingly travelled fast to bring me the news (160 miles), at the same time they brought the guns for sale to Kabba Rega.

It was the old story of deception and rebellion. Before my face Abou Saood would cringe to the earth, but he became an open rebel in my absence. It was absolutely necessary to place this man under arrest. When the Baris were at open war with the government, he had not only

associated with their chief, but he had armed parties of these natives with muskets, which he employed in his zareebas.

He now attacked, in defiance of government protection, those friendly natives of Faieera who had become peaceable subjects of the Khedive. This was the same spirit of defiance that had been exhibited by Suleiman when he slaughtered the prisoner to whom I had granted an asylum.

Unless I should arrest Abou Saood, it would be ridiculous to attempt the establishment of a government. This scoundrel knew the weakness of my military force. He had himself requested Kabba Rega to attack me upon my arrival in his country. He was now plundering and kidnapping in the districts that were under government protection; this would immediately be known to Kabba Rega and his people, who would naturally conclude that my assurances of protection were valueless, and that Abou Saood was stronger than the government of the Khedive.

I determined to send orders to Major Abdullah to arrest Abou Saood if the reports were true concerning Faieera, at the same time he was to insist upon the liberation of all the Unyoro slaves, which he was to escort with his detachment to Foweera on the Victoria Nile.

There was no doubt that this fellow, Abou Saood, was confident of support from some Egyptian authority behind the scenes; he had therefore determined to be humble before my face, to avoid being pounced upon at once, but to have his own way when my back was turned, as he trusted that after the advice he had given to Kabba Rega I should never return from Unyoro. It would then be said that I had been killed by the natives, the affair would be ended, and the official supporters of Abou Saood would reinstate him in his original business for a sufficient CONSIDERATION.

I made arrangements for the departure of my new irregulars. After many invitations I at length succeeded in allaying Kabba Rega's apprehensions, and he promised to pay me a visit on the 11th May. Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader went to meet him, and escorted him to the new house.

On arrival in the divan he was much astonished and delighted. The room, twenty-eight feet by fourteen, was arranged with double rows of metal boxes on all sides, so closely packed that they formed either low tables or seats, as might be required. These were all covered with blue

blankets, which gave a neat appearance, upon which, at the east end of the room, were exhibited samples of the various goods that I had brought for the establishment of a regular trade in Unyoro. There were tin plates as bright as mirrors, crockery of various kinds, glasses, knives of many varieties, beautiful Manchester manufactures, such as Indian scarfs, handkerchiefs, piece-goods, light blue serge, chintzes, scarlet and blue blankets, blue and crimson cotton cloth, small mirrors, scissors, razors, watches, clocks, tin whistles, triangles, tambourines, toys, including small tin steamers, boats, carriages, Japanese spinning tops, horn snakes, pop-guns, spherical quicksilvered globes, together with assortments of beads of many varieties.

“Are these all for me?” asked Kabba Rega.

“Certainly,” I replied, “if you wish to exchange ivory. All these things belong to the Khedive of Egypt, and any amount remains in the magazines of Gondokoro. These are simply a few curiosities that I have brought as an experiment to prove the possibility of establishing a trade.”

Among other things, the wheel of life attracted his attention. This had frequently been exhibited, but neither Kabba Rega nor his chiefs ever

tired of the performance.

The magnetic battery was now called for, and Kabba Rega insisted upon each of his chiefs submitting to the operation, although he was afraid to experiment upon himself. He begged Lieutenant Baker, who managed the instrument, to give as powerful a shock as he could, and he went into roars of laughter when he saw a favourite minister rolling on his back in contortions, without the possibility of letting the cylinders fall from his grasp.

Every individual of his headmen had to suffer, and when all had been exhausted, the ministers sought outside the divan among the crowd for any particular friends that might wish to try “the magic.”

At length one of the wires of the instrument gave way, as a patient kicked and rolled frantically upon the ground; this was a good excuse for closing the entertainment.

Kabba Rega now requested permission to see our private residence. I told him that only himself together with four of his chiefs and the interpreter, Umbogo, could be permitted to enter. These were Rahonka

(his maternal uncle), Neka (his uncle, Kamrasi's brother), Kitakara, and Quonga. On that occasion the tall chief, Matonse, endeavoured to push his way through, but was immediately turned back by the sentry and Monsoor. (This little incident must be remembered, as the man took a dislike to Monsoor from that moment.) The first exclamation upon entering the room was one of surprise—"Wah! Wah!"—and Kabba Rega and his chiefs covered their mouths with one hand, according to their custom when expressing astonishment.

The large looking-glasses were miracles. Kabba Rega discovered a great number of Kabba Regas in the endless reflections of the two opposite mirrors. This was a great wonder that attracted particular attention.

It was then discovered that every person was multiplied in a similar manner! This was of course "cojoor" (magic). It was difficult to draw them away from the looking glasses, but at length the pictures were examined. The Queen was exhibited and explained, and I described her subjects to be as numerous as the white ants in Unyoro. The Princess of Wales was a three-quarter face; and they immediately asked "why she had only one ear?" The same question of unity was asked respecting the leg of a man in a red coat on a white horse.

Every lady’s portrait was minutely examined, but to our great satisfaction, that of the Princess was declared by general consent to be the most lovely.

I was much struck with this exhibition of good taste, as the other portraits were pretty faces, but the hair and dresses were gaudily ornamented, whereas that of the Princess of Wales was exceedingly simple; the dress being an evening gown of white satin.

I should have suspected that natives would have preferred the gaudy attire, without bestowing sufficient admiration on the features.

Kabba Rega now asked “why the women in the various portraits all looked at him?” wherever he moved, their eyes followed him.

His chiefs now discovered that the faces in the pictures were also looking at them; and the eyes followed them whether they moved to the right or left! This was cojoor, or magic, which at first made them feel uncomfortable.

One of my wife's female servants, Wat-el-Kerreem, would never remain by herself in this room, for fear of "the eyes that stared at her."

Everything that we possessed was now minutely scrutinized. The guns and rifles of various breechloading mechanism were all displayed and admired. Kabba Rega thoughtfully asked "which of them I had intended for him?" His uncle, Rahonka, exclaimed—"You have done wisely in bringing all those guns as presents for Kabba Rega." My visitors were quite charmed. The musical box played various delightful airs, and it was remarked that it would be more convenient than an instrument which required the study of learning, as "you might set this going at night to play you to sleep, when you were too drunk to play an instrument yourself; even if you knew how to do it."

This was my young friend Kabba Rega's idea of happiness—to go to sleep drunk, assisted by the strains of self-playing melody.

Of course, the large musical box was asked for; and, of course, I promised to give it as a present from the Khedive of Egypt, if I found that Kabba Rega conducted himself properly.

My wife's trinkets, &c., were now begged for; but it was explained that such things were private property belonging to the Sit (lady). "The Sit! the Sit! the Sit!" the young cub peevishly exclaimed; "everything that is worth having seems to belong to THE SIT!"

A small and beautifully-made revolver, with seven chambers, now attracted his attention. "Does this also belong to the Sit?" inquired Kabba Rega. "Yes, that is the Sit's own little revolver," was the reply; at which the young king burst out laughing, saying, "Do women also carry arms in your country? I see everything belongs to the Sit!"

My wife now gave him some of the finest Venetian beads, of which we only had a few dozen. These were much prized. He was then presented with a handsome gilt bracelet, set with four large French emeralds. This was a treasure such as he had never seen. He also received a few strings of fine imitation pearls.

After much delay and vexatious demands for everything that he saw, we at length got rid of our visitor.

I had explained to Kabba Rega the intended ceremony of hoisting the flag

in the name of the Khedive, and that the country would be in future under the protection of Egypt, but that he should remain as the representative of the government. He seemed highly pleased at the idea of protection and presents, and expressed himself as very anxious to witness the ceremony… … . On the 14th May, 1872, I took formal possession of Unyoro in the name of the Khedive of Egypt.

I recalled to the recollection of Kabba Rega and his chiefs the day when, many years ago, I had hoisted the British flag, and thus I had turned back the invading force of Wat-el-Mek, and saved Unyoro. I now declared that the country and its inhabitants would be protected by the Ottoman flag in the same manner that it had been shielded by the Union Jack of England.

There was a tall flagstaff fixed at the east end of the government house.

The bugle sounded the “taboor,” the troops fell in, the irregulars (late slave-hunters) formed in line with that charming irregularity which is generally met with in such rude levies.

Kabba Rega had received due notice, and he quickly appeared, attended by about a thousand people.

The band played; Kabba Rega's drums and horns sounded, and the troops formed a hollow square to listen to a short address.

Kabba Rega was invited within the square; and the men faced about with fixed bayonets, as though prepared to receive cavalry. It was now explained to the young king that this formation defended all sides from attack at the same time. He seemed more interested in getting out again, than in the explanation of military tactics. He evidently had suspicions that he was fairly entrapped when he found himself in the middle of the square.

The flag was now hoisted with due formality; the usual military salutes took place; volleys were fired; and the crowd at length dispersed, leaving the Ottoman flag waving in a strong breeze at the head of the flagstaff.

As a proof of his satisfaction, Kabba Rega immediately sent me a present of twelve goats.

One of the soldiers had been caught in the act of stealing potatoes from a native. This having been proved conclusively against him, I sent word to Kabba Rega to summon his people to witness the punishment of the offender.

A great crowd of natives assembled, and the thief having received punishment in their presence, was confined in the stocks, and was condemned to be sent back to Gondokoro. This strict discipline had a strong moral effect upon my men; as thefts, which had formerly been the rule, had now become the exception. The natives were always assured of justice and protection.

On 19th May, my people were ready to start, with the post and the prisoner Suleiman, to Fatiko. Kabba Rega declared that the 300 carriers were in readiness with fifty loads of flour for the journey; and he said that he had already sent orders to Foweera to prepare the deserted zareeba of Suleiman for the reception of Major Abdullah and his detachment on their arrival.

The party was to consist of a serjeant and ten men (regulars), together

with twenty-five irregulars under the charge of my old Cairo dragoman, Mohammed.

Ali Genninar had the military command in the place of the second vakeel, Eddrees, who was suffering from chronic dysentery. I had arranged that the party should start on the following day.

In the afternoon I had an interview with Kabba Rega in his private divan, within our garden. I was suddenly interrupted by Ali Genninar and a few of his men, who presented themselves in the face of Kabba Rega, to inform me that they could not start without their guns!

It appeared that on the day that Abd-el-Kader had ordered Kabba Rega to disarm the people of Suleiman upon his first arrival at Masindi, the young king had certainly ordered their disarmament, but he had himself retained their arms and ammunition, in addition to a goatskin bag with about 300 rounds of ball-cartridge. This had never been reported to me.

The mendacious young king had the audacity to deny this, in face of several witnesses; and he would at once have retired from the divan (and probably I should never have seen him again) had I not insisted upon his

remaining until the affair had been thoroughly explained.

It was then discovered that he had returned all the muskets to Abd-el-Kader, except five; which were not forthcoming.

I requested him in future to adhere more strictly to the truth; as it was a disgrace for a man in his position to tell a falsehood, which would render it impossible for me to place implicit confidence in him; at the same time I insisted upon the immediate return of the guns, together with the cartouche-belts and ammunition.

The young king retired in great confusion and stilled anger, with a promise that everything should be restored!

In the afternoon he sent five wretched old muskets that had been injured in the stocks, and repaired with the raw hide of crocodiles. These had never belonged to the irregulars; but he had kept their good guns, and hoped to exchange these wretched weapons, which had been given some years ago to Kamrasi by the vakeel, Ibrahim.

I spoke very strongly to Kittakara, his favourite minister; and

explained to him the folly and discredit of such conduct.

Kittakara replied: “Is not Kabba Rega your son? Do you begrudge him a few good guns and ammunition taken from your late enemies, the slave-hunters?”

It was in vain that I endeavoured to explain that these people were subjects of the Khedive, and had now received forgiveness: therefore, as they were engaged as irregulars they must receive their arms. Kittakara simply replied: “Do you believe in these people? Do you think that, because they have now enlisted through fear, they will ever change their natures?”

I asked him “if soap would wash the black spots from a leopard’s skin?” but I explained that I could strip the skin at once off the leopard, and should quickly change their natures.

Day after day passed, and the ammunition was only returned in driblets, after constant and most urgent demands.

On 21st May I sent word to Kabba Rega (who had declined to appear in

public or private) that if he persisted in this deception I should myself be compelled to return to Fatiko, as it would be impossible for me to hold communications with any person in whom I could place no confidence.

In the event of my departure from Unyoro he knew the consequences. He would be ridiculed by Rionga, who would join the slave-hunters and attack him should I withdraw my protection. On the south he would be invaded by M’tese, who would imagine that Kabba Rega had prevented me from visiting him; thus his country would be utterly ruined.

The chiefs, Neka, Kittakara, and Matonse, to whom I spoke, appeared thoroughly to comprehend the position.

During the day the five missing guns were returned, together with the goatskin bag (chorab), containing much of the missing ammunition—some of which had been abstracted.

On 23rd May I sent off the party to Fatiko, together with the post—including letters to Egypt, Khartoum, and England, to be forwarded by first opportunity. (These never arrived in England.)

I wrote to Wat-el-Mek to offer him the command of an irregular corps of 400 men, which he was to raise immediately from those companies that were now thrown out of employment by the termination of the contract with Agad & Co.

I sent written instructions to Major Abdullah to arrest Abou Saood, and to liberate all the Unyoro slaves in the possession of his people. He was then to forward Abou Saood, together with Suleiman, as prisoners, to the care of Raouf Bey at Gondokoro; and to march himself with his detachment and all effects, together with the liberated slaves, to Foweera.

Three hundred natives accompanied my party from Unyoro to transport the baggage of Major Abdullah.

I had not seen Kabba Rega since the day when he had lied concerning the possession of the muskets and ammunition. Whether from shame or anger I could not tell, but he declined to appear.

The party started with the post, thus reducing my force by the departure

of thirty-six men, including eleven regulars and twenty-five of the new irregular levy.

I was now left with one hundred regulars, four sailors, and four armed Baris.

CHAPTER XX.

ESTABLISH COMMERCE.

For some time past the natives had commenced a brisk trade with ivory in exchange for all kinds of trifles, which left a minimum profit for the government of 1500 per cent. A few beads, together with three or four gaudy-coloured cotton handkerchiefs, a zinc mirror, and a fourpenny butcher’s knife, would purchase a tusk worth twenty or thirty pounds. I calculated all the expenses of transport from England, together with interest on capital. In some cases we purchased ivory at 2,000 per cent. profit, and both sellers and buyers felt perfectly contented.

I am not sure whether this is considered a decent return for an investment of capital among the descendants of Israel; but I am

convinced that at the conclusion of a purchase in Unyoro each party to the bargain thought that he had the best of it. This was the perfection of business.

Here was free trade thoroughly established: the future was tinged with a golden hue. Ivory would be almost inexhaustible, as it would flow from both east and west to the market where such luxuries as twopenny mirrors, fourpenny knives, handkerchiefs, earrings at a penny a pair, finger signet-rings at a shilling a dozen, could be obtained for such comparatively useless lumber as elephants' tusks.

Manchester goods would quickly supersede the bark-cloths, which were worn out in a month, and, in a few years, every native of Unyoro would be able to appear in durable European clothes. Every man would be able to provide himself with a comfortable blanket for the chilly nights, and an important trade would be opened that would tend to the development of the country, and be the first step towards a future civilization. Unfortunately for this golden vision, the young king, Kabba Rega, considered that he had a right to benefit himself exclusively, by monopolizing the trade with the government. He therefore gave orders to his people that all ivory should be brought to him; and he strictly

prohibited, on pain of death, the free trade that I had endeavoured to establish.

The tusks ceased to arrive; or, if any individual was sufficiently audacious to run the risk of detection, he sent word beforehand, by Monsoor (who was known to be confidential), that he would bring a tusk for sale during the darkness of night.

This was a troublesome affair. Annexation is always a difficult question of absolute right, but, as I trust my readers will acknowledge, I had done all that lay in my power for the real benefit of the country. I had to make allowance for the young king, who now had become a vassal, and I determined to observe the extreme of moderation.

It was generally acknowledged that the conduct of the troops was most exemplary. No thefts had been allowed, nor even those trifling annexations of property which are distinguished from stealing by the innocent name of “cribbing.” Not a garden had been disturbed; the tempting tobacco plantations had been rigidly respected, and the natives could only regard my troops as the perfection of police. They were almost as good as London police—there were no areas to the houses,

neither insinuating cooks or housemaids, nor even nursemaids with babies in perambulators, to distract their attention from their municipal duties.

Among my troops there was an excellent young man, named Ramadan, who was the clerk of the detachment. This intelligent young fellow was a general favourite among our own men, and also among the natives. He had a great aptitude for languages, and he quickly mastered sufficient of the Unyoro to make himself understood.

I arranged that Ramadan should become the schoolmaster, as it would be useless to establish commerce as a civilizing medium without in some way commencing a system of education.

Ramadan was proud at the idea of being selected for this appointment.

There was a son of Kittakara's, of about nine years old, named Cherri-Merri. This nice little boy had paid us many visits, and had become a great favourite of my wife's. He usually arrived after breakfast, and was generally to be found sitting on a mat at her feet, playing with some European toys that were his great delight, and gaining

instruction by conversation through the interpreter.

Although Cherri-Merri was a good boy, he possessed the purely commercial instinct of Unyoro. He seldom arrived without a slave attendant, who carried on his head a package of something that was to be SOLD.

He was told that it was bad taste to bring articles for sale to people who had shown him kindness, at the same time no presents would be received. The little trader quickly relieved himself of this difficulty by marching off with his slave and package to the soldiers' camp, where he exchanged his flour or tobacco for metal buttons, which they cut off their uniforms; or for beads, or other trifles which they possessed.

Cherri-Merri was a general favourite, and he was to form the nucleus for the commencement of a school.

The station was now in perfect order. Altogether, including the soldiers' gardens, about three acres had been cleared and planted. Everything was well above ground, and was growing with that rapidity which can only be understood by those who have witnessed the vegetation of the tropics on the richest soil.

English cucumbers, varieties of melons, pumpkins, tomatoes, Egyptian radishes, onions, Egyptian cotton, &c., were all flourishing. Also a small quantity of wheat.

Every cottage was surrounded by a garden; the boys had formed partnerships, and, having been provided with seeds, they had beds of pumpkins already nearly a foot above the ground.

The girls and women-servants were as usual extremely industrious; they also had formed little companies, and the merits of the rival gardens were often warmly discussed.

Three acres of land, thus carefully cultivated, made a very civilized appearance. The cucumber plants had grown wonderfully, and had already formed fruit. Not a leaf was withered or attacked by insects, and both the soil and climate of Masindi were perfection for agricultural experiments. The thermometer generally stood at 62 degrees F at six a.m., and at 78 degrees F at noon. The air was always fresh and invigorating, as the altitude above the sea-level was nearly 4,000 feet.

An industrious population would have made a paradise of this country, but the Unyoro people are the laziest that I have ever seen. The days were passed either in sleep, or by the assembly of large crowds of idlers, who stood at the entrance of the broad, gravelled approach, and simply watched our proceedings.

The only excitement was produced by the sudden rush of Kabba Rega's guards (bonosoora) with big sticks among the crowd, whom they belaboured and chased, generally possessed themselves of the best garments of those who were captured, with which they returned to their quarters, as lawful prizes.

This daring system of thieving was considered as great fun by all those members of the crowd who had escaped; and the unfortunates who had been reduced to nudity by the loss of their garments were jeered and ridiculed by the mob with true Unyoro want of charity.

These bonosoora were an extraordinary collection of scoundrels.

The readers of "The Albert N'yanza" may remember the "Satanic Escort," with which I was furnished by Kamrasi for my journey from M'rooli to the

lake; these were bonosoora. I could never learn the exact number that formed Kabba Rega's celebrated regiment of blackguards, but I should imagine there were above 1,000 men who constantly surrounded him, and gained their living by pillaging others.

Any slave who ran away from his master might find an asylum if he volunteered to enlist in the bonosoora. Every man who had committed some crime, or who could not pay his debts, could find a refuge by devoting himself to the personal care of the young king, and enrolling within the ranks of the royal guards. The general character of these ruffians may be easily imagined. They lounged away their time, and simply relieved the monotony of their existence by robbing passers-by of anything that attracted their cupidity.

Umbogo belonged to this celebrated corps, and he informed me that hardly a night passed without some person being murdered by these people, who would always kill a man after dark, unless he yielded up his property without resistance. The great number of vultures that continually hovered over Masindi were proofs of Umbogo's story, as these birds generally denote the presence of carrion. My men had, on several occasions, found bodies lying in the high grass, neatly picked to the

bone, which had only recently died.

There was much to be done before the brutal customs of Unyoro could be reformed: and I was by no means satisfied with the conduct exhibited by Kabba Rega. He had promised faithfully that he would send a large force to clear away the high grass by which our station was surrounded; this was never fulfilled, neither could I engage the natives to work for hire.

I had observed for some time past that his people were rapidly extending the town of Masindi, by erecting new buildings upon both our flanks, which, although only a few yards from our clearing, were half obscured by the high grass; thus it appeared that we were being gradually surrounded.

Since the departure of the post with my escort and the irregular levy, nothing was done by the natives, except the usual lounging by day, and drinking and howling, with drums and horns as an accompaniment, throughout the night.

Kabba Rega had always declared that the natives would work for me and

obey every order when the slave-hunters should have been expelled from the country. Although the people who were lately a portion of the slave-hunter's company had now been enlisted in the service of government, not one man remained in Masindi, as I had sent them all away to Fatiko, at the particular request of Kabba Rega.

The real fact was, that so long as the slave-trader's people were in the country, both the king and his people knew that we were independent of native guides, as Suleiman's men knew all the paths, from their long experience of the country when engaged in the civil wars. It was considered that in the absence of the new levy of irregulars we should be perfectly helpless to move, as we were dependent upon Kabba Rega for guides.

From the general conduct of the people since the departure of my party with the post to Fatiko, I had a strong suspicion that some foul play was intended, and that, when the 300 native carriers should have taken the people across the Victoria Nile, they would desert them in the night, and return with the boats. I therefore wrote a letter addressed to the second vakeel, Eddrees, ordering him to return at once to Masindi with the entire party if he had any suspicion of treachery.

I concealed this note in a packet of blue cloth, together with a few little presents for Shooli and Gimoro, at Fatiko; but I had written on the brown paper cover of the parcel, instructions that Eddrees or Mohammed, the dragoman, should search the contents, as a letter was hidden within. I gave this packet to Umbogo, telling him that it was a present for Shooli, and begging him to despatch a messenger without delay to overtake the party before they should have crossed the Victoria Nile. The native messenger, to whom I gave a small gratuity, immediately started; thus I should be able to forewarn my people in the event of trouble.

In the afternoon Kabba Rega sent for me to repair the small musical box that I had given him, which was slightly deranged. I replied that, until he fulfilled his agreement to clear the high grass from the neighbourhood, I could not think of attending to any request, as he had broken all his promises.

In half an hour after this answer he sent forty men, under Kittakara, to commence the clearing, as he was in despair about his musical box.

Two native merchants from the distant country of Karagwe, who had been sent by their king, Rumanika, to purchase ivory from Unyoro, had arrived at Masindi. These people were brought to me on 26th May, accompanied by Kittakara, together with Umbogo, the interpreter. I observed that Kittakara was acting the part of spy, to overhear and to report the substance of the conversation. Some excitement had been caused by the report that two travellers were residing with Rumanika, and that these people had arrived from the M'wootan N'zige. I was in hopes that one of these travellers might be Livingstone.

The Karagwe merchants were well-dressed, and very civilized-looking people. They stared upon arrival in the divan, and were shortly seated upon a mat before me.

After some conversation, I questioned them concerning the travellers, and I immediately wrote both questions and replies in my journal, which I now give verbatim.

"Have you personally seen the travellers?"

Answer: "Yes; one is tall, with a long beard and white hair. The other

is a very black man (an African), and short."

Question: "How do they eat?"

Answer: "With a knife and fork and plate."

Question: "Have they a compass" (Compass exhibited)?

Answer: "No; but they have a small mirror like those in your possession."

Question: "Do they purchase ivory?"

Answer: "Yes. We are now sent by Rumanika to buy ivory for them."

Question: "Have they a large quantity?"

Answer: "An immense quantity. They have a large house, which is quite full."

Question: "How will they transport it?"

Answer: “They are building a vessel of iron on the M’wootan N’zige, upon the borders of which they are now staying.”

Question: “Do they know that I am commanding this expedition?”

Answer: “Yes; they have frequently asked `whether you had arrived;’ and they wish to go to Khartoum.”

“There is no trace of poor Livingstone in their description. I imagine that some enterprising Portuguese trader is building a ship to trade upon M’wootan N’zige. God help him if he tries to transport his ivory by this route.

“I shall write to Livingstone by the first opportunity. Like all other of my informants, these native merchants told me that the M’wootan N’zige extended to Karagwe, after a long turn to the west. It varied much in width, and at Karagwe it was narrow.”

For some days I had conversations with these intelligent people. They brought me two elephants’ tusks to sell, as they wished to show Rumanika

the quality of goods that were now introduced from the north. I made them a few presents, after the bargain, to create a favourable impression, and I once more cross-examined them upon geographical questions.

Their description of the east shore of the M'wootan N'zige was as follows:

Geographical Information:

"South of Unyoro is a country Kabboya;

" " Kabboyu " " Tambooki;

" " Tambooki " " M'Pororo;

" " M'Pororo " " Ruanda;

" " Ruanda " " Baroondi;

" " Baroondi " " Chibbogora;

" " Chibbogora " " Watuta;

" " Watuta " " Manchoonda;"

"Beyond the Machoonda they knew nothing, except that the lake extends for an enormous and unknown distance.

“On the west shore, opposite Kabboyu and Tambooki, is situated the cannibal country of Booamba.

“The route to Karagwe from Masindi, via the M’wootan N’zige (Albert N’yanza), is—take boat from Chibero (a day’s long march from Masindi) to M’Pororo—at which spot you leave the boat, and proceed overland in one day to the Karagwe frontier.

“The Kittangide river passes through M’Pororo, N’Kole, and Kishakka, and, after a very winding course, it cuts through Karagwe, and falls into the Victoria N’yanza.

“‘Baroondi’ must be Speke’s ‘Urundi;’ as I find that many names that he has prefixed with ‘U’ are here pronounced as ‘B.’

“By Speke’s map Urundi is in about 3 degrees south latitude. The M’wootan N’zige is therefore known to pass through Ruanda, Baroondi, and the Watuta—or beyond the north end of the Tanganyika Lake.

“This looks as though the Tanganyika and the M’wootan N’zige were only

one vast lake bearing different names according to the localities through which it passes."

I have extracted this from my journal, as it was written at the moment that the information was given. I have no theory, as I do not indulge in the luxury of geographical theories; but I shall give my information in the same words in which I received it from the natives. Speculative geographers may then form their own opinions.

From the day when Kabba Rega had denied the possession of the guns and ammunition belonging to the irregular levy, he had never appeared at his new divan, neither had I seen him.

Upon many occasions I had sent to request his attendance, but he was always in the sanctuary of his own private house, or rather establishment of houses; these were a series of enormous beehive-shaped straw and cane dwellings in a courtyard of about an acre, surrounded by a fence, and guarded by many sentries, each of whom had a small but built in the middle of the hedge.

Since the departure of the irregular levy, I had noticed a decided

change in the demeanour of the chiefs. Kittiakara, who had been our greatest friend, could never look me in the face, but always cast his eyes upon the ground when speaking or listening.

The food for the troops was obtained with the greatest difficulty, after constant worry and endless applications. It was in vain that I insisted upon the right of paying for a supply of corn; the chiefs replied: “Is not Kabba Rega your son? can a son sell corn to his own father”

At the same time we never had two days’ provisions in store, and we were simply living from hand to month. This looked suspicious, as though the troops were to be rendered helpless by the absence of supplies in the event of hostilities.

My few Baris consisted of my good interpreter Morgian, together with three other natives, who had been for some years in the employ of Suleiman. I had kept these people with me, as they knew something about the country and the Unyoros. They were all armed and were tolerably good shots. One of these fellows (Molodi), a native of the Madi country, was extremely useful and intelligent. He now told me that I could never depend upon Kabba Rega, and that he had simply begged me to send the

irregulars out of the country in order that I should not hear the truth of his former conduct from them; also, in their absence, I should be quite ignorant of the paths that were now completely overgrown with immensely high grass throughout the country.

An incident occurred on the 31st May which caused me serious anxiety.

The station was in complete order: the cultivation was thriving, and the general appearance of the government settlement was a strong contrast to the surrounding wilderness of high grass, and the large and dirty town of Masindi.

My troops were now without occupation, therefore I instructed Colonel Abd-el-Kader to drill them every morning.

It had been the daily practice of the band to march up and down the broad approach, and to perform nearly opposite Kabba Rega's public divan.

There was no clear place in which the troops could be drilled, except in the public square at the back of Kabba Rega's divan; this was about the

centre of the town.

The square was an open space of about two acres, and was the spot at which all public festivities were held, and where, upon many occasions, Kabba Rega delighted to sit, in a large open shed, to witness the absurd performance of his buffoons.

This open space was well adapted for the exercise of a company of troops. I therefore ordered the men on parade, and I accompanied them myself together with Lieutenant Baker.

The band played, as usual, at the head of the company, and we marched through the town to the open square.

Here the troops were put through their musketry drill, and commenced various evolutions.

To my astonishment, I saw the natives hurrying off in all directions. I was perfectly unarmed, as were also the officers (excepting their side arms) and Lieutenant Baker.

Almost immediately the huge war-drum sounded in the house of Kabba Rega, and the dull hollow notes continued to beat the alarm!

In less than ten minutes, horns were blowing and drums were beating in all directions, and with extraordinary rapidity, some five or six thousand men came pouring down from every quarter, fully armed with spears and shields, in a state of frantic excitement, and at once surrounded the troops. Fresh bands of natives, all of whom were in their costume of war, continued to concentrate from every side. The crowd of warriors leapt and gesticulated around my little company of men as though about to attack.

I immediately gave the order to form a square with fixed bayonets. This manoeuvre puzzled the natives extremely.

They danced around the square, within a few feet of the glistening row of bayonet-points, which were lowered so as to form an impenetrable fence.

The officers were of course inside the square. I gave the men strict orders not to fire under any provocation, unless I gave the word of

command, and attended by Lieutenant Baker and Monsoor, the latter with his sword drawn, I left the square, and walked into the middle of the crowd, towards the three chiefs, Rahonka, Kittakara, and Matonse, who were all standing with lances in their hands, and apparently prepared for action.

Although the situation was full of meaning, I thought the best policy was to appear amused. At this moment Monsoor struck up with his sword, a lance, which one of the frantic warriors, in the midst of his wild gesticulations, had advanced within a few inches of my back.

The interpreters (many of whom I knew well) were all armed with muskets, and the bonosoora were dressed in their usual fantastic manner when prepared for war; a considerable number were provided with guns.

The slightest accident would have caused a general outbreak of hostilities. I had eighty men on the ground; the remainder of the force were at the station, about three hundred yards distant, where Lady Baker, and all stores and ammunition, would have been in extreme danger, had an attack become general.

I at once walked up to Rahonka and Kittakara, and calling an interpreter, named Kadji-Barri, who was standing near them, dressed in Arab clothes, with his musket in his hand, and his cartouche-belt on his waist, I burst out laughing, and exclaimed: “Well done, Kadji-Barri! this is famously managed; let us have a general dance. Ash Kitiakitri if my band shall play, or will you dance to your own music?”

This was immediately translated to the chiefs, and my demeanour seemed to cause some hesitation. I at once ordered our band to strike up.

The instant that a well-known lively air commenced, I begged them to exhibit some native dance to amuse us. Seeing their hesitation, I inquired whether they would wish to see my men perform? After a few words between Kittakara and Rahonka, the former agreed that it would be better for my men to commence the dance first.

I lost no time in explaining to Kittakara. At that he must at once address the crowd and assure them that the performance about to commence was intended for their amusement, and there was no cause for fear. At the same time, I begged him to order the crowd to stand back, and to afford space for my troops, who were about to advance with the bayonet.

In a loud voice Kittakara gave the necessary explanation.

I ordered the bugler to sound the advance, and the whole band sounded the charge with the bayonet (sinjatre doran).

At the inspiriting call, each side of the square advanced at the double with bayonets at the charge. The crowd, lately so demonstrative, fell quickly back, and, having thus cleared the square, I told Kittakara to order every individual of the crowd to sit down upon the ground.

The great mass of people obeyed the order with the discipline of soldiers, and my troops fell back and reformed their square as before. The little square, with a single line of front of twenty men, now occupied the centre of the clear space.

I lost no time in inquiring for Kabba Rega, whom I insisted upon seeing. After a short delay he appeared, in company of some of his bonosoora. He was in a beastly state of intoxication, and, after reeling about with a spear in his hand, he commenced a most imbecile attempt at warlike gestures.

Had my eighty men been armed with breechloaders, I could have mown down hundreds by a fire from the square, had hostilities been forced upon us; but, as the greater portion were armed with old muskets, we might have been overwhelmed by a general rush, when reloading after the first volley.

Kabba Rega was so drunk that he did not appear to recognize me, but he continued to reel about for a short time, and thus to expose his idiotic condition, until his chiefs at length recommended him to retire.

Kittakara now explained that, if I wished to have a general dance, they would prepare a grand entertainment at some future time; but he now begged me to withdraw the troops, as the sun was very hot, and the natives were fatigued.

I assured Kittakara and the chiefs that the people had no cause for fear, and that now that my station was completed I should frequently bring the troops to the public square for musketry drill, as there was no other open space, unless Kabba Rega would order his people to clear away the high grass, which he had so often promised to do.

The band now struck up, and the troops, in single file, marched through the narrow lanes of the crowded town. I walked at their head, and I was much pleased by seeing my little friend, Cherri-Merri, who ran out of the crowd, and taking my hand, he marched with us as a volunteer, and accompanied us to the station.

Upon arrival at the government quarters, I found all hands armed and well stationed for the defence of the divan and powder-magazine, by my wife, who was commandant in my absence. She had placed rockets in readiness to fire the town on the instant of a volley of musketry being heard. My good little officer had also laid out a large supply of spare ammunition, together with every gun, rifle, and pistol, all of which were laid on a table in the divan, ready to repel an attack.

I now sent for Rahonka, who was supposed to be the general of Kabba Rega’s forces.

The conduct of little Cherri-Merri was very gratifying, as he had adhered to his true friends in a moment of great uncertainty.

Rahonka shortly appeared. My interpreter, Umbogo, was absent on leave for two days to visit his farm; thus Rahonka was accompanied by Kadji-Barri, who was well accustomed to us, and had often received presents.

I now insisted upon an explanation concerning the sudden beating of the war-drum and the extraordinary assembly of the people armed for war. Rahonka looked foolish and nervous, as though he doubted the chance of a safe retreat. He could not give any satisfactory reason for the hostile display we had so recently witnessed, but he attributed it to the drunken state of Kabba Rega, who had sounded the alarm without any reason.

I assured Rahonka that such conduct would not be permitted; and that if such a scene should occur again, I should not allow the troops to be surrounded by thousands of armed men, in hostile attitudes, without immediately taking the initiative.

Rahonka retired, and in a few minutes we received twenty loads of corn for the troops, as a peace-offering.

Thus ended the month of May, which had nearly closed in bloodshed.

There could be no doubt that an attack upon the troops had been intended; and I could not help admiring the organization of the people, that enabled so large a force to be concentrated upon a given point in a few minutes after the alarm had sounded. My wife, upon whose cool judgment I could always depend, described vividly her apprehensions of treachery. She had witnessed the extraordinary energy which the natives had exhibited in rushing from the neighbouring villages, almost immediately when the war-drum had sounded. They had poured in streams past the station, and had brandished their lances and shields at her as they thronged at full speed within fifty yards of the government clearing.

Fortunately, when the big nogara had sounded, both she and the troops understood the signal, and with praiseworthy speed she had placed every man in position to defend the station. Even the servants and our black boys were armed, and occupied the posts assigned to them. Without these precautions it is highly probable that the station would have been attacked, in which case it might have been at once overwhelmed by so immense a superiority of force.

I felt that on the whole we had narrowly escaped from ruin. My intention, when in the open square, had been to seize a rifle from a soldier, and at once to shoot Kabba Rega had hostilities commenced after his appearance; but, even had we been able to hold our own, with a party of eighty men, we should have lost the entire station, together with all our ammunition, and every soul would have been massacred.

I had serious misgivings for the future. This demonstration looked extremely bad after the departure of my thirty-six men with the post to Fatiko. If Kabba Rega and his people were treacherous, they could easily murder the party whom they were pretending to escort as friends.

On the other hand, I could not conceive why Kabba Rega or his people should be ill-disposed, unless he harboured resentment on account of the discovery of his theft of the muskets and ammunition from the irregulars, which I had forced him to restore.

My Baris and Molodi all declared that he was suspicious because I had pardoned the slave-hunters and received them into government service. This merciless young villain, who had so treacherously murdered his own

kith and kin, had no conception of forgiveness; thus he could not understand why I had not killed the slave-hunters when they were once in my power.

There was no doubt that discontent rankled deeply in his heart for some cause or other; as he had never appeared, or received visits, for many days, but had sulkily shut himself up within his own court.

He only went out daily, at a certain time, to collect subscriptions for the pay of his beloved rascals, the bonosoora; but this led him through the town in the opposite direction to our camp, therefore we never saw him.

The collection of alms was a most undignified proceeding. At the hour of his exit from his house, a band of fifes or flageolets struck up a peculiar air which was well known as the signal for preparing to pay for the king's visit. The few notes they played was a monotonous repetition of :—

As his pipes played before him, Kabba Rega called at any houses that he thought proper to select, and received from the inmates of each, a few

cowrie shells, which are used as the smallest coin in Unyoro. These shells were afterwards divided among his bonosoora as their daily pay.

My station had not been arranged for defence, as I considered that hostilities in this country could not be possible. Although black human nature is the darkest shade of character, I never could have believed that even Kabba Rega could have harboured treacherous designs against us, after the benefits that both he and his people had received from me. The country had been relieved from the slave-hunters, and my people were actually on the road to Fatiko to liberate and restore to their families about 1,000 women and children of Unyoro. I was about to establish a school. No thefts had taken place on the part of the troops. The rights of every native had been respected. The chiefs had received valuable presents, and the people had already felt the advantage of legitimate trade.

At the same time that hostility appeared impossible, I could not blind myself to the fact of the late demonstration; it would therefore be absolutely necessary to construct a small fort, for the security of the ammunition and effects, which could no longer be exposed in simple straw huts, without protection.

I explained this necessity to my officers and men, all of whom were keenly alive to the evil spirit of Kabba Rega, from whom they expected future mischief.

This miserable young fellow was nearly always drunk; his time was passed in sucking plantain cider through a reed, until he became thoroughly intoxicated. We were, therefore, subject to any sudden order that he might give in a fit of drunkenness.

His people obeyed him implicitly, with that fanatical belief that is held in Unyoro respecting the person who occupies the magic throne (Bamba).

There could be no doubt that he was offended and insulted: therefore, according to the principle in vino veritas, he might pluck up courage to surprise us when least expected.

I determined to build a fort immediately.

I drew a plan of a circular stockade, surrounded by a ditch and earthen

parapet. The ditch ten feet wide by seven deep. The diameter from scarp to scarp, sixty feet; diameter of inner circular court, thirty-six feet.

With the assistance of Lieutenant Baker I drew the plan on the ground, and my troops set to work with that vigour which always distinguished them.

There were numerous large trees of the fig tribe in the immediate neighbourhood. This wood was exactly adapted for the purpose, as it was easy to cut, and at the same time it was undying when once planted in the ground. Any log of the bark-cloth tree will take root if watered.

The axes with which the men were provided now came into play, and the clicking of so many tools at work at once surprised the natives. Rahonka, Kittakara, and other chiefs came to inquire concerning our intention.

I explained the necessity of storing the gunpowder in a fireproof building. Only a few days ago several native huts had been burnt; such an accident might endanger our station, therefore I should construct an earthen roof over a building of strong palisades. I explained that

should the whole of the ammunition explode, it might ignite and destroy Masindi.

My men thoroughly understood their work. Immense logs, nine feet in length, and many upwards of two feet in diameter, were planted, close together, in holes two feet deep. Any interstices were filled up with smaller posts sunk firmly in the ground. The entrance to the little fort was a projecting passage, about twelve feet long, and only three feet wide, formed of two rows of enormous palisades, sunk two feet six inches in the earth, which was pounded closely down with heavy rammers. This passage was an important feature in the power of defence, as it added to the flanking fire. A reference to the plan will show that the arrangement of this small fort gave us three fireproof rooms for the protection of stores and ammunition, and for the accommodation of the necessary guard. Each of these rooms was formed of the strongest palisades, upon which I arranged a flat roof of thick posts, laid parallel, which were covered with tempered earth and chopped straw for the thickness of a foot.

The earth from the ditch would lie against the outside face of the stockade, at an angle of about 40 degrees from the edge of the ditch to

within eighteen inches of the projecting roof: thus the defenders could fire from the strong rooms through the interstices of the upright timbers.

We commenced this fort on the morning of 2nd June, and every palisade was in its place and firmly rammed down by the evening of the 5th; thus, in four days' hard work we had an impregnable protection in a position nearly half-way between the entrance of the main approach and the government divan.

The digging of the ditch was commenced, but this was a longer operation, as we were provided with the light Unyoro hoes, which were not sufficiently powerful to cut through the hard gravel subsoil.

The interpreter, Umbogo, returned on 3rd June. He could not in the least explain the hostile demonstration of 31st May. This added to my suspicion, as Umbogo must have known more than he chose to tell.

On the 4th June envoys arrived direct from M'tese, the king of Uganda, with a letter of welcome, written in Arabic, addressed to myself.

The principal messenger was one of M’tese’s headmen, named Waysooa. The commander-in-chief, Congow, had also sent a representative, named Bonneggesah; these people were accompanied by an interpreter named Bokamba.

The envoys were remarkably well-dressed, in Indian clothes, and they appeared quite civilized, as though native merchants of Bombay.

They now delivered their credentials from King M’tese: these were objects that had been given to him many years ago by Speke and Grant. A printed book (Kaffre laws), several water-colour drawings, including a picture of a guinea-fowl and a yellow-breasted pigeon; also a little folding-book with sketches of British soldiers of various regiments. These I carefully examined and returned to the envoys, who wrapped them neatly in a piece of calico as great treasures. (I must acknowledge the important assistance rendered by the King M’tese, which was the result of the good reputation left by my precursors, Speke and Grant.)

The general, Congow, had sent a tusk to SELL! I declined the offer, but I sent him a scarlet blanket as a present. I also packed up an assortment of handsome articles for M’tese, including many yards of

orange-coloured gold brocade, sufficient for a large flowing robe.

I gave presents to the envoys, and they appeared delighted, bowing frequently to the ground while upon their knees, with their hands clasped together, and repeating the word, “N’yanzig,” “N’yanzig,” “N’yanzig.”

In reply to my inquiries, nothing had been heard of Livingstone. I sent M’tese a letter in Arabic, begging him to use every exertion in a search for the great traveller, and to forward him to me, should he be so fortunate as to discover him. At the same time I wrote two letters, which I addressed to Livingstone; in these I gave him the necessary information. I consigned them to the care of M’tese, to be forwarded to any travellers who might be heard of, far or near.

In my letter to M’tese, I complimented him upon the general improvement of his country, and upon his conversion from heathenism to a belief in the Deity. I explained, that owing to his kindness to Speke and Grant, his name had become known throughout the world, and I begged him to show the same attention to Livingstone.

I described the object of the expedition, in opening up a trade from the north that would bring merchandise of every description to his kingdom; but I advised him to send his own carriers, as I felt sure that Kabba Rega was already jealous, and would endeavour to prevent the opening of the commercial road to M’tese, as he would himself wish to monopolize the trade.

This was a little stroke of diplomacy that I felt sure would open a direct communication without delay, as M’tese looked down with contempt upon Kabba Rega, and would at once feel insulted at opposition from such a quarter. (The good effect of this policy will be seen towards the close of the expedition.)

Should I have any open rupture with Kabba Rega, M’tese would at once attribute the cause to the obstructive and selfish character of the ruler in Unyoro.

I explained to the envoys all that I had written to M’tese, and having exhibited the varieties of merchandise that belonged to the expedition, I took them into the wonderful private house, where they were introduced to the Queen, and the Princess of Wales, and the gaudy ladies, together

with the fox-hunters and hounds, the large mirrors, the wheel of life, &c.; all of which were duly explained to them. A good shock with the magnetic battery wound up the entertainment, and provided them with much material for a report to their royal master upon their return to Uganda.

The geographical information afforded by these people I shall extract verbatim from my journal, in which it was written at that particular time: thus, geographers will hear all that I heard, and they may form various opinions, which will perhaps add still further to the interest pertaining to the mysteries of Central Africa.

“The native name for the Victoria N’yanza is Nerraa Bali: There are two lakes adjoining each other, one is Nerraa Bali, the other Sessi; both of which are very large, and they are separated by a neck of land about a day’s march across.

“On the Sessi Lake the natives live on floating islands, and subsist by fishing; exchanging their fish for flour, &c., upon the main land.

“There is a narrow water-communication through the neck of land or isthmus, which can be passed through by a canoe in one day.”

On the 5th June the envoys returned towards Uganda, having been highly gratified with their visit. They had appeared much concerned at hearing of poor Speke's death; and continued to exclaim for some minutes, "Wah! Wah! Speekee! Speekee! Wah! Speekee!"

CHAPTER XXI.

TREACHERY.

For some days past, Kabba Rega had frequently sent his interpreters with messages, that he wished to sell the ivory which he had collected for the government. We had noticed on several occasions many people laden with large elephants' tusks, who invariably marched towards the same direction. The dragoman, Kadji-Barri, daily brought ivory for sale for the account of his master; and exchanged tusks for all kinds of trifles, such as porcelain cups and saucers, small musical boxes, &c., &c.

On 6th June, twenty-one tusks were purchased from the messengers of Kabba Rega, and I thought that the young king was getting tired of his sulky fit, and that we should be once more friends.

The supply of food was always a trouble. Every day was passed in repeated applications to the authorities for supplies, which were at length grudgingly bestowed.

On 7th June, there was nothing for the troops to eat. Although on 31st May we had received twenty loads of corn, these were simply the long narrow packages which are so neatly made of the plantain bark throughout Unyoro, but which contain very little.

Several times during the day Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, together with Monsoor, had been sent to the divan of Kabba Rega, to impress upon his chiefs the necessity of a supply of food. They explained my great annoyance, as this was precisely the result that I had foretold when Kabba Rega had neglected to clear the ground for cultivation.

At about 3 P.M., the tall chief Matonse appeared, together with Umbogo, and several natives, who carried five large jars of plantain cider.
These were sent to me from Kabba Rega, with a polite but lying message, that “he much regretted the scarcity of corn; there was positively none in Masindi, but a large quantity would arrive tomorrow from Agguse.” In

the mean time he begged I would accept for the troops a present of five jars of cider.

I declined to accept the present, as I did not require drink, but solid food for the troops. The jars were therefore returned.

About sunset Matonse again appeared, accompanied by Umbogo and natives with SEVEN jars of cider, and two large packages of flour, which he assured me had been borrowed from Rahonka. He was exceedingly polite, and smiled and bowed, beseeching me to accept the cider, as plenty of corn would be sent on the following day, when better arrangements would be made for future supplies.

I could no longer refuse the cider, therefore I sent for Abd-el-Kader, and gave him five jars for the officers and troops.

It was at this time about seven o'clock, and we sat down to dinner in the divan, as it was too chilly to dine outside.

We had just finished dinner, when Abd-el-Kader suddenly entered the divan in a state of troubled excitement, to inform me that "many of the

troops appeared to be dying, and they had evidently been POISONED by the plantain cider!”

I inquired “how many men had drunk from the jars?” He could not tell, but he feared that at least half the company had taken some portion, more or less. He had himself drunk a tumblerful, and he already felt uncomfortable, with a tightness of the throat, and a burning pain in his inside.

I at once flew to my medicinal arms. Independently of the large medicine-chest, I had a small box, about nine inches by five, which contained all that could be desired for any emergency. This little chest had been my companion for twenty-five years.

I begged my wife to get as much mustard and strong salt and water ready as she could mix in a hurry, and I started off with Abd-el-Kader and Lieutenant Baker. I immediately sent Monsoor to find Umbogo.

On arrival at the camp, which was about 120 yards distant, my first order was to double all the sentries.

I found the men in a terrible state. Several lay insensible, while about thirty were suffering from violent constriction of the throat, which almost prevented them from breathing. This was accompanied by spasms and burning pain in the stomach, with delirium, a partial palsy of the lower extremities, and in the worst cases, total loss of consciousness.

I opened the jaws of the insensible, and poured down a dessert-spoonful of water, containing three grains of emetic tartar, and, in about ten minutes, I dosed everybody who had partaken of the poisoned cider with the same emetic, while I insisted upon a flood of mustard and salt and water being swallowed. Fortunately we had everything at hand. The soldiers who were sound were all nursing the sick, and they poured down gallons of brine, until the patients began to feel the symptoms of a rough passage across the British Channel.

My servants always kept the lanterns trimmed—this was a positive order. The lights were now moving to and fro, and having seen all the poisoned under the full effect of a large dose of tartarised antimony, with an accompaniment of strong brine and mustard, I returned to the divan, where I found Umbogo had just arrived with Monsoor, who had met with him at his own hut.

I sat quietly at the table as though nothing had occurred.

“Are you fond of merissa, Umbogo?”

“Yes,” he replied.

“Would you like to drink some that you brought from Kabba Rega, this evening?”

“Yes, if you have any to spare,” replied Umbogo.

I ordered Monsoor to fill a gourd-shell that would contain about a quart. This was handed to him, together with a reed.

Umbogo began to suck it vigorously through the tube. My wife thought he was shamming.

“Drink it off, Umbogo!” I exclaimed.

He drank with enjoyment—there was no mistake.

“Stop him!—that’s enough, Umbogo! Don’t drink it all.” The man was evidently not guilty, although he had been employed to bring the poisoned stuff.

Umbogo had only to leave the divan and turn the corner, before he fell to the ground, with the same symptoms that had been exhibited among the men. He had drunk more than the others. His eyes were blood-stained, and nearly started from his head, as he strove wildly upon the ground and wrestled with those who endeavoured to assist him, in a state of total unconsciousness.

I was by his side immediately, and administered the same remedies.

I now ordered all the sick men to be either carried or led within the fort, from which they could not escape. Those who were slightly better, now endeavoured to wander about in delirium, and they would have been lost in the high grass unless I had thus secured them.

All that was possible had been done; the sick, were secured, and the night guards for relief were at their posts with double sentries awake

and on duty; thus no man would sleep within the station.

I sent Monsoor to call the chief, Matonse, whose house was within 200 yards of the government divan.

Monsoor shortly returned without Matonse. He had brought an interpreter from this chief, in lieu of Umbogo, who was incapacitated; and Matonse had sent a message “that he could not come to me in the dark, but he would call on the following day.”

In the mean time an ominous stillness reigned throughout the usually boisterous population of Masindi. Not a sound was to be heard, although the nightly custom of the people was singing, howling, and blowing horns.

My arms and ammunition were always in readiness, but I filled up my pouches to the maximum of fifty cartridges, and at midnight I went to bed.

I woke frequently to listen, as I was anxious, and therefore slept lightly. The faithful Monsoor was under arms, and was pacing throughout

the whole night before my door; he never slept.

At about 2 A.M. there was a sound throughout the town of fowls cackling, as though they were being disturbed and caught while at roost.

At about 3 A.M. the lowing of cattle was heard, as though Kabba Rega's cows were being driven off.

A little after 5 A.M. I got up, and went out at daybreak to visit the sick within the fort. I found Monsoor waiting by my door.

The emetics had counteracted the poison, and my patients, although weakly, were quite out of danger.

Having examined them, I ordered the men to their quarters, and they all left the fort, with the exception of the night guard.

The two interpreters, Umbogo and Aboo Kooka, were secured by a thin cord fastened round their necks.

Having given all the necessary instructions, I ordered Monsoor to go to

the chief Matonse, with a message that I wished to see him, as the men had been ill after drinking the cider, and although now recovered, it would be satisfactory if he would examine the remaining jars.

Monsoor took his rifle, and accompanied by a corporal, Ferritch Baggara, one of the best soldiers of the “Forty Thieves,” started on his mission. Matonse’s house, as already described, was within 200 yards of the government divan.

It was now about 5.45 A.M. I noticed that Kabba Rega’s divan, within fifty yards of the government house, seemed full of people, some of whom were washing their faces, as though they had just risen from sleep.

My wife had now joined me, and, according to my usual habit, I strolled up and down the broad gravelled approach and smoked a short pipe. We were conversing together about the present state of affairs, and were anxiously expecting the return of Monsoor with Matonse, who would perhaps throw some light on the matter.

I was followed closely by a bugler and a choush (sergeant). The main entrance of the approach from the town was bordered upon either side by

a dense plantation of castor-oil trees, which continued in a thick fringe along the edge of the garden, so as to screen the huts from our view, although they were within twenty paces of the entrance of the drive.

The castor-oil bushes were within five yards of the entrance, and gradually increased the distance, as they turned obliquely towards the private divan of Kabba Rega.

We little suspected that sharpshooters were already concealed within this dense covert.

My wife and I had reached the entrance of the approach. Nothing seemed to denote hostility on the part of the natives, no person being visible, except those guards who occupied the king’s divan.

Suddenly we were startled by the savage yells of some thousand voices, which burst unexpectedly upon us!

This horrible sound came from the direction of Matonse’s house, and was within 120 yards from the spot on which we stood; but the town was not

visible, owing to the thick covert of oil bushes.

The savage yells were almost immediately followed by two rifle shots in the same direction.

“Sound the taboor!” Fortunately I gave this order to the bugler by my side without one moment’s delay.

I had just time to tell my wife to run into the divan and get my rifle and belt, when the sharpshooters opened fire at me from the bushes, within a few yards.

I had white cotton clothes, thus I was a very clear object. As I walked towards the divan to meet my rifle, the serjeant who followed close behind me fell shot through the heart. Poor fellow, the shot was aimed at me!

The troops had fallen into position with extraordinary rapidity, and several ascended the roof of the fort, so as to see clearly over the high grass. A soldier immediately fell, to die in a few minutes, shot through the shoulder-blade. Another man of the “Forty Thieves” was shot

through the leg above the knee. The bullets were flying through the government divan, and along the approach.

A tumultuous roar of savage voices had burst from all sides, and the whole place was alive a few instants after the first two shots had been heard. Thousands of armed natives now rushed from all directions upon the station.

A thrill went through me when I thought of my good and devoted Monsoor!

My wife had quickly given me my belt and breechloading double rifle. (This beautiful weapon, I have already mentioned, was made by Mr. Holland, of Bond Street, London.) Fortunately I had filled up the pouches on the previous evening with fifty rounds of cartridge.

The troops were now in open order, completely around the station, and were pouring a heavy fire into the masses of the enemy within the high grass, which bad been left purposely uncleared by Kabba Rega, in order to favour a treacherous attack.

The natives kept up a steady fire upon the front from behind the

castor-oil bushes and the densely thronged houses.

With sixteen men of the “Forty Thieves,” together with Colonel Abd-el-Kader and Lieutenant Baker, R.N., I directed a heavy fire into the covert, and soon made it too hot for the sharpshooters. I had ordered the blue lights at the commencement of the attack. My black boys, Saat and Bellaal, together with some soldiers, now arrived with a good supply.

Covering their advance with a heavy fire from the sniders, the boys and men rushed forward, and immediately ignited Kabba Rega’s large divan.

These active and plucky lads now ran nimbly from hut to hut, and one slight touch of the strong fire of the blue lights was sufficient to insure the ignition of the straw dwellings.

I now sent a party of fifteen sniders, under Lieutenant Ferritch Agha, one of my most courageous officers, with a supply of blue lights, to set fire, to the town on our left flank, and to push on to the spot where the missing Monsoor and Ferritch had fired their rifles.

Every arrangement having been rapidly carried out, the boys and a few men continued to fire the houses on our right flank; and giving the order to advance, our party of sixteen rushed forward into the town.

The right and left flanks were now blazing, and the flames were roaring before the wind. I heard the rattling fire of the sniders under Ferritch Agha on our left, and knowing that both flanks were now thoroughly secured by the conflagration, we dashed straight for Kabba Rega's principal residences and court, driving the enemy before us. Colonel Abd-el-Kader was an excellent officer in action. We quickly surrounded Kabba Rega's premises, and set fire to the enormous straw buildings on all sides.

If he had been at home he would have had a warm reception, but the young coward had fled with all his women before the action had commenced, together with the magic bamba or throne, and the sacred drum.

In a few minutes the conflagration was terrific, as the great court of Kabba Rega blazed in flames seventy or eighty feet high, which the wind drove in vivid forks into the thatch of the adjacent houses.

We now followed the enemy throughout the town, and the sniders told with sensible effect wherever they made a stand. The blue lights continued the work; the roar of flames and the dense volumes of smoke, mingled with the continued rattle of musketry, and the savage yells of the natives, swept forward with the breeze, and the capital of Unyoro was a fair sample of the infernal regions.

The natives were driven out of the town, but the high grass was swarming with many thousands, who, in the neighbourhood of the station, still advanced to attack the soldiers.

I now ordered “The Forty” to clear the grass, and a steady fire of snider rifles soon purged the covert upon which the enemy had relied.

In about an hour and a quarter the battle of Masindi was won. Not a house remained of the lately extensive town. A vast open space of smoke and black ashes, with flames flickering in some places where the buildings had been consumed, and at others forked sheets of fire where the fuel was still undestroyed, were the only remains of the capital of Unyoro.

The enemy had fled. Their drums and horns, lately so noisy, were now silent.

I ordered the bugle to sound “cease firing.” We marched through the scorching streets to our station, where I found my wife in deep distress.

The bugle sounded the assembly, and the men mustered, and fell in for the roll-call. Four men were missing.

Lying on the turf, close to the fort wall, were four bodies arranged in a row and covered with cloths.

The soldiers gathered round them as I approached. The cloths were raised.

My eyes rested on the pale features of my ever faithful and devoted officer, Monsoor! There was a sad expression of pain on his face. I could not help feeling his pulse; but there was no hope; this was still. I laid his arm gently by his side, and pressed his hand for the last time, for I loved Monsoor as a true friend.

His body was pierced with thirty-two lance wounds; thus he had fought gallantly to the last, and he had died like a good soldier; but he was treacherously murdered instead of dying on a fair battle-field.

Poor Ferritch Baggara was lying next to him, with two lance wounds through the chest.

The other bodies were those of the choush that had fallen by my side, and the soldier who had been shot on the parapet.

We were all deeply distressed at the death of poor Monsoor. There never was a more thoroughly unselfish and excellent man. He was always kind to the boys, and would share even a scanty meal in hard times with either friend or stranger. He was the lamb in peace, and the lion in moments of danger. I owed him a debt of gratitude, for although I was the general, and he had been only a corporal when he first joined the expedition, he had watched over my safety like a brother. I should “never see his like again.”

Monsoor was the only Christian, excepting the European party.

The graves were made. I gave out new cloth from the stores in which to wrap the bodies of four of my best men, and they were buried near the fort.

My heart was very heavy. God knows I had worked with the best intentions for the benefit of the country, and this was the lamentable result. My best men were treacherously murdered. We had narrowly escaped a general massacre. We had won the battle, and Masindi was swept from the earth. What next?

I find these words, which I extract from my journal, as they were written at that moment:-

“Thus ended the battle of Masindi, caused by the horrible treachery of the natives. Had I not been quick in sounding the bugle and immediately assuming a vigorous offensive, we should have been overwhelmed by numbers.

“Since we have been in this country, my men have been models of virtue; nothing has been stolen, except a few potatoes on one occasion, when the

thief was publicly punished, and the potatoes restored to the owner, neither have the natives been interfered with in any manner. I have driven the slave-hunters from their country, and my troops from Fatiko are ordered to restore to Unyoro all the slaves that have been stolen by the traders. The disgusting ingratitude and treachery of the negro surpasses imagination.

“What is to become of these countries? all my goodwill brings forth evil deeds.”

In the battle of Masindi nothing could have exceeded the cool, soldier-like bearing of both officers and men. Every man had done his duty. In the first onset, when about seven or eight thousand natives had suddenly attacked the station, the men had not only fallen into position for the defence of the camp with extraordinary alacrity, but they had behaved with extreme steadiness and coolness, and not a man had moved from his post without orders.

The attacking parties, formed exclusively of the “Forty Thieves,” had exhibited an activity and elan for which this gallant little corps was eminently distinguished; and had they been European troops, their

conduct upon this occasion, against such overwhelming odds, would have covered them with glory.

We had no newspaper correspondents, therefore I must give the due praise to my officers and men.

During the day I established patrols throughout the now cleared space lately occupied by the town.

In the afternoon Umbogo was able to call some natives who were within earshot. These men explained that the chief, Matonse, was the cause of the outbreak, and that it was his people who, by his orders, had killed Monsoor and Ferritch.

Umbogo had been set at liberty during the fight, but I now secured him by the neck to a leathern thong in the hand of a sentry; for, although a good man, I could not afford to lose him, and the devil might have tempted him to run away.

In the afternoon some natives cried out that Kittakara was coming, and Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, with a few men, immediately went out to

meet him.

Kittakara would not approach within less than about a hundred yards, but he assured Abd-el-Kader that the outbreak was not the fault of Kabba Rega, but that the responsibility lay with Matonse, who had escaped, and that he should be captured and delivered up to me.

He continued to assure Abd-el-Kader that Kabba Rega had already ordered provisions and a large number of elephants' tusks to be collected for us, and that, although for the present he was hiding through fear in the high grass, he would quickly rebuild his divan close to my own, so as to live in friendship.

It was impossible to credit one syllable in Unyoro. On the other hand, should I be unable to bring the enemy to terms, I should be chained to the spot, as it would be impossible to transport my baggage.

It was an awkward position. The treachery had been frightful, and I could only attribute it to Kabba Rega's orders, in spite of the protestations of Kittakara. If I should be right in my suspicions, what would become of Major Abdullah and his detachment?

Nothing would be easier for the 300 natives who had accompanied my people with the post, than to behave well on the route to Fatiko, in order to establish confidence. They could then carry all the effects and ammunition, in company with Abdullah and his troops, from Fatiko to Unyoro, and in the prairie wilderness, they might murder every man at night when asleep, and possess themselves of the arms, ammunition, and effects, with which they would rejoin Kabba Rega.

This was a frightful idea; and there could be no doubt that such treachery had been planned, if Kabba Rega were guilty of the attempt to poison the troops and attack us by surprise. It was hard to disbelieve his guilt.

There were no means possible of communication with Abdullah. In case of necessity, there was only one move; this was to march to the Victoria Nile, and form an alliance with Rionga, the old enemy of Kamrasi's family, whom I had always refused to attack. I was sure that he must have heard of my refusal to ally myself with Kabba Rega against him: thus he would be favourable to the government.

I resolved that, if hostilities should continue, I would proclaim Rionga representative of the government, as vassal-chief of Unyoro, in the room of Kabba Rega, deposed.

Rionga would send a letter to warn Major Abdullah at Fatiko; but how was I to convey my baggage and ammunition from Masindi to Foweera, without a single carrier, or even a guide?

It was the height of the rainy season, and the grass was about nine or ten feet high, throughout a country of dense and tangled forest.

I had no interpreter of my own; Umbogo was Kabba Rega's slave, and although I fancied that he was fond of us, I had no faith in any one of these detestable people. This want of confidence was keenly felt at a time when I required an interpreter in whom I could absolutely trust. I was obliged to confide my plan to Umbogo, as I wished him to find some man among the natives who would take a message to Rionga.

I knew that many people hated Kabba Rega. Umbogo had frequently assured me that Mashudi, which was only two days distant from Masindi, to the southeast, had always been Rionga's stronghold; and that the natives of

that district would rise in favour of their chief, should any reverse befall Kabba Rega.

The news of the defeat of his army, and the complete destruction of his capital, would run through the country like wild-fire. It was well known that Rionga had spies, who were disguised as friends, even at the court of Kabba Rega; these agents sent him information of all that occurred.

If Umbogo could communicate with one of these people, I might send off to Rionga, and beg him to send 300 men to Fatiko, with a letter from myself to Major Abdullah. Rionga's people would transport the effects instead of Rabba Rega's carriers, who would be seized and held as hostages. This would save Abdullah from the intended treachery, if it were done at once; but there was not a moment to lose.

Already fifteen days had elapsed since my party with the post had started, and by this time they should be near Fatiko, (at that time they had already been treacherously attacked.) unless they had been delayed upon the road, as was usual in Unyoro.

If I could depend upon Rionga, he would at once save Abdullah's party,

and he would send a large force to communicate with me at Masindi.

Had I provisions, I could have held my now fortified position against a whole world of niggers; but with only a hundred men, I should be unable to forage in this country of high grass, and at the same time defend the station.

All depended upon the possibility of my communication with Rionga.

Umbogo declared that if I would only march to Mashudi, the natives would rise in his favour and join me.

I told him that if this were true, he could surely find some person who would run to Mashudi, and raise the malcontents, who would at once carry my message to Rionga.

Umbogo promised to do his best: at the same time he expressed an opinion that Rionga would not wait long in inaction, but that he would invade Kabba Rega directly that he should hear of the war. From my experience of natives, I did not share his opinion.

As Kittakara had apologized for the attack to Colonel Abd-el-Kader, and a truce had been arranged, a great number of natives spread themselves over the ruins of the town, to search for the iron molotes, which are generally concealed in the earth, beneath the floor of the huts. The natives were all prodding the smoking ground with the iron-tipped butt-ends of their lances to discover the treasures.

Umbogo now went among them with his guard, and conversed upon the cause of the late attack.

In the evening, Umbogo declared that he was not quite certain of the truth; he evidently suspected the sincerity of Kabba Rega. It was quite impossible to procure any messenger at present that could be trusted with a message to Rionga.

The memorable 8th of June happened to be my birthday. It had been the day of death to my lamented follower, Monsoor; but we had well avenged him.

Umbogo reported that the natives had given him the names of nine matongales (chiefs) killed in the action, together with a large number

of common people. A great many were still missing: these were probably lying in the high grass which had been raked by the hot fire of the sniders. Vultures were collected in immense numbers over many spots in this dense covert, which denoted the places where the “missing” had fallen.

I ordered the troops to abandon their undefended camp, and to sleep within the fort that night.

The morning of the 9th of June arrived—the night had passed in perfect quiet.

My troops set to work with their sharp sword-bayonets, swords, knives, &c., to cut down all the high grass in the neighbourhood, so as to throw open the view, and prevent the enemy from attacking us by another surprise. They worked for many hours, and soon found a number of the missing, who were lying dead. Five bodies were discovered close together, as though they had been killed by a shell. This was in a spot where the “Forty Thieves” had been at work.

One unfortunate creature was found in the high grass with a smashed leg.

He had been lying, thirsty and in pain, for about thirty hours in the same spot. My men gave him water and food, and his friends came and took him away. The wounded man seemed very grateful, and he told my soldiers that they were “better men than the Unyoros, who would certainly murder a wounded enemy instead of giving him food and water.”

I had told Umbogo to make inquiries as to the safety of little Cherri-Merri. The boy was unharmed, as he had been taken away before the fight.

It was now proved that the cows had also been removed during the night previous to the attack, as I had suspected.

During the day, vast number of people were collected at a large village, situated on a knoll, about 700 yards from our station in a direct line. This place, we were informed, was now occupied by Kabba Rega. The knoll was about eighty feet lower than our high position; therefore, as we had roughly cut down the grass, we looked directly upon the village.

We lost no time in erecting the large astronomical telescope upon its stand. This was placed upon the flat gravel approach in front of the

government divan, and through the powerful glass we could distinguish each feature, and the expression of every individual countenance of the crowd within the village.

During the day, messengers arrived from Kabba Rega with an official explanation of the misunderstanding. They declared that it was entirely the fault of Matonse, who would be soon captured; that Kabba Rega desired them to express his deep regret; “Was he not my son? Did he not depend upon the protection of his father?” He only begged for peace. The natives had been killed in great numbers; therefore “if we had lost a few soldiers, the Unyoro had lost many—so the affair was settled.”

I told them that nothing could ever compensate for the loss of Monsoor, who had been so treacherously killed; at the same time, if Kabba Rega could prove that the guilt really lay with Matonse, the simple plan would be to deliver him up to me.

I recalled to their recollection how I had passed ten months in Unyoro in the reign of Kamrasi, at which time I had only an escort of thirteen men, and no misunderstanding had ever occurred. I explained that the fault was not on my side. An attempt had been made to poison us

collectively; we had then been surprised by a thoroughly organized attack, at a time when the troops were supposed to have been disabled by the poison.

Kabba Rega must clear his character. If he were innocent, I should be only too happy.

The matongale, or sheik, who was the principal messenger, assured me that Kabba Rega was quite in despair, and that he had given orders for provisions and a large quantity of ivory to be collected, which would be sent to us on the day following, in charge of Rahonka and Kittakara.

The want of provisions was sorely felt; fortunately, as our cows had been dying daily, the troops had some sweet potatoes that had been purchased in exchange for flesh. These would last for a few days.

A short time before the attack, I had promised to send Kabba Rega a porcelain cache-pot. I therefore took the opportunity of reminding the sheik of my promise, and I begged him to deliver the piece of china to Kabba Rega as a proof of my peaceful intentions, should he really be innocent of the treachery.

The handsome present was wrapped up in red Turkey cloth, and the messengers departed.

I watched them through the telescope, and, upon their arrival at the village below us, I distinctly witnessed, not only their reception by the expectant crowd, but the cache-pot was unpacked and held at arm's length above the head, to be exhibited to the admiring people.

This looked well. My officers began to believe in peace; and, although I still had strong suspicions, I hoped that the signal defeat which Kabba Rega's army had sustained had so far cowed them as to induce a termination of hostilities, that would enable me to communicate with Major Abdullah.

The luggage from the government divan had all been carried to the fort. This was now returned to our original quarters; my wife and her black maids were working hard at rearranging the rooms.

The night passed quietly.

On 10th of June a matongale and several natives arrived from Kabba Rega, with a most polite message and friendly assurances, accompanied by a present of two beautiful white cows.

The messengers corroborated the statement of the preceding day, that large quantities of provisions were being prepared for us, together with twenty elephants' tusks, which were to be delivered as a peace-offering by Rahonka and Kittakara in person.

Affairs looked brighter. It was my best policy to secure peace if possible.

I determined to send Kabba Rega, in return for his present of cows, the large Geneva musical box, with drums and bells, which he had always desired.

No one knew how to wind it up; and it was necessary that some person should accompany it with the native messengers.

The clerk of the detachment, Ramadan, who has already been mentioned as a favourite with the natives, and a good linguist, at once volunteered

to be the bearer of the present. Since the battle of Masindi, Ramadan had been in frequent personal communication with the natives, and he assured me that there was a general desire for peaceful relations. He was supposed to be a favourite of Kabba Rega's, and it was therefore arranged that he should accompany the musical box, which was a good load for a fast-travelling native.

Hafiz, the farrier, whose occupation was nearly gone by the death of all the horses but two, volunteered to accompany Ramadan. I ordered them to go unarmed, as their peaceful mission would be at once understood; this fact would establish confidence among the natives.

It was about 3 P.M. when they started, and we watched their arrival in the village with the telescope, where they appeared to be well received.

In the evening they both returned with the musical box, accompanied by the sheik who was to be their guide, as Kabba Rega had retired to a town at which he had a residence, about half a day's march distant. It was arranged that they should start on the following morning.

On the 11th June, Ramadan and Hafiz, together with the musical box,

started, and we watched their reception at the village with the telescope. I had released Umbogo, whom I had sent to Kabba Rega to explain all that he had seen of the outbreak, as he was one of those that had been poisoned by the plaintain cider. Umbogo promised to return as soon as possible. The dragoman, Abou Kooka, remained with us in the place of Umbogo. This was a sullen-looking brute who had been a slave stolen from the Madi tribe.

I must now take an extract verbatim from my journal, that was written on the day of the incident. Any warm expressions in this extract must be excused as a natural consequence, for which I trust due allowance will be granted:—

“I walked round the burnt town of Masindi, accompanied by Julian (Lieutenant Baker), Abd-el-Kader, and two guards of ‘The Forty.’ Neither Abd-el-Kader nor I carried guns, as I wished to establish confidence among the natives who were searching among the ashes for molotes.

“I sent for the dragoman, Abou Kooka, and conversed with the natives, assuring them of peace, and that I had no ill-will against Kabba Rega, if Matonse was the cause of the outbreak. At the same time, I told them

to bring provisions for sale.

“They seemed very shy, and replied that ‘all would be right when the messengers should arrive from Kabba Rega. One by one they went away, until only two were left. Julian gave his gun to one of the guards.

“The two natives were standing on the edge of the high grass, close to the ashes of the town, and they appeared more confident, as they conversed with us at about twelve yards’ distance.

“Presently they said they would come close to us, were it not for their fear of the two sentries with their rifles, who were about forty yards in our rear.

“I turned round to order the sentries to retire a little. The instant that my back was turned, one of the treacherous brutes hurled his spear at me, which struck quivering in the earth at my feet! At the same moment they bolted into the high grass, accompanied by our dragoman, Abou Kooka, and disappeared at once like fish in water!

“The treachery of the negro is beyond belief; he has not a moral human

instinct, and is below the brute. How is it possible to improve such abject animals? They are not worth the trouble, and they are only fit for slaves, to which position their race appears to have been condemned.

“I believe I have wasted my time and energy, and have uselessly encountered difficulties, and made enemies by my attempt to suppress the slave trade, and thus improve the condition of the natives.

“It is now 4.40 P.M., and I am anxious about Ramadan and Hafiz, who have not returned.

“My men have been on half rations since the 8th inst., and we have supplies only for tomorrow, after which we shall be obliged to forage, unless Kabba Rega sends the promised provisions. “It is impossible to believe one word in this accursed country. At the same time that Kabba Rega declares peace and goodwill, he may be planning a surprise. I do not think, however, that his people will be in a hurry to fight after the lesson they received on the 8th inst.

“Nevertheless, fighting is dangerous work in this country of high grass, where troops cannot see to manoeuvre, and where the ground is everywhere

favourable for native ambuscades.”

When I returned to the divan with the spear that had so narrowly missed me, through the cowardice of the assailant (who should have made sure of me, had he not been nervous), my wife was not cheered by the little incident. She had had the same experience as myself in African natures, and she immediately declared against the pretended sincerity of Kabba Rega.

I had serious misgivings. Nothing can happen in Unyoro without the order of the king. The superstitious veneration for the possessor of the magic throne produces a profound obedience.

On the other hand, this attempt at murder might have been only the revenge of an individual who had perhaps lost his house and property in the conflagration of Masindi.

The evening arrived without tidings of either Ramadan or Umbogo. I was now without an interpreter.

The troops, and their wives and effects, occupied the fort, and the

officers’ quarters and camp had been abandoned.

It was about 8 P.M., and dinner being over, I was smoking my pipe in the divan, conversing with my wife and Lieutenant Baker upon the situation of affairs, when a sudden bright glare attracted my attention.

An officer immediately reported that the abandoned quarters were in a blaze of fire!

I was of course ready in an instant, and armed, and accompanied by my wife and Mr. Baker, I really enjoyed the beauty of the scene in that moment of anxiety.

Without the slightest noise, or even an audible whisper, the troops were all in position, kneeling on the ground in open order around the fort and the divan, keeping the most vigilant watch for the appearance of an enemy. The flames from the camp rose about seventy feet high. There was not a breath of air; thus the fire danced and leapt up to its extreme height, and illumined the neighbourhood for a great distance.

Not an enemy was to be seen. The soldiers were like statues, and there

was no sound except the roaring of flames.

Suddenly loud yells broke out from a distance of about 200 yards from the farthest side of the fort, as though from a considerable body of men. Not a soldier stirred or spoke.

I had cleared the grass around the fort and station, therefore it was impossible to approach us unobserved.

The natives must have crept up stealthily, and fired the abandoned camp in the expectation that the troops would have rushed down to extinguish the flames, and thus the fort and the divan would have been at the mercy of an attack from the dark side.

I immediately sent a strong patrol around the station, but not a soul was visible. The attempt had failed.

Once more the luggage, with beds, boxes, &c., was transported from the divan to the fort.

The night passed quietly. On 12th June, I watched the natives with the

telescope, and I observed that many of the crowd were gesticulating in an excited manner.

I was almost convinced that we were again subjected to the foulest treachery, and I was extremely anxious about Ramadan and Hafiz. I could hardly believe it possible that these poor men, unarmed, and carrying a valuable present, would be cruelly murdered.

The day passed in hope and expectation of their return. Late in the evening, the act of incendiarism of the preceding night was renewed, and the deserted house of Colonel Abd-el-Kader was in a bright blaze without a native being visible.

No yells were heard, nor any other sound. The troops turned out with their usual quiet discipline, but not a shot was fired.

The 13th June arrived.—Still there were no tidings of either Umbogo, Ramadan, or Hafiz. I now felt convinced that the young villain, Kabba Rega, had played me false, and that he was only gaining time to collect and organize the whole force of Unyoro to attack us, and to line the path to the river with ambuscades.

It is impossible to this day to say whether Umbogo was true or false. I never saw him again; and the unfortunate Ramadan and Hafiz were wantonly murdered.

At about 10 A.M., 13th June, we were let into the secret of Kabba Rega's villainy. A sudden rush of natives was made upon the cattle, which were grazing within sixty yards of the fort! Poisoned arrows were shot, and a general attack was made upon the station. Guns fired; the bullets whistled over our heads, and I thought I recognized the crack of our lost sniders (those of Monsoor and Ferritch), that were employed against us.

The curtain had now risen. When the actual fighting arrived, there was some little relaxation from the intense anxiety of mind that I had suffered for some days.

I at once ordered the men into line, and the bugles and drums sounded the charge with the bayonet.

The gallant "Forty Thieves" led the way, with drums beating and a hearty

cheer, and dashed through the ruins of the town and straight into the high grass on the other side, from which the cowardly enemy fled like hares.

On our return to the station, I at once ordered Colonel Abd-el-Kader to take eighty men and some blue lights, and to destroy every village in the neighbourhood. The attack was made on the instant. The large village, about 700 yards distant, which I had raked with the fire of a few sniders, while Abd-el-Kader descended the slope to the attack, was soon a mass of rolling flames. In an hour's time volumes of smoke were rising in various directions.

My active and gallant colonel returned, having driven the enemy from every position, and utterly destroyed the neighbourhood.

I had made up my mind. There could be no longer any doubt of the diabolical treachery of Kabba Rega. He had only endeavoured to gain time by specious assurances of goodwill, combined with presents, in order to organize the whole country against us. The natives who shot arrows must have come from Magungo, as none of the other districts were armed with bows. The arrows that had been shot at us, which my men had collected,

were thickly poisoned with a hard gummy matter.

It was now rendered certain that a snare had been laid for the massacre of Major Abdullah's party.

Kabba Rega had no doubt ordered the various routes towards Rionga's province to be ambuscaded.

I determined at once to push straight for the camp at Foweera on the Victoria Nile, as Rionga's island was about fifteen miles from that point.

Among the men of the "Forty Thieves", there was a soldier named Abdullah, who had an extraordinary instinct for finding his way. This man never forgot a path if he had ever travelled upon the same route.

I also depended upon my Baris and Molodi; although they had not long experience of the path by which we had arrived from Foweera with the cattle, they were clever as guides.

Unfortunately, the country had changed terribly by the immense growth of

the grass and tangled creepers.

I felt sure that the route would be occupied by the enemy throughout the whole distance, and that we should have to fight every mile of the path at a grave disadvantage.

The question of a supply of food was vital. The men had mostly exhausted their provisions.

At this critical moment, when every man of the expedition felt the fatal truth, my wife confided her secret, that she had hitherto concealed, lest the knowledge of a hidden store should have made the men extravagant. She now informed them that in past days of plenty, when flour had been abundant, she had, from time to time, secreted a quantity, and she had now SIX LARGE IRON BOXES FULL (about twelve bushels). This private store she had laid by in the event of some sudden emergency.

“God shall give her a long life!” exclaimed both officers and men. We had now enough flour for the march of seven days to Foweera, at which place there were regular forests of plantains.

My herd of cattle had been reduced to seventy, and I much doubted the possibility of driving them in a high grass country, as they would scatter and make a stampede should we be attacked; they would be scared by the guns.

I mustered my force and spoke to my men, to whom I explained their exact position, and my plan of action.

I should immediately divide among them, as presents, all the cotton stuffs that belonged to the expedition.

Each man would carry three pounds of beads in his knapsack, one-third of which should subsequently belong to him.

The line of march would be thus arranged—a Bari, who professed to know the path, would lead the advance-guard of fifteen sniders, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, supported by myself with ten sniders in charge of the ammunition, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, my wife, and two servants, carrying double breechloading elephant rifles. The rear-guard would consist of fifteen sniders. The few remaining sniders

would be distributed along the line.

Neither the advance; nor rear-guard would carry any loads beyond their knapsacks and a small bag of flour. Five of the sniders with me would also be exempted from carrying loads; but every other soldier, and every woman and boy, would carry either one of the metal boxes or some other package.

I explained to the men that they would be attacked throughout the route at a great disadvantage, but that success would depend upon the strict observance of orders for the march combined with the utmost coolness.

Each man was to keep just near enough to be able to touch with his outstretched hand the knapsack of the man before him, and upon no account to widen this distance, but to keep the line intact. Should it be broken by the sudden rush of the enemy, we should at once be lost.

Should the attack be made simultaneously on both sides, alternate files would face to right and left, place their loads upon the ground, and fire low down in the grass, as the natives always crouched after throwing a spear from covert.

A bugler would accompany the colonel commanding the advance-guard, in addition to buglers with myself and the rear-guard; thus we should be able to communicate along the line, which would be concealed from view by the high grass.

On arrival at water, and in crossing either swamps or streams, no man or woman was to stop to drink unless the bugle of the advance-guard sounded halt.

No woman would be allowed to speak during the march, as profound silence must be observed.

The officers and men received their instructions, merely declaring that wherever I should lead them, they would follow and obey.

I at once divided the effects that could be carried, into the requisite number of loads, which were carefully packed in metal boxes by my wife and her black maids. It was hard and anxious work. The strongest men were selected to carry the boxes of snider cartridges, which weighed 64 lbs. each.

All the rest of the baggage I arranged in piles, and distributed in the government divan and the various houses. I spread my large tent over the luggage in the divan, and poured over it a quantity of nitrous ether, spirits of wine, lamp-oil, spirits of turpentine, and all the contents of the large medicine-chest.

I filled up my small chest, and took a good roll of adhesive plaster, a number of bandages, and a packet of lint.

Upon the tent-cloth, rendered highly inflammable by the saturation of spirits and oil, I laid about sixty rockets.

My two horses and three donkeys would be loaded with baggage.

I gave orders for the march early on the following morning. The rear-guard was to set fire to the station; this was the sad result of our industry and labour in a land of detestable savages.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MARCH TO RIONGA.

On the morning of the 14th of June, 1872, at 9.30, the advance-guard filed along the gravel path, and halted at the extremity of the station at Masindi. The line was complete, according to the orders for the march. Not a word was spoken. A light, drizzling rain fell, and the sky was a dull grey.

I looked back, and waited for the destruction of my favourite station. In our little house we had left pictures of my own children, and everything that was not absolutely necessary to our existence. Even the Queen and the Princess of Wales were to perish in the conflagration, together with much that was parted with in this moment of exigency.

The smoke now curled in thick, white folds from the government divan and our own private house.

Lieutenant Baker’s new house was ignited. O ne by one every hut was fired. The rear-guard, having done their duty, closed up in the line of

march.

I did not give the word “Forward!” until the flames had shot up high in the air, and the station was in the possession of the fire. At this moment a loud report announced that all the rockets had exploded. The advance-guard moved forward, and the march commenced.

We soon entered the high grass, which was reeking with the light rain, and we were wet through in an instant.

My wife was walking close behind me with a quantity of spare ammunition for the “Dutchman” in her breast. She had a Colt’s revolver in her belt. Lieutenant Baker was heavily loaded, as he carried a Purdy rifle slung across his back, together with a large bag of ammunition, while he held a double breechloader smooth-bore in his hand, with a bag of heavy buckshot cartridges upon his shoulder.

Suleiman and Mohammed Haroon (our servants) were close by with my two breechloading No. 8 elephant rifles. These carried picrate of potash shells that were immensely powerful. Very little would have been left of the body of a man had one of such shells struck him in the chest.

The cattle began to cause much trouble as soon as the march commenced, and we slowly descended the knoll upon which the station stood, and in single file entered the extremely narrow path which led down to a small swamp.

Crossing the swamp, through deep mud, we arrived on firm ground, and continued to march slowly, on account of the cattle. I felt sure they would have to be abandoned. The cows strayed to the right and left, and Morgian the Bari, and Abdullah Djoor the cook, who were the drovers, were rushing about the grass in pursuit of refractory animals, that would shortly end in being speared by the enemy.

We thus marched for about a mile before a hostile sound was heard. We then distinguished the tumultuous voices of the natives in the rear, who had been attracted to the station by the general conflagration.

The slow march continued, through grass about eight feet high, and occasional forest. The rain now descended steadily, and I feared that the old muzzleloading muskets would miss fire.

The sound of drums and horns was now heard throughout the country, as the alarm spread rapidly from village to village. We could hear the shouts of natives, and drums that were now sounding in the forest upon a hill on our right. These people were evidently in possession of a path unknown to us, which ran parallel to our route.

For seven hours the march continued with such frequent halts, owing to the straying of the cattle, that we had only progressed the short distance of ten miles, when, at 4.40 P.M., we entered the valley of Jon Joke. We saw before us the hill covered with plantain groves where we had slept when upon the march to Masindi.

The grass was very high, and the path hardly a foot wide, only resembling a sheep run. Suddenly the advance-guard opened a hot fire, and the bugle sounded “halt!”

A few paces in front of me, my favourite sailor and fisherman, Howarti, was in the line, carrying a metal box upon his head. In addition to his musket, which was slung across his shoulders, I had given him one of my double breechloading pistols, which he carried in his belt.

The word was suddenly passed that “Howarti was speared!”

Lances now flew across the path, and the line opened fire into the grass upon our right, according to orders.

I immediately went up to Howarti. I found him sitting upon the ground by the side of his box, in the act of reloading his pistol with a Boxer cartridge. A lance had struck him in the fleshy part of the right arm, just below the point of junction with the shoulder, and, passing through his body, it had protruded from his stomach. Upon feeling the wound, Howarti had dropped his load, and drawing his pistol, he shot the native dead, as he leapt from his ambush to recover the lance which was sticking in the poor fellow’s body.

Here was another of my best men sacrificed. Howarti had always been a true, good man, and he had just exhibited his cool courage. He had himself pulled the spear from his body.

My wife had followed me immediately upon hearing that Howarti was injured. He had reloaded his pistol, but in reply to my question whether he could sit upon a donkey, he fainted. I roughly bandaged him for the

present moment, and we laid him upon an angareb (stretcher-bedstead), but the men were so heavily laden that it was difficult to find supporters. Lieutenant Baker kindly took one end upon his shoulder, and with the assistance of the guard, we carried him forward. The bugle sounded the “advance.”

Again the lances flew across the path, but a few shots with the sniders cleared the way, and leaving the narrow route, we broke our way through the tangled grass, and ascended the slope to the plantain forest. Here, thank goodness, there was no grass. The bugle sounded “halt” in the middle of the plantains.

Sentries having been posted, every man was now employed in felling the tall plantain trees, and in arranging them to form a wall around the camp.

One blow of a sharp, heavy sabre will cut through the stem, thus in a short time, as we all worked, a clearing of about an acre was made, and by sunset we had piled them so as to form a tolerable protection from lances.

Throughout the day it had never ceased raining, thus every one was soaking and miserable. Of course we had no tent, but some invaluable mackintosh camp sheets. I had examined Howarti's wounds, which I knew were mortal. The air as he breathed was rattling through the gash in his stomach. I washed and bandaged him carefully, and gave him a dose of brandy and laudanum.

No one had a drop of water to drink, neither did any one know the direction of the well; but, as all were cold and wet through, no person suffered from thirst. Fortunately, we had matches in a small silver case that had resisted the damp; and after some difficulty and delay, fires were blazing through the little bivouac, and the soldiers and women were crouching round them.

We were comfortable that night, as we had beds to lie upon; but I felt sure it would be for the last time, as it would be necessary to destroy much luggage, the men being too heavily laden.

All was at length still; the soldiers, who were tired, went to sleep, with the exception of the sentries, who were well on the alert.

As I lay on my bed, I thought of the morrow. I knew we should have a trying time, as the whole country would now be thoroughly organized against us. Our start from Masindi had taken them by surprise—thus we had not met with much resistance; but tomorrow would be a fighting day, and I made up my mind to leave the cattle to themselves, as it would be simply impossible to drive them.

The night passed without an attack.

On the following morning, 15th June, poor Howarti was evidently about to die, but the plucky fellow faintly said that he could ride a donkey if assisted. It was impossible to carry him as the path was too narrow for four people to walk beneath a stretcher. He was placed upon a donkey, and supported with difficulty by a man at his side.

I was obliged to pile upon the fire a number of things that we could not carry, including the large oaken stand of the astronomical telescope.

It was 7.30 A.M. before we started.

The troublesome cattle at once began to stray, and I immediately ordered

them to be abandoned. I felt certain that in the event of a general attack they would have created great confusion, by probably rushing down the line and overturning the men.

It was the greatest relief to be rid of the animals: thus we marched on merrily at about two and a half miles an hour, through the usual narrow path amidst gigantic grass (now about nine feet high) and thick forest.

In about an hour and a half we arrived at a descent, towards a bottom in which there was a broad, open swamp, with a stream running through the centre.

The advance-guard was not more than a hundred yards from the bottom, and the line was descending the hill in close order, when a sudden uproar broke out, as though all the demons of hell were let loose. Yells, screams, drums, horns, whistles from many thousand concealed enemies, for an instant startled the troops! A tremendous rush in the grass gave notice of a general attack from an immensely powerful ambuscade. The officers did their duty.

Every load was upon the ground, and in a moment alternate files were

facing to the right and left, kneeling just as the lances began to fly across the path. The bugles rang out “fire,” and the fight commenced on our side.

I saw several lances pass within an inch or two of my wife’s head; luckily we were kneeling on one knee. The file-firing was extremely good, and the sniders rattled without intermission. The grass was so dense, that simple buckshot would be reduced to a very limited range, although excellent at close quarters. The servants quickly handed the elephant breechloaders, and a double shot to the right and left was followed by the loud explosion of the picrate of potash shells against some unseen objects, either men or trees.

A quick repetition of the picrate shells seemed to affect the spirit of the attack. I imagine that the extremely loud explosion of the shells in the midst, and perhaps also in the rear of the enemy, led them to suppose that they were attacked from behind.

It is difficult to say how long the attack continued, but a vast amount of ammunition was expended before the lances ceased to fly through the line, and the drums and horns were at length heard at a greater distance

in the rear. The bugle at once sounded the “advance,” and I marched the men forward, crossing the stream at the bottom, and gained the open, where we found ourselves in a kind of swampy field of about ten acres. “Ha!” exclaimed many of the soldiers, “if we could only get them on a clear space like this.”

The men were mustered. Poor Howarti was dead, and they had left him in the grass by the roadside, as it was impossible to transport him.

The rear-guard had been hotly pressed, and the natives had rushed upon the path close to the sniders, which had punished them severely. Had we depended upon muzzleloading muskets, the party would have been quickly destroyed; the sharp fire of the sniders at close quarters must have caused immense loss at the first onset.

I now determined to lighten the loads considerably. It was difficult to carry the angarebs, as the leas caught in the high grass. I spoke a few words to my men, who declared that they were not afraid of the natives if they were not so heavily laden.

We collected wood and made a fire, upon which I ordered everything to be

burnt that was really cumbersome. The bedsteads were broken up; a case of good French cognac was committed to the flames; Lieutenant Baker's naval uniform, with box, &e.; the cocked hat frizzled up on the top of the bonfire.

The men were provided with raw hides, upon which they slept at night; these were now wet through and cumbersome: I therefore ordered them to be thrown into the high grass and abandoned.

The brandy bottles burst upon the fire. A sergeant of the "Forty Thieves," named Fadlullah, had been attending to the heap of burning materials, and I saw him stoop over the flames, as though intending to save one of the liquor bottles for himself. At this moment several burst and saturated his loose cotton trousers with blazing spirit. The man vainly endeavoured to extinguish the fire, and he danced wildly about, until I seized and threw him down in the swamp, and quickly drew the wet green grass over him and subdued the flames. He was severely burnt about the legs, from which the skin slipped off in large flakes.

I now had to doctor him, when every man's legs ought to have been in the best order. Fortunately I had a little oil (for the lamp), and the

wounds were quickly dressed and bandaged with cotton wool and lint.

The force was now much relieved, as the loads had been lightened. During the operation of burning the supplies, the best shots of the "Forty Thieves" had been stationed to pick off any natives who attempted to spy our movements by ascending the lofty trees.

I now gave the order for the advance, and the march recommenced. In a few minutes we were once more buried in the gigantic grass jungle.

We had hardly entered the covert when the shouts and blowing of horns and beating of drums once more commenced. This was the signal to ambuscades in front that we were moving forward.

In the course of an hour's march, the rear bugle had sounded "halt" at least half a dozen times, as two of the donkeys were weakly, and could not be driven on without difficulty.

Again the rear bugle sounded "halt!" I immediately sent the sergeant of the bodyguard, Mohammed-el-Feel, to shoot the donkeys, and to throw their loads into the high grass. Two shots announced their end.

The bugle sounded “advance”, and we at length travelled comfortably. The weather was fine: we rejoiced in the sun, as it dried our reeking clothes.

Suddenly the advance-guard opened fire! then the rear-guard was closed upon by a sudden rush of the enemy, and the whole line commenced file-firing into the thick covert.

I ordered the bugler to sound “forward,” and “cease firing,” as the men were getting a little wild.

One of “The Forty”, Ali Goboor, had been wounded by a lance through the leg, but he managed to limp along.

We now began to understand the places at which we were sure to meet an ambuscade. Whenever we descended a slope towards a marshy bottom, there was certain to be a large force concealed behind the lofty reeds that grew in the swamp. I ordered the advance-guard to fire a few shots low down in the reels whenever they should approach these places. By this plan we generally induced the enemy to throw their spears before we were

in the midst; in which case we opened a heavy fire into the grass, and marched straight forward.

The ambuscades had been carefully planned. A row of grass of perhaps two or three yards in thickness was left standing in its natural position along the path; behind this vegetable wall, the grass had been either cut down or torn up, so as to afford a clear space for the natives to take a good run when throwing their lances. They accordingly waited until we should enter the snare, and they calculated their opportunity for making a combined attack when they considered that our line of march was exactly opposite. Of course they could not see us through the thick screen of brass any more than we could distinguish them.

We were at an additional disadvantage, as we were always exposed to attacks from fresh enemies; the route was occupied throughout, thus they were not cowed by the defeats of every ambuscade in the rear.

Considering the great numbers of spears that had flown like flashes of light through the line, it was astonishing that we had not had more numerous casualties. Several men had been struck on their knapsacks,

which had served as shields.

We at length came to an exceedingly awkward place, that I felt sure would be well occupied. Upon our right lay a row of rocky hills, to which we were marching parallel. We had to descend through forest to low ground. To reach this it was necessary to pass between numerous blocks of granite that completely commanded the path. Each block was about twenty or twenty-five feet high, and several much exceeded this height. The base was the usual high grass and forest.

I ordered the men not to fire unless they should see the enemy, and to take a good aim.

Presently, as we descended through the pass, the attack commenced. Two spears struck Colonel Abd-el-Kader, one in the fore-arm; the second ripped his tough leather gaiter, and glanced off.

The sniders were ready, as the enemy were obliged to show their heads above the rocks, and one fellow, who was exactly above us, either lost his nerve, or received a bullet, which allowed his lance to come rattling down the rocks as a complete failure. I ordered the bugler to

continue to sound “forward” (Illah Reh), as it was advisable to push through this awkward place as quickly as possible.

Directly that we were out of the pass, I tied up Abd-el-Kader’s arm, and we continued the march until we halted at 2.5 P.M., in a piece of open cultivated ground, where I determined to bivouac for the night.

I had resolved always to finish the day’s journey by one march, as it would afford time for erecting a protection of thorns and branches of trees to prevent a sudden night attack.

Fortunately the weather was fine. Abd-el-Kader was now faint and weak from loss of blood. I attended to his wound, which was an ugly gash, and gave him a good dose of brandy, and advised him to go to sleep.

Lieutenant Baker and the other officers assisted in erecting the defence of thorns. All the wet clothes were spread out to dry in the sun, and everything was got ready for the night. I did not care for myself, but I was sorry for the hardship that my wife must endure, without a bed or tent. My men cut two forked poles, upon which they lashed a horizontal bar, which supported a camp-sheet to protect her from rain or dew. A

pile of long green grass was laid on the ground beneath, upon which was stretched a mackintosh camp-sheet, and a good thick blanket.

We had been most fortunate in having only a loss of one killed and two wounded since we left Masindi.

My men had fired away an enormous amount of ammunition during the march, as they appeared to become more and more nervous as they advanced. Every thick clump of reeds that rose a few feet higher than the surrounding grass was supposed to conceal an enemy, and it was immediately raked by a hot fire from the advance-guard.

On 16th June, the night having passed quietly, we started at 6.30 A.M., and marched silently.

There was a curious feeling upon first waking in the morning, when we rose and buckled on the ammunition-belts. Every one was aware that his nerves must be upon the stretch, and that his finger must be ready for the trigger, from the commencement till the end of the march, to act against unseen enemies.

Upon arrival at a stream in a muddy bottom, we were immediately attacked by a strong force in ambuscade. Some of the enemy exposed themselves boldly, and rushed upon the soldiers just in front of the rear-guard. Several were shot by the sniders, but one fellow, with unusual pluck, speared a soldier whose musket had missed fire, through the chest. This poor fellow, thus mortally wounded, grappled with his assailant, and tugging the spear from his own wound, he drove it through the native's heart.

The rear bugle sounded "halt," while the knapsack and cartouche-belt were detached from the gallant soldier, whose body was left by the side of his enemy.

We marched until 10.15 A.M., having fought nearly the whole way, and expended a frightful amount of ammunition. We had now arrived at our old halting-place, Chorobeze twenty-seven miles from Masindi.

My men had become so extravagant of their cartridges that I was forced to interfere. If this nervousness should continue, we should be soon left without ammunition, and every soul would be massacred.

I therefore mustered the troops, and examined all their pouches. Some of the advance-guard had fired away eighty rounds each, only during the morning's march!

Many had fired fifty rounds! The muskets had not used so many, owing to the greater difficulty of loading, but they also had been frightfully extravagant.

The men had come to the conclusion that the only plan of marching in safety through the high grass, which was full of unseen enemies, was to constitute themselves into a sort of infernal machine, that would be perpetually emitting fire and bullets on all sides.

This was all very well with an unlimited supply of ammunition, but we had no idea of what might still be in store for us. We were now slightly more than fifty miles from Foweera. Fortunately, in our journey from the river to Masindi, I had timed every march within five minutes, and I had all particulars in my notebook; therefore I could guess the position pretty closely during the morning's advance.

Having mustered all the men, I turned out all the ammunition from their

pouches. The cartridges were counted.

I examined all the reserve ammunition.

The total, including that from the men's cartouche-boxes, was cartridges for snider rifles 4,540 and cartridges for muskets 4,330, making a total of 8,870 rounds.

I now addressed the men, and abused them most forcibly, calling them "old women," and several other uncomplimentary epithets for soldiers. I divided among them forty rounds each, and I swore solemnly by their prophet, "that I would not give them another cartridge from this spot (Chorobeze) until we should reach Major Abdullah's detachment at Fatiko."

I explained that if any man should fire away his ammunition, he should continue the march with an empty pouch—Wah Illahi! Illahi !

I gave the most positive command, that in future not a shot should be fired without orders, unless spears actually were thrown; on which occasions the troops would fire a few shots exactly into the spot from

which the weapons had arrived; but on no account was a bullet to be fired at random.

I dismissed the men with this warning, and set them to work to construct a night defence as usual.

It was a most fortunate peculiarity of the Unyoros that they did not attack at night-time. This was a grievous fault upon their side. If they had surrounded us every night, they would have kept us awake, and not only would have tired the men out, but they would have caused a useless expenditure of ammunition.

On 17th of June, we started at 6.15 A.M., with the intention of reaching Koki. I recognized several villages, but we passed them without halting. We at length arrived at a fine, broad route, that was sufficiently wide for a dog-cart. This had evidently been recently prepared, and there could be no doubt that it was arranged as a snare that would lead us into some powerful ambuscade. At the same time, the compass showed that the broad path led in the right direction.

I halted the force, and went to the front to examine the road. There was

no other path. It was therefore incumbent upon us to keep to the broad route, although we knew that it must lead us to a trap prepared for our destruction.

It was like walking upon ice that was known to be unsafe. We advanced.

For about half an hour we marched without opposition. This was a longer interval than usual to be free from an attack. At length we arrived where the broad road suddenly terminated. The advance-guard halted.

We searched for a path, and at length discovered the original narrow route a few paces to our left.

This had been purposely concealed by grass and boughs.

We had hardly entered this path when we were suddenly attacked. A horsekeeper was wounded by a spear, which passed through his leg, behind the knee, and cut the sinew, thus rendering him helpless. He was immediately placed upon a donkey. The unfortunate lad who led the horse a few paces before me now uttered a wild shriek, as a spear passed completely through his body. The poor boy crept to me on his hands and

knees, and asked, “Shall I creep into the grass, Pacha?-where shall I go?” He had not another minute to live.

A spear struck another horsekeeper on the hip, and the soft iron point turned up against the bone in a curve like a fish-hook.

A sharp fire dispersed the enemy, who retired to a distance, yelling and blowing their whistles. The wounded horsekeeper could manage to walk forward.

There is a peculiar bird in the forests of Unyoro which utters a shrill cry, with these notes.

The natives imitate this cry with their whistles of antelope’s horn. I had noticed that previous to an attack from an ambuscade, we had always heard the call of this bird.

My Baris declared that the bird warned us of the danger, and cried, “Co-co-me! Co-co-me!” which in their language means, “Look out! look out!”

My soldiers said that the birds exclaimed, “Shat-mo-koor! Shat-mo-koor!” which is the order, “Make ready;” They accordingly always brought their rifles on full cock when they heard the signal.

There was something puzzling this day respecting the distance. According to my calculation, we should leave reached Koki. Still we marched on through high forest and the interminable grass. My wife was dreadfully fatigued. The constant marching in wet boots, which became filled with sand when crossing the small streams and wading through muddy hollows, had made her terribly foot-sore. She walked on with pain and difficulty.
I was sure that we had passed the village of Koki, which was surrounded by much open ground and cultivation; and I now felt certain that the broad road, which had been constructed to mislead us, had taken us by the rear of Koki, which we had thus over-shot.

We were marching forward in perfect silence, when I heard a bird cry “Co-co-me! Co-co-me”!

That instant the spears came among us, and the rifles replied as quick as lightning!

The bugle of the advance-guard sounded “halt”. I never liked to hear that order, as something must have gone wrong.

I immediately walked forward, and found that Lieutenant Mohammed Mustapha had been wounded. The spear had struck him just behind the shoulderjoint of the left arm, and had passed over the blade-bone and spine previous to making its exit by the right arm. This was a very nasty wound, and he was bleeding profusely. I made a couple of pads, and, placing one upon each hole, we bandaged him tightly.

I now went up to my poor old horse, “Zafteer”. The unfortunate animal was carrying a heavy load, and a large hunting spear had struck him just behind the saddle. The weapon was so sharp and heavy, and had been thrown with such force, that it had penetrated a double blanket, and had not only passed clean through the horse’s body, but had also cut through a blanket-fold upon the other side.

A large portion of the bowels protruded, and were hanging a foot below the horse’s belly. The intestines were divided, thus death was certain.

As the old horse could still walk, and did not know its own danger, I

ordered the advance. I intended to halt at the first convenient point.

In about a quarter of an hour we saw increased light in the distance, and we presently emerged upon a large open vale surrounded by forest. This cheerful space extended over about ten acres, in the centre of which was a well of good water, about fourteen feet deep, and so wide that a man could descend by steps hewn out of the gravel. This was a grand place for the halt.

My first duty was to remove the load, together with the saddle, from my good old horse. I returned the bowels, and having placed a strong pad over the wounds, I passed the roller round his body, and buckled it tight over the pads.

This operation was hardly completed, when a severe shivering fit seized the poor animal, and he fell to the ground to die.

With great sorrow I placed my pistol to the forehead of the faithful old Zafteer, and he died, having carried and laid down his load, together with his life, at the end of the day’s march.

I was much distressed at this loss. It seemed that I was to lose all my best and most faithful followers—the good Monsoor, whom to this hour I regret as a brother; the ever-ready and true Howarti; Ferritch Baggara; the unfortunate Ramadan, besides others who were very valuable; and now my old horse was gone.

We slept that night by his body, and warmed ourselves by a fire that consumed his load—for there was no one to carry it. My despatch-box helped to cook our scanty dinner. We had marched sixteen miles.

My troops had behaved remarkably well. The scolding that I had given them had produced a good effect. Very little ammunition had been expended, and the firing had been exceedingly steady.

Although we had not been attacked at night, I never omitted the precaution of a defence of strong thorns and branches of trees.

Had this march through a frightful route of forest and high grass been made in the Bari tribe, we should not have had a night’s rest.

We started at 6 A.M., with sunrise, on 18th June. The weather had been

fine since the first day of soaking rain on the start from Masindi: we were thankful for this blessing, as there was no shelter for any one.

It would be fatiguing to narrate the incidents of the continual ambuscades. Every day we were attacked, and the enemy was repulsed many times. “Co-co-me! Co-co-me!” was now well understood by the troops; and although we had men wounded, the enemy invariably got the worst of the encounter. Up to the present we had been most fortunate in bringing on all our people, but I was anxious lest some should receive wounds that would actually incapacitate them from marching. Should a man be killed outright, how much soever he might be regretted, still there was an end of him; but there was no end to the difficulty of transporting wounded men in our helpless condition, without carriers.

We had rather hot work during this day’s march, and four soldiers had been wounded by spears.

My wife was dreadfully tired, and sometimes the pace was too severe for her. At length she was so fatigued that she declared she must rest, if only for a few minutes. It was impossible to halt in the thick jungle and grass; therefore, as I had observed a large grove of plantains on

the crest of the hill before us, I gave her my hand to assist in the ascent, and we shortly entered the dark forest of bananas, which was, as usual, clear and free from grass.

All the women were glad to rest, as the poor things were carrying heavy loads. We halted in the midst of the plantains, and every one sat down, except the numerous sentries whom I placed in concealment in various positions. I fully expected that natives might be following us, in the hopes of picking up the load of some wounded man that had been left behind.

Not a word was spoken, or even whispered.

My men were very bloodthirsty. They had been atrociously treated by the natives, and had suffered much. They longed to get their enemies fairly before them, and the “Forty Thieves” were now keenly looking out for the approach of the wily Unyoros.

We heard distant voices; they were coming nearer. A sharp clicking of locks might be heard, as the men got ready.

All Sadik was one of my best shots in “The Forty.” I now saw him taking a steady aim. Saat Choush, who was the champion shot of “The Forty”, had also raised his rifle, and almost immediately several shots were fired, and the troops rushed forward! Two natives had been knocked over, and some of the men returned, dragging in a body by the heels.

I now scoured the immediate neighbourhood, and discovered a quantity of dhurra that was just ripened. This was immediately gathered as a great prize.

During this interval, my men had been engaged in a most barbarous ceremony, that perfectly disgusted me.

These superstitious people had an idea, that every bullet they might fire would kill an Unyoro, if they could only devour a portion of their enemy’s liver.

They had accordingly cut out the liver of the dead man, and having divided it among them, they positively HAD EATEN IT—raw! They had then cut the body into pieces with their sword-bayonets, and had disposed them upon the limbs of various bushes that overhung the path, as a

warning to any Unyoros who should attempt to follow us.

I would not have believed that my “Forty Thieves”, whom I had considered to be nearly civilized, could have committed such a barbarity. The truth was, that in the high grass they could not see the effect of their shots; therefore they imagined that the horrid rite of eating an enemy’s liver would give a fatal direction to a random bullet.

We marched, and having had several encounters with the enemy in jungle, if possible worse than before, we halted at Kaseega.

One of my best men, Serroor, had a narrow escape; a lance went through his neck, almost grazing the jugular vein.

On 19th June, we marched at 6.5 A.M. This was one of the worst journeys, as the ravines were numerous, and the forest dark and tangled. It was difficult for our solitary horse (Jamoos) to carry his load, as it became continually hooked in the hanging loops of the wild vines. We were quickly attacked by various ambuscades, in one of which my wife suffered the loss of a great favourite. This was poor little Jarvah, who went by the name of the “fat boy.” Two spears struck the unhappy lad at

the same moment one of which pinned both his legs as though upon a spit; the other went through his body. This loss completely upset my wife, as the unfortunate Jarvah had upon several occasions endeavoured to protect her from danger. He was killed only a few paces behind her.

In one of the ambuscades, just as the enemy had been repulsed, Faddul, the strongest man in the “Forty Thieves”, who was close to me, carrying his knapsack on his back, his rifle slung across his shoulders, and a box of 500 snider cartridges (64 lbs.) upon his head, walked up to me during the halt and reported himself as badly wounded.

A spear had struck him obliquely in the posterior, and had taken a direction towards the groin. The nian was literally bathed in blood, which ran from him in such a stream that a large pool was formed at his feet as he stood before me.

The instant that the box of snider ammunition was taken from his head, he fell apparently lifeless to the ground.

I thought that he had bled to death.

His rifle and knapsack were removed, and I examined his pulse and heart! I could not feel any movement. All I could do was to pour some brandy very slowly down his throat, and to leave him on the side of the path as another good man lost to the expedition.

We marched forward, and in about ten minutes we arrived at an open field of sweet potatoes. The change from dark jungle and dense grasses of giant height to the fresh and clear space cannot be understood, unless by those who experienced the difficulties of the march.

I halted the advance-guard in the centre of the open field, and waited for the rear to close up.

As it arrived, I saw a man staggering forward, supported by two soldiers. Upon nearer approach, I recognized my strong friend, Faddul, thus risen front the dead! The brandy had revived him sufficiently to show some signs of life, and the rear-guard had thus brought him along with them. We laid him down to rest beneath a tree that grew in the middle of the cultivation.

We were now in a sad difficulty. There were numerous roads, or rather

very narrow paths, which converged from all quarters upon this potato ground. No one knew the direction. The Baris were completely at fault. The farther the people explored the immediate neighbourhood, the more helpless they became.

This was a serious matter. Up to the present time we had been most fortunate in keeping to the right path.

I now called my renowned pathfinder, Abdullah, of “The Forty”.

Abdullah made a survey of the surrounding tracks, and then returned to me with the news that he had discovered the route. This he immediately pointed out.

A general exclamation of derision from the officers and many of the men was the only reward Abdullah received for his important discovery, as his path was in quite an opposite direction to the route they had anticipated.

The compass corroborated Abdullah’s road, but before I adopted it, I asked him why he declared so positively that he knew the way? He

replied, that when on the march from Foweera, he had observed a peculiarly-shaped tree, upon which was fastened a native cojoor, or spell. That tree was on rising ground above a ravine, and he could now show me both the ravine and the magic tree.

I accompanied him to the spot, and certainly the tree was there, with some pieces of ragged bark-cloth and some grass tied to the stem. I had often seen talismans that were fastened to the trees, and I suggested to Abdullah that there were many of them along the road. He was so confident in accepting every responsibility as guide, that I followed him without hesitation, and the march continued. The wounded Faddul was supported as before.

In a short time I myself recognized the path as being very near to Kisoona, which place we suddenly entered after a march of thirty-five minutes from the potato field. The advance-guard fired a volley at some natives, who rushed into the grass upon our unexpected arrival.

We were now in open ground, with good native huts for shelter, and a large extent of cultivation, where an unlimited supply of potatoes could be obtained.

As the rear-guard closed up, I mustered all officers and men. Having spoken a few words of encouragement, and complimented them upon their extreme steadiness since I had lectured them at Chorobeze, I congratulated them upon having advanced so far, under God's protection, through such numberless enemies, with comparatively so little loss. We were now only twenty-one miles from Foweera, and we knew the road. The news of our arrival would almost immediately reach Rionga, and I should fortify this spot and remain here for some days to allow my wounded to recover their strength. During this time all hands would be employed in preparing potatoes for store, by cutting them in slices and drying them in the sun.

I now ordered the band to strike up with the greatest vigour, to show the natives who might be within hearing, that we were in the best of spirits.

My officers and men were all delighted, and overwhelmed me with compliments. I only replied by begging them always to trust in God, and to do their duty.

I immediately started off a party to dig potatoes, while Lieutenant Baker and myself, with a number of men, slashed down with sabres the extensive grove of plantain trees, so as to have a perfectly clear space around the camp.

We made a strong defence at Kisoona, and the rest of several days was invigorating to the wounded men, and enabled my wife's feet to recover sufficiently to continue the march on the 23rd June.

I had arranged that the drums and bugles should sound the morning call at 5 A.M. daily, as though in a permanent camp. This was to assist me in a plan for avoiding ambuscades on the day of marching from Kisoona.

On the 22nd I gave orders that every man should be ready to march punctually at 5 A.M., the instant that the morning call should have sounded.

The natives, hearing the call to which they had been daily accustomed, would have no suspicion of our intended departure; therefore they would not have sufficient time to organize and man their ambuscades.

On the morning of the 23rd June we silently evacuated the camp in the semi-darkness, the instant that the drums and bugles had ceased, and thus obtained an excellent start that saved us much trouble. The attacks later in the day were feebler than usual, and after a march of fourteen miles we arrived at a well of water at 2.5 P.M., at which spot we halted for the night. During this march we had only one man wounded.

We were now within Rionga's country, but I nevertheless made a defence of thorns and branches of trees for the night.

On 24th June we started at 6.5 A.M., and after a march of seven miles, during which we were undisturbed, we arrived at the old camp of Suleiman's company at Foweera on the Victoria Nile, where we had expected to find shelter and good houses.

Everything had been destroyed by fire! Nothing remained but blackened ashes.

CHAPTER XXIII

BUILD A STOCKADE AT FOWEERA.

MY losses from the 8th June to the 24th had been ten killed and eleven wounded. Every officer and soldier had thoroughly done his duty, having displayed admirable coolness and courage upon many trying occasions. None but black troops could have endured the march of about eighty miles with heavy weights upon their heads, in addition to their usual accoutrements.

I at once set to work to build a new station, and with the old wood that had formed the fence of Suleiman’s zareeba, I commenced a defensive arrangement.

There was very little heavy timber that was adapted for a stockade. I therefore formed a protection by sinking deep in the ground, at intervals of three feet, two strong posts about seven feet above the surface. These upright timbers, standing opposite to each other at a distance of about ten inches, were filled with long poles laid one over the other horizontally. At two corners of the square fort were flanking

works of the same construction, which would sweep each face of the defence.

In a few days my men had completed a strong and neat stockade around a number of small temporary huts which formed our new station.

Having thus housed my troops, it was necessary to prepare for the future. I fully expected that Major Abdullah had fallen into the snare prepared for him by Kabba Rega: thus I should have no other force to rely upon, except the few men that now formed my small but tough little party. If so terrible a calamity should have occurred as the destruction of Abdullah's detachment, I should not only have lost my men, but I should become short of ammunition; as my stores and arms would have fallen into the hands of the enemy. This doubt caused me much grave anxiety.

It was strange that we had not received some communication from Rionga, whose island was only fifteen or sixteen miles above stream from Foweera. Our side of the river appeared to be quite uninhabited, and simply consisted of the interminable groves of bananas, that had belonged to the inhabitants at a time when the district had been thickly

populated.

The Victoria Nile, opposite the Foweera station, was about 500 yards wide. At this season the river was full. The huts that we had erected on the north side, upon our arrival from Fatiko, had been destroyed by the natives. This did not look as though much friendship existed.

Upon hearing our drums and bugles on the day of our arrival at Foweera, a few natives had come to the high rock opposite, and had commenced, bawling conversation, and that was only slightly understood by one of our women and Molodi the Madi.

Molodi knew Rionga, as he had visited him at a former time, together with a party of Abou Saood's people. His very slight knowledge of the language was sufficient to explain to the natives across the river that I wished to communicate with Rionga.

The people on the north happened to belong to Kabba Rega, and they were enemies of Rionga; thus we were addressing the wrong parties.

It was highly necessary to make some arrangements for crossing the

river. There are no canoes on this side, and it would be dangerous to trust to rafts, as there were waterfalls about three or four hundred yards below upon our left. I determined to construct boats.

We felled three large dolape palms (Borassus ethriopicus), which were the only trees of that species in this neighbourhood. These palms are well adapted for canoes, as the bark, or rather the outside wood, is intensely hard for about an inch and a half, beneath which the tree is simply a pithy, stringy substance, that can be rapidly scooped out.

Two of the logs, when shaped, were each twenty-six feet in length; the third was smaller.

Throughout the march from Masindi we had managed to carry an adze, a hammer, and a cold chisel. The adze now came into play, together with the Bandy little axes of the “Forty Thieves”.

Among my troops was a Baggara Arab, who was a “canoe-builder”. This was one of the best men of “The Forty”, and it was now for the first time that I heard of his abilities as a boat-builder. This man, Said Bagara, has since accompanied Colonel Long with great fidelity to the court of

King M’Tese.

The men took an immense interest in the work; but as too many volunteers might interfere with the principal shipwright, I sent them all into the forest to collect plantains. I gave orders that every man should prepare 14 lbs of plantain flour for the journey, in case it should be necessary to march to Fatiko.

The canoes progressed, and a slice of about a foot wide having been taken off horizontally from stem to stern, the soft inside was scooped out with an adze, and with lance-heads bent to form a half circle.

In a few days the logs were neatly hollowed, and were then carried down and launched upon the river. The long, narrow canoes would have been very dangerous without outriggers, therefore I determined to adopt the plan that I had seen in Ceylon; and as Lieutenant Baker well represented the omniscience of naval men in everything that concerns boats, nautical stratagems, incomprehensible forms of knots, rigging, &e., &e., I left all the details of the canoes to his charge. In a short time we possessed three admirable vessels that it was quite impossible to upset. I now required a few rafts for the transport of baggage, as it would be

awkward to cross the river by small sections should an enemy oppose our landing on the precipitous bank on the opposite shore. I therefore arranged that we should cross in two journeys. The party now consisted of 97 soldiers including officers, 5 natives, 3 sailors, 51 women, boys, and servants, and 3 Europeans; total, 158 persons.

There was no ambatch wood, but I thought we might form rafts by cutting and then drying in the sun the long tough stems of the papyrus rush. These, if lashed together in small bundles, could be shaped into rafts similar to those used by the Shillook tribe.

Lieutenant Baker took the three sailors and a few intelligent soldiers, and set to work.

The 29th June had arrived without any news of Rionga. The country appeared to be quite devoid of inhabitants on the south banks, neither did the natives show themselves on the north. We were masters of the situation, but there was an uncomfortable feeling of loneliness in our position of outcasts. We were very hungry, as we had not tasted animal food since the 14th inst.; there was no game, neither were there any doves or birds of any kind, except occasional vultures, which, after

sitting upon a dead tree and regarding us for some time, went off with a low opinion of our respectability.

We lived upon boiled plantains and red peppers, together with various wild plants that are wholesome, but not nice, when boiled as spinach. Unfortunately, our small supply of salt was exhausted, therefore we were obliged to burn grass and make potash from the ashes as a substitute.

We had a small quantity of brandy, but we reserved this in case of illness or other necessity.

My men generally made two journeys daily, together with the women, to collect green plantains, and they immediately commenced peeling and drying them in the sun upon their return to camp.

On the evening of the 29th they came home in great spirits, having captured a prisoner. They had tied his arms cruelly behind his lack, and had led him to camp by a cord secured to his neck.

This man had been discovered in company with two others who had escaped to the other side of the river in a canoe.

I ordered his arms to be released, and cross-examined him, Molodi acting as interpreter.

The prisoner seemed quite confident upon seeing my wife and myself. “Don’t you remember me” he exclaimed; “was it not I who many years ago carried the travelling-bag for the lady on your journey to Fatiko? Was it not you that shot the antelopes on the march, and gave me meat to eat when I was hungry?”

Here was an extraordinary piece of good luck! My men had actually captured an old friend in the thickets, who had formerly marched with us in the reign of Kamrasi!

This fellow now gave us the news. Rionga wished to see me, but he had been so cheated and deceived by the slave-hunting companies of Abou Saood, that he was afraid to trust himself among us; he was friendly disposed, but he did not know my intentions concerning himself.

The prisoner declared that the treachery of Kabba Rega had been planned from the beginning. The 300 natives who had accompanied my party from

Masindi, with the post to Fatiko, had attacked and killed some of my men, but he knew no particulars; only that they had not gone on to Fatiko with my people. This was a great relief to my anxiety, as in that case Abdullah must be safe with his detachment. I ordered the prisoner to be retained, but to be well treated.

We had rain nearly every day.

At daybreak on 1st July, after a heavy night's rain, a voice from the high wet grass, about a hundred yards distant, cried out to the sentries in Arabic, "Don't fire! I am a messenger from Rionga to Malegge!" (my former nickname).

The man, cold and shivering, was brought before me. He had travelled by canoe during the night, but had been afraid to approach the sentries until daylight.

Being assured of my goodwill, he informed me that a nephew of Rionga's was in the grass waiting for my reply. He immediately ran out, and soon returned to the camp with his companion.

As these people spoke Arabic, I now explained the whole affair, and assured them of my repeated refusal to attack Rionga, when I had been pressed to do so both by Kamrasi, and by his son, Kabba Rega. There could be little doubt that, had I allied with him against Rionga, the battle of Masindi would never have taken place; and the lives of some of my best men would have been spared.

I would now depose Kabba Rega, and appoint Rionga as the vakeel or representative of the Egyptian government, provided he would swear allegiance.

I sent a present to Rionga of entire pieces of Turkey red cloth, blue twill, and four handkerchiefs; at the same time I explained that we were very hungry, and required cattle and corn.

Before the messengers returned, I inspected the troops, who marched round the camp in their best scarlet uniforms, to the sound of the drums and bugles. This exhibition appeared to create quite an impression on Rionga’s people, who would report us fit for service on their return to their chief.

Thirty of the men were suffering from ulcerated legs, caused by the sharp, poisonous edges of the high grass.

In a couple of days, two large canoes arrived from Rionga with presents of some corn, sweet potatoes, and a cow and sheep. We killed the beef immediately, as we were ravenously hungry.

On 16th July, we started, in nine canoes that had been supplied by Rionga, to visit him at his station. The troops marched by land on the south bank.

After paddling for about fifteen miles along the grand Victoria Nile, which in the narrowest part was at least 300 yards wide, we arrived at 5 P.M. at a desolate spot, exactly opposite to the tail of the large island upon which Rionga resided.

Nothing had been prepared for our reception, therefore we landed in the forest, and my men set to work to collect firewood for the night. The troops who had marched overland had not arrived. Fortunately we had some flour and a bottle of curry-powder; therefore we dined off dhurra-porridge and curry, and lay down on our camp-sheets to sleep.

This was a thorough negro welcome; nothing to eat!

The next morning, at about 7 A.M., the troops with Colonel Abd-el-Kader arrived; they had suffered much from high grass and thorns, as they had been obliged to break their way through the jungle, in the total absence of a path.

A number of Rionga's natives now arrived to assist in making our camp. All hands set vigorously to work building huts, in an excellent position that I had selected on the river's bank.

On 18th July, messengers came early to inform me that Rionga would arrive that morning to give me a warm welcome.

I had already sent him, from Foweera, a beautiful cloak of gold brocade, together with a new tarboosh and sky-blue turban.

At about 8 A.M., drums were beating on the island, and horns were blowing in all directions; these were signals that the renowned Rionga was on the move. We shortly perceived numerous large canoes pushing off

from the island, and making for our landing place, which I had already cleared.

A cow, sheep, and a load of corn were first delivered as a present. These were followed by Rionga, and a large staff of his principal headmen.

He was a handsome man of about fifty, with exceedingly good manners. He had none of the stiffness of Kamrasi, nor the gauche bearing of Kabba Rega, but he was perfectly at his ease. He at once thanked me for the handsome suit in which he was dressed, without which, he assured me that it would have been difficult for him to have appeared before me in a becoming manner. The troops were drawn out to receive him, and the conversation at once turned upon Kabba Rega and Abou Saood.

He had an intimate knowledge of all that had taken place; which had been reported to him by his spies; and he declared that Abou Saood had long ago arranged a plan with Kabba Rega for our destruction should we arrive from Gondokoro.

Rionga was well aware how often I had refused to attack him, and he

confessed that I had been his saviour by the arrest of Suleiman, who would have joined the forces of Kabba Rega to have crushed him.

I took a great fancy to Rionga, as he was so perfectly free and easy in his manner. He told me several anecdotes of the escapes he had had from snares laid for him by Kamrasi; and he seemed quite rejoiced that I, who had always declined to molest him before I had known him personally, should now have taken him by the hand.

He declared that he would always remain the faithful representative of the Khedive's government, but at the same time we must IMMEDIATELY EXCHANGE BLOOD; without which ceremony, the people would not rise in his favour. He said, "If the natives of this country, and also the Langgos and the Umiros, shall hear that I have exchanged blood with the Pacha, they will have thorough confidence, as they will know that he will always be true to me, and I to him; but without this irrevocable contract, they will always suspect some intrigue, either upon your side or mine."

Rionga proposed that we should drink blood on the following morning, as

no time should be lost; he revelled with childish delight in the despair that would seize Kabba Rega and his chiefs when they should hear the news that the Pacha, and his friend Rionga had exchanged blood.

The preparation for the ceremony was to commence that evening. We were to drink a large quantity of plaintain cider. “Not such stuff as Kabba Rega gave you,” exclaimed Rionga; “but a drink such as a friend will partake with you.” I was not to eat anything on the morrow, until the sun should be in a certain position in the heavens, at which time he would call upon me. I was to exchange blood with Rionga; Colonel Abd-el-Kader and Lieutenant Baker were to go through the same interesting ceremony with his minister and his son at the same time.

I recommended him at once to summon the chiefs of the Langgos and the Umiros, as I should wish to secure their alliance and allegiance without loss of time.

Many large jars of the best quality of plantain cider were now brought from the island.

The night passed in nothing but singing and dancing as Rionga gave an

entertainment in honour of our arrival, and as a preliminary to the ceremony of exchanging blood on the following morning.

At about 9 A.M. the unpleasant task was to be performed. Rionga arrived and begged me to accompany him within a tent, together with Lieutenant Baker, Colonel Abd-el-Kader, Karmissua, and Majobi.

Several of his first-class people were admitted as witnesses; these were Inqui, Kimata, Ulendu, Singoma, Kibera, and some others.

Fortunately I had a small lancet in the handle of my knife; therefore I made a slight incision on my left fore-arm, from which a few drops of blood flowed. Rionga immediately seized my arm and greedily sucked the scratch. I had to perform upon his arm, and I took care to make so slight a puncture that only a drop of blood appeared; this was quite enough for my share of the ceremony. We were now friends for ever, and no suspicion of foul play could possibly be entertained. Lieutenant Baker and Abd-el-Kader went through the same operation with their respective partners, and cemented an indissoluble friendship.

It was rather a disgusting performance, but at the same time it was

absolutely necessary for the success of the expedition. I had now really secured a trustworthy man, who would act as my vakeel.

When we emerged from the hut, a minstrel appeared, who played upon a species of harp, and sang praises of myself and Rionga; and, of course, abused Kabba Rega with true poetical licence.

I gave the minstrel a considerable present of beads, and he went away rejoicing, singing and twanging his instrument to the discomfiture of all our enemies.

It was fortunate that I had been able to carry so much as 300 lbs. of beads. The soldiers could now purchase fish and potatoes.

On the 23rd July, two great sheiks were introduced by Rionga: “Gonah”, the chief of a Langgo district, and “Okooloo”, a renowned warrior of the Umiros.

The naked body of Okooloo was covered with small tattoo marks, each of which I was assured represented a victim to his lance.

If he had really killed half that enormous number of men, he must have considerably reduced the population, and he could have been doing little else during his life. Samson's feat of killing 1,000 men was hardly to be compared to the slaughter that had been accomplished by Okooloo.

The prospect of a general attack upon Kabba Rega with fire and lance was delightful to the taste of this warlike old chief, who would, at the end of the campaign, have no more room on his own skin, and would have to keep the list of his game either upon the back of a son or a favourite wife.

I soon made friends with these tribes. A few red and yellow handkerchiefs, and two or three pounds of red and white beads, were sufficient to gain their alliance. I proclaimed Rionga as the vakeel of the government, who would rule Unyoro in the place of Kabba Rega, deposed. Rionga was accepted by acclamation; and if the young traitor, Kabba Rega, could have witnessed this little projet de traite, he would have shivered in his shoes.

Rionga was a general favourite, and the natives were sincerely glad to see him at length supported by the government. Throughout his life he

had striven bravely against every species of treachery and persecution; the day of his revenge had arrived.

I did not wish to overrun Unyoro until the grass should be fit to burn; this would not be until the end of November.

I therefore arranged that I would leave Abd-el-Kader with sixty-five men in a powerful stockade that I had constructed on the edge of the river in this spot, N. lat. 2 degrees 6′ 17″, to support Rionga, and to organize the native forces, while I would take forty men (sniders) and march to Fatiko, to inquire into all that had happened during my absence. It would be necessary to form a corps of irregulars under the command of Wat-el-Mek, which I should immediately send to occupy Unyoro.

Rionga told me that he should attack M’rooli in company with the Langgos and Umiros, who would quickly overrun the country now that Kabba Rega was unsupported by the slave-hunters.

He at once collected fifty natives to carry our loads to Fatiko.

On 27th July, having left all beads, &c., with Colonel Abd-el-Kader for

the purchase of provisions, we took a cordial leave of Rionga, and started, in six canoes, at 12.30 P.M.; paddling down the stream, we arrived at our deserted zareeba at 3.12 P.M. We found the camp quite undisturbed; no one appeared to have entered it since we had left it some days ago. The palm outrigger canoes were lying in the same spot, secured to the rushes; and all that had belonged to us was rigidly respected.

Rionga had given us a sheep to eat during our march of seventy-nine miles from Foweera to Fatiko. This did not seem very generous, but his cattle had been mostly carried off by the slave-hunters under Suleiman.

Fortunately, just as we entered our old station, I shot a guinea-fowl, which made a good curry, and saved our store of dried fish for the uninhabited wilderness before us.

The best fish (as I before mentioned in “The Albert N’yanza”) is the Lepidosiren annectens, and this fat and delicate meat is excellent when smoked and dried.

We slept in our old camp, and early on the following morning we prepared

to cross the river.

Rionga's people did not quite trust the inhabitants on the other side; I accordingly sent a strong party of rifles across first to occupy the high rocky landing-place.

On the return of the canoes, we were just preparing to cross with the remainder of the party, when I observed eight natives walking very fast along the forest-covered cliff on the other side. We immediately gave the alarm to our men who occupied the rocks. The telescope now discovered that the arrangement of the hair of these natives was the fashion of Shooli and Fatiko.

The eight strangers, who had not before observed us, now halted in astonishment, and presently they shouted in good Arabic—

"Are you the Pacha's soldiers? We are sent by Abdullah to look for the Pacha!"

This was great good fortune; then Abdullah was alive, and I hoped my detachment was all right!

We crossed the broad river, and upon close arrival, we discovered that two of the messengers were well known to us, one of whom was Iarro, the interpreter of the great sheik, Rot Jarma.

The first gleam of pleasure with which I had welcomed these messengers quickly changed to considerable anxiety.

I was now informed that the attempt to destroy us by poison, and subsequently by a treacherous attack at Masindi, was mainly due to the intrigues of Abou Saood, who had originally advised Kabba Rega to resist me should I arrive in his country. This traitor Abou Saood had considered that we should be certainly massacred when once in the heart of Unyoro. He had therefore assumed a despotic command of Fatiko and all the neighbouring countries shortly after my departure; and he had given orders ` to the natives and to the sheik, Rot Jarma, that “no supplies of corn should be provided for Major Abdullah’s troops.”

Rot Jarma had been faithful to the government, and his people had carried corn to Major Abdullah. Abou Saood had therefore ordered his men to attack Rot Jarma. They had accordingly surprised him while believing

in the protection of the government, and had captured his cattle, together with a number of slaves. In that attack the brigands had lost five men, whose guns had been subsequently taken to Kabba Rega for sale by the natives we had seen at Masindi.

Abou Saood then, enraged at the loss of five men, together with their guns, had sent for Wat-el-Mek from Faloro, and had given him the command above the well-known Ali Hussein, with orders to carry fire and sword through the country.

Major Abdullah had vainly expostulated. Abou Saood had personally threatened him; and Ali Hussein and an officer named Lazim, with some others, had gone armed into the government camp, and had actually seized natives who had taken refuge with Abdullah, from whose house they were thus dragged by force in defiance of authority.

When the news arrived from Foweera that I had punished Suleiman for the murder of the prisoner, both Abou Saood and his people had declared, that they “would secure Major Abdullah in a forked pole, or sheba, and treat hiin in a similar manner.” They had also threatened to attack the government camp.

Major Abdullah had written to me at Masindi requesting instructions; he had intrusted the letter to a native of Faieera. This man had most unfortunately arrived at Masindi late in the evening upon which the troops had been poisoned. On the following morning he was a witness to the murder of poor Monsoor and Ferritch Bagara; and when the general action commenced, he climbed up a tree at no great distance from the station, and cried out that “he was the bearer of a letter from Abdullah.”

The bullets whizzed so thickly about him that he descended from his post, and then, being alarmed lest he might be killed by the natives should his mission be discovered, he had run away as fast as possible, and returned 160 miles to Fatiko. Thus I never received Major Abdullah’s letter.

The letter-carrier having seen our handful of men surrounded by many thousands of the enemy in Masindi, and knowing that the perfect organization of Unyoro would bring countless enemies upon us, who would occupy the routes by ambuscades, had considered our position hopeless.

The report was spread “that we were all destroyed:” thus Abou Saood was delighted.

Some days later, my party arrived at Fatiko that had left Masindi on the 23rd May with the post, together with the prisoner Suleiman.

These people had suffered terribly, and had lost eleven men killed, exclusive of one who had died on the way from fatigue.

The treacherous plan arranged by Kabba Rega had failed, and the natives had attacked them before the time appointed. This will be described hereafter.

Suleiman was no longer a prisoner, but he commanded the Fabbo station for Abou Saood.

Wat-el-Mek had received my letter, and he wished to serve the government; but Abou Saood had prevented him; and now that I was supposed to be dead, it would be impossible.

This man, Wat-el-Mek, had nevertheless behaved well, as he had

immediately demanded 100 men from Abou Saood, and fifty men from Abdullah, in order to march to Unyoro, join Rionga, and with a native army he would have searched for us throughout the country.

Abou Saood had refused to give the 100 men, therefore we had been left to our fate.

The result of the story was that I must hurry on to Fatiko; Rot Jarma had sent his messengers to discover me whether dead or alive, and should I not march quickly, Abdullah might be attacked and overpowered, and the slave-hunters would possess themselves of all the ammunition and stores.

… This was not very refreshing news, after all the troubles we had gone through.

Had I received this important intelligence during my stay with Rionga, I should not have left Colonel Abd-el-Kader with sixty men behind me. It would not do to waste time by halting: and should I send to recall Abd-el-Kader immediately after my departure, the effect upon Rionga would create suspicion. The withdrawal of the troops would destroy all confidence on the part of his native allies.

I gave the order to march forward at once.

My horse, Jamoos, now the only survivor of all those that I brought from Cairo, was in good condition, but he suffered from a woeful sore back, occasioned by the heavy load that he had carried from Masindi. My wife was therefore obliged to walk, as the mud was too deep for the solitary donkey, who was weak and ill.

For more than a mile and a half we had to wade through flooded marshes nearly hip deep; the heavy rains had made the country boggy and unpleasant.

We had one sheep for the journey of seventy-nine miles, but this was missing upon the second day's march, and we subsequently discovered that it had been stolen and eaten by our guide and the carriers supplied by Rionga. We were thus reduced to dried fish in the place of our lost mutton, for which we felt inclined to go into mourning.

Although we had been badly fed of late, and for twenty-three days had been without solid animal food (since the march from Masindi), we were

nevertheless in excellent health; and always hungry.

We marched well through the uninhabited wilderness of forest, high grass, and swamps, and arrived at the village of Sharga, ten miles from Fatiko, on August 1st, 1872.

The people had collected in considerable numbers to receive us, and we were presented with a fat ox for the troops, thirteen large jars of merissa, and a very plump sheep for ourselves.

The soldiers were delighted, poor fellows; and we likewise looked forward with no small pleasure to a good stew.

Numerous sheiks had collected to receive us, and a formal complaint and protest was made against Abou Saood and his people.

An attack had been planned by the slavers, and Abdullah and his small detachment of 100 men would be overpowered. They were already disheartened, as they believed that we were dead, and they had been daily taunted with this fact by the brigands, who asked them, “what they were going to do now that the Pacha was killed.”

Abou Saood, having given his orders to Wat-el-Mek, and to the ruffian Ali Hussein, had withdrawn to the station of Fabbo, twenty-two miles west of Fatiko, to which place he had carried all the ivory. He was not fond of fighting, PERSONALLY.

The natives corroborated the information I had received from Rot Jarma's messengers. They declared that not only had women and children been carried off, but that the slave-hunters under Ali Hussein had cut the throats of many of their women before their eyes, and had dashed the brains of the young children upon the rocks in derision of my power; saying, "Now see if the Nuzzerani (Christian) can protect you!"

They declared that Wat-el-Mek really wished to join the government, but that when he got drunk, both Abou Saood and others could induce him to behave badly.

There were several hundred people present at this meeting; and the sheiks wound up in a cool and temperate manner, by advising me "not to judge from what they had told me, but simply to march early on the following morning to Fatiko, and to receive the report direct from my

own commandant, Major Abdullah.

“If he contradicts us, you may say that we are liars; then never believe us again.”

This was the conclusion of the palaver.

The morning of 2nd August arrived, and we started at 6.20 A.M., and marched fast over a beautiful country of dells, woods, and open park-like lands, until we ascended the hill that rose towards the high plateau at Fatiko.

As we passed the numerous villages we were joined by curious bands of natives, who by degrees swelled our party to nearly a thousand persons. There was no doubt that these people expected to witness a row, as they knew that Abdullah had been threatened. It was therefore highly probable that we might be attacked, as the slave-hunters would imagine that my small force of forty men was the last remnant of my detachment.

No one at Fatiko had an idea of my existence: thus we should arrive as though risen from the dead.

I halted the men on a large flat rock about a mile and a half south of Fatiko. Here they changed their clothes, and dressed in their best scarlet uniforms and white linen trousers.

We again marched forward, until, upon gaining the racecourse—like plateau, we perceived the station in the distance.

The bugles now sounded the “assembly”, to apprise Major Abdullah of our approach. We then marched, while the natives, who delight in music, struck up an accompaniment on their whistles. My wife was riding the horse, as his back was nearly recovered.

With the telescope, I now perceived a great stir in Major Abdullah’s camp. The men were running to and fro; presently red clots appeared; these rapidly increased, until a thin line of scarlet showed me that his troops were drawn up outside the camp to receive us.

We arrived at 9.30 A.M. The first formalities having been gone through, the troops embraced their friends; and I shook Major Abdullah warmly by the hand, and asked him for immediate news. He merely replied: “Thank

God, sir, you are safe and arrived here; all will go well now that you are alive again. I have kept a journal, and when you have rested, I will hand you my report in writing."

My old dragoman, Mohammed, had burst out crying with joy at our arrival; and he assured me that it was most fortunate that I had appeared, as affairs had become worse than ever.

The natives that had accompanied us had ascended the large flat rock which commanded the station (and which now forms the citadel), upon which they had squatted down like a flock of cormorants, to observe all that passed.

No one had come to salute me from Abou Saood's station, which was almost a portion of that belonging to the government, as it was only separated by a level turf ninety yards across.

The absence of the vakeel and his people was a studied insult, as it was his duty to have at once appeared, with his men in line to receive us.

A hut having been swept out, I entered to change my dress, as I wished

to inspect the troops. I never wore a uniform in this country, except upon state occasions; but a simple Norfolk shirt of thick white cotton, and trousers of the same material. This, with an Egyptian silk coffeeah arranged over my own old helmet hat was sufficient for Central Africa.

I ordered Major Abdullah to form the troops in line, as I wished to inspect them.

At the sound of the bugle, they formed two deep on the beautiful turf outside the slight fence which surrounded the camp. My horse, having been rubbed down and quickly saddled, was led through the narrow wicket; having mounted, I rode down the line and made a short inspection of the troops, who appeared to be in excellent health.

I was just returning to the camp, and was about to dismount, as I could not ride through the extremely narrow wicket, when I was begged by Major Abdullah to wait a little longer, as the people of Wat-el-Mek were now approaching with their numerous flags, to salute me according to the usual custom.

Seven large silk crimson flags upon tall staffs headed with lance

points, and ornamented with balls of black ostrich feathers, marked the intervals of the advancing line of ruffians.

They were about 270 strong, and, they formed a line in very open order, exactly facing the government troops, at about forty yards' distance. Two principal officers, Wat-el-Mek and the celebrated Ali Hussein, were exceedingly busy running up and down the line, and forming their men, so as to make the greatest display of force. Wat-el-Mek was dressed in bright yellow with loose flowing trousers. Ali Hussein was in a snow-white long robe with black trousers. The officers were distinguished by clean clothes, but the men were clad in various costumes, generally formed of tanned leather.

By way of complimenting me, they had brought out two LARGE CASES OF AMMUNITION—each a load for a native!

These boxes were placed with a guard beneath a tree. My wife, who had as usual come to watch the proceedings, now begged me to dismount, as she had noticed the cases of cartridges, and she feared I might be treacherously shot.

Of course I remained on horseback until the company had completed their arrangements. They now stood in position with their officers in their respective places, but no one moved forward.

I could not believe that they would have the audacity to attack the government troops; but having waited for some time face to face, without the slightest “salaam” having been made by the officers of Abou Saood, I ordered Major Abdullah to retire to the camp with his troops, and to disperse.

I then requested him to send for Wat-el-Mek, as I wished to speak with him immediately.

With much patience, I waited within the station for about half an hour; during which time, five different officers had gone to call Wat-el-Mek, and each had returned with a message that “he would come presently.”

At length, two of his people, who had in my absence insulted and threatened to attack Major Abdullah, arrived in the camp with a message “that both the vakeels WERE SICK.” I ordered these men to be detained.

I could no longer stand this insolence, as I at once understood that they refused to appear. Accordingly, I instructed Major Abdullah to go himself with a few soldiers, and should Wat-el-Mek refuse to obey my order to accompany him, he should put him under arrest.

The bugle summoned the men who had dispersed, and they immediately formed two deep in a small open space within the camp, to receive instructions. At this time, Lieutenant Baker volunteered to go and speak to Wal-el-Mek, who would (he thought) be more likely to listen to him than to Major Abdullah, who had so frequently been insulted by the slave-hunters during my absence.

I agreed that it would be advisable; at the same time he must be accompanied by some troops. I therefore began to address the men who were standing before me, and I instructed them to obey Lieutenant Baker implicitly, and upon no account to—

My instructions were interrupted by a volley of musketry concentrated upon the mass of scarlet uniforms!

Without the slightest provocation we were thus treacherously attacked,

and heavy file-firing continued upon the station. The bullets were whistling through the straw huts, and seven of my men, including Molodi, were struck within a few seconds.

My wife, who was always ready in any emergency, rushed out of her hut with my rifle and belt.

The soldiers had already commenced firing by the time that I was armed and had reached the front, by the edge of the light fence of wattles.

I now observed the enemy about ninety yards distant; many of them were kneeling on the ground and firing, but immediately after taking a shot, they retired behind the huts to reload. In this manner they were keeping up a hot fire.

I perceived a man in white upper garments, but with black trousers: this fellow knelt and fired. I immediately took a shot at him with the "Dutchman."

We should have lost many men if this hiding behind huts and popping from cover had been allowed to continue. I therefore called my "Forty

Thieves” together, and ordered the bugler to sound the charge with the bayonet.

Pushing through the narrow wicket gateway, I formed some thirty or forty men in line and led them at full speed with fixed bayonets against the enemy.

Although the slave-hunters had primed themselves well with araki and merissa before they had screwed up courage to attack the troops, they were not quite up to standing before a bayonet charge. The “Forty Thieves” were awkward customers, and in a quarter of a minute they were amongst them.

The enemy were regularly crumpled up! and had they not taken to flight, they would have been bayoneted to a man.

I now saw Wat-el-Mek in his unmistakable yellow suit; he was marching alone across a road about 180 yards distant.

He was crossing to my right; and I imagined, as he was alone, that he intended to screen himself behind the houses, and then surrender.

To my surprise, I observed that when he recognized me, he at once raised his gun and took a steady aim.

I was at that moment reloading; but I was ready the instant that he had fired and missed me.

He now walked towards a hut across to my right. I allowed about half a foot before him for his pace, and the “Dutchman” had a word to say.

The bullet struck his right hand, taking the middle finger off at the root, and then striking the gun in the middle of the lock plate, it cut it completely in halves as though it had been divided by a blow with an axe. He was almost immediately taken prisoner. One of “The Forty” (Seroor) was so enraged that he was with difficulty prevented from finishing Wat-el-Mek with a bayonet thrust.

I now ordered a general advance at the double; and the troops spread out through the extensive town of huts, which occupied about thirty acres.

As we ran through the town, I observed about 150 of the enemy had

rallied around their flags, and were retreating quickly, but steadily, in the direction of the Shooa hill. They continued to turn and fire from the rear of their party.

Having reduced the distance to about 150 yards, the crimson silk banners afforded excellent marks for rifle practice. They fell to the right and left, as the shots were directed a little low so as to hit the bearers. In a few minutes not a flag was to be seen! The fatal sniders poured bullets into the dense body of men, who, after waving two and fro as the shots thinned their number, at length ran off without any further effort to maintain a formation.

For upwards of four miles Lieutenant Baker and I chased these ruffians with the “Forty Thieves”. Many were killed in the pursuit; and upon our return to the camp at Fatiko at 2 P.M., we had captured a herd of 306 cattle, 130 slaves, 15 donkeys, 43 prisoners, 7 flags, together with the entire station.

The enemy had suffered the loss of more than half their party killed.

The actual fighting had been done by the “Forty Thieves”; and the men of

Abdullah's detachment had behaved disgracefully. Instead of following the enemy in the retreat, they had fraternized with a crowd of natives in pillaging the extensive station.

I now had to clear all these fellows out. The officers appeared to have quite lost their heads; and the natives had carried off all the guns and ammunition from the dead men, and had sacked and plundered the powder magazine.

My wife had placed sentries on the high rocks which commanded a view of the entire country; she also had the cattle driven within the fence; and had secured the prisoners, including Wat-el-Mek, in two large huts, over which she had placed a guard. The officers bad been so completely bewildered by the suddenness of the affair, that their wits had been exercised in an extraordinary direction. They had commenced firing Hale's rockets while we were in advance pursuing the enemy, and a couple of these screeching projectiles had actually passed over my head.

We had neither eaten nor drunk since the preceding evening, with the exception of some water that we had procured from a stream at the extreme limit of the pursuit; where we had lost the enemy, who had

scattered in the forest.

With her usual forethought, my wife had ordered the cook to have breakfast ready; and having washed hands and faces, we sat down to a good curry of mutton, and excellent cafe-au-lait, the milk having been obtained from the captured cows.

We had worked fairly that morning, having marched ten miles from Sharga, then fought the rebels and run four miles in pursuit, and four miles on our return, through an exceedingly rough country.

My old friends, Gimoro and Shooli, were delighted to see us again. The native sheiks thronged round the entrance of our hut to congratulate us on the defeat of the rebels; and messengers had been already sent off to Rot Jarma and all the principal headmen of the country.

Wat-el-Mek was safe. I knew that most of the principal officers were either killed or wounded; but I was anxious to be assured of the fate of the arch-ruffian, Ali Hussein.

“Where is Ali Hussein?” I asked the natives.

“DEAD!” cried a number of voices.

“Are you certain?” I asked.

“We will bring you his head, for he is not far off,” they replied; and several men started immediately.

We were very hungry; and as curry is quickly eaten, we were not long at breakfast; this was hardly concluded when some natives rushed to the open door, and throwing something heavy on the floor of the hut, I saw at my feet the bloody head of Ali Hussein!

There was no mistake in the person. The villainous expression was as strongly marked upon the features in death as it had been in life.

The natives had appropriated his clothes, which they described as “a long white robe and black trousers.” Ali Hussein had been struck by two bullets; one had broken his arm, and the other had passed through his thigh. He was alive when the natives discovered him; but as he had been the scourge of the country, he, of course, received no mercy from them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NO MEDICAL MEN.

The death of the unfortunate Dr. Gedge, my chief medical officer at Tewfikeeyah, added to the retirement of one of the Egyptian surgeons from Gondokoro, had left me with so weak a medical staff that I had been unable to take a doctor from headquarters. I therefore was compelled to perform all necessary operations myself, and to attend personally upon the wounded men. In the late encounter, although I had not actually lost a soldier, seven were badly wounded. One had a broken thigh, and the bullet remained in the leg. Two had smashed ankle-joints, in one of which the ball remained fixed among the bones. Some of the prisoners were also wounded and one shortly died.

Wat-el-Mek’s hand was much lacerated, in addition to the loss of the middle finger.

I dressed all the wounds with a weak solution of carbolic acid. After some trouble, I extracted the bullet from the broken thigh, and set the

bone. (This man was one of “The Forty”; and about two months after the wound he was again on duty, and only slightly lame.)

Wat-el-Mek had two excellent English double-barrelled guns. That destroyed by the “Dutchman” was a gun by Blissett of London, which had been given to him by Captain Speke when he parted at Gondokoro: the other was my own old gun, that I had given to Ibrahim when I travelled with him during my first journey in Africa.

On the 3rd August I took evidence against Abou Saood. Mohammed Wat-el-Mek, and a prisoner named Besheer, who was an officer in the same company, both swore upon the Koran, that in firing at me “they had only obeyed the orders of Abou Saood, who had instructed them to attack me and the government troops should I attempt to interfere with their proceedings.”

Wat-el-Mek declared upon oath that he had always wished to serve me, but he had been prevented by Abou Saood and others; and he had now been rightly punished. This, he said, was “God’s hand.” He had been in countless fights with natives during many years, and he was possessed of powerful charms and spells, including numerous verses from the Koran

suspended from his arms: these had always protected him until the day when he had raised his hand against the government. His charms had at once failed him, and he had lost both his finger and the gun with which he had fired at me.

My officers and soldiers really believed that I had purposely cut his finger off, and smashed his gun by a rifle shot, to prove to him what I could accomplish with a rifle; and thus to warn a man who would be useful to me, instead of killing him.

Wat-el-Mek now offered to swear upon the Koran fidelity and allegiance if I would pardon him; and he would at once prove his sincerity by raising an irregular corps.

This man was a curious character; his superstitious nature had been seized with the conviction that his present position was a special visitation of divine wrath. He was a courageous fellow, and he knew the country and the natives better than any man living. I had always wished to engage his services, and I considered this an excellent opportunity.

The officers now begged me to forgive him. He was led away to a stream

of clear water, where he went through the process of washing with a cake of soap, which was sorely needed. He was then dressed in clean clothes that were lent to him for that purpose, and the Koran was brought and laid open at a particular passage.

Placing his wounded hand upon the page, he repeated with great devotion the formal oath. (Wat-el-Mek always behaved well from that time.)

I now gave him a few words of good advice, encouraging his preconceived idea that God had chastised him specially, and that the future would depend upon his own conduct.

Having thus secured this valuable man, whom I had always wished to engage at the commencement of the expedition, there was much to be done, and it will be necessary to make a few extracts from my journal that will better explain the position:—

“August 5, 1872.—I ought to hang Abou Saood, but much diplomacy is necessary. The rebels in their three stations, Fabbo, Faloro, and Farragenia number about 600, exclusive of armed Baris.

“I have with me 146 men, including officers. Should I raise the whole country, the difficulty would be to prevent the natives from exterminating Abou Saood and the whole of his forces. Should such an event occur, how should I be able to occupy this extensive country with so small a force? I have lately had a painful lesson in the treachery of Kabba Rega, who, when I had relieved him of his enemies, the slave-traders, immediately turned against ME. These natives might probably do the same. Negroes respect nothing but force; and the force that now exists, if removed, will leave them free to act against the government. Already they have benefited by the fight with the slave-hunters, by running off with the arms and ammunition, together with a number of cattle, while our troops were engaged with the enemy.”

I came to the conclusion that it would be unwise to get rid of the slave-hunters by physical force. Although I felt that they were entirely in my power, as I could bombard their stations with Hale’s rockets, if they should refuse to turn out, the natives would, in the event of a flight, most assuredly possess themselves of the guns and ammunition.

With 146 men, I could not take more than eighty men to act against 600, as the small force of sixty-six would be the minimum that I could leave

to protect the Fatiko station. If with eighty men, together with a wild army of natives, I should attack Fabbo (in which I had heard that Abou Saood was concentrating his people from the other stations), every one of the slave-traders would be massacred. It would be impossible for eighty men to fight, and to secure at the same time the 600 stand of arms that would be in the hands of the rebels. These, together with the muskets belonging to the Baris, would all fall into the possession of my native allies, who would immediately scatter and disappear with their prize.

Should I attack Fabbo, the result would simply arm the natives with 800 or 900 stand of muskets, together with a large amount of ammunition, which they might probably use against me at some future time.

I resolved to work diplomatically, and to keep the slave-hunters' party as a rod above the backs of the natives, until I should discover their real character.

It had been necessary to establish a corn tax [*] for the support of the troops. Possibly the natives, if entirely relieved from their oppressors, might refuse to acknowledge government taxation! At all

events I determined to proceed cautiously.

[*Footnote: The corn tax was thus established. Each house was taxed to pay a small basket of corn every full moon. All old and infirm people and also strangers were exempted from taxation. The headman of each village was responsible for the tax, and he delivered a bundle of small pieces of reed, the size of drawing pencils which represented the number of houses belonging to able-bodied men. This tax was always paid cheerfully, in gratitude for the protection afforded by the government.]

The first step was to summon Abou Saood and to hear his defence from his own mouth.

I had given the prisoners their choice, of either enlisting in the government service, or returning to Khartoum.

Of course they ought to have been shot in a batch; but I could not afford to shoot them. I had to catch and tame my wild beasts instead of destroying them.

A considerable number agreed to serve under Wat-el-Mek.

I wrote, on 5th August, a letter addressed to Abou Saood, summoning hum to appear instantly at Fatiko: at the same time I promised him a free exit; without which written assurance I might as well have summoned the "man in the moon".

It was difficult to procure natives who would accompany the new irregulars with the letter, as news had arrived that Abou Saood's people were plundering and laying waste the neighbourhood of Fabbo.

At length I arranged that eight of the new levy, together with the native blacksmith and several others from Fatiko, who were well known in the Madi country, should go to Fabbo (22 miles) with my letter to Abou Saood. The blacksmith would protect the irregulars by explaining their new position to any natives who might desire to molest them.

I also sent a proclamation to be read publicly in the zareeba, summoning all subjects of the Khedive to declare their allegiance to the government.

On the following day (6th August) the blacksmith and his people returned

to Fabbo thoroughly disgusted. Upon their arrival near the zareeba of Abou Saood they had cried out to the slave-hunters that they had brought "a letter from the Pacha to Abou Saood!" The slave-hunters had replied with a well-known form of abuse in that country, and had immediately fired a volley into the blacksmith and the eight men of their own people!

The blacksmith and his natives had lost no time in running back to Fatiko; and the eight irregulars having thrown themselves on the ground, had (the blacksmith supposed) at length explained who they were.

The patience and forbearance that I was obliged to assume were far more trying to my feelings than the march from Masindi.

It has always been an intense satisfaction to me that I had reliable witnesses to every incident of the expedition; otherwise, I might perhaps have been suspected of some prejudice against Abou Saood and certain Egyptian authorities that, unknown to myself, might have discoloured the true aspect of affairs. I can only refer to Lieutenant Baker, R.N., and that gallant officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, and many others, including all soldiers and servants who belonged to the

detachment at Fatiko.

These persons subsequently gave their evidence, which they will be ready at all times to repeat.

On 7th August, at about 5 P.M., Abou Saood appeared with about forty of his men. He was afraid to enter my camp without a second assurance in writing that he should not be made prisoner.

Of course he swore that he had not given orders to fire at me; and he declared that his people of Fatiko had only fired because they were afraid that the natives who had accompanied me were about to attack them.

I asked him, “If that were the case, why had they not communicated with me, as I was only ninety yards distant?” He said his people had not fired at the government troops, but only at the natives who were upon the rock.

He could not quite explain in that case “how it was that 1,000 natives perched upon the rock close together, had escaped without a man being

wounded, while not only were seven of the government troops knocked down by bullets, but the huts and furniture of our camp, including boxes in the magazine, &c, had been completely riddled with balls." He then began to lay the blame on Wat-el-Mek, and even had the audacity to declare that "he had nothing to do with slaves, but that he could not restrain his people from kidnapping." I never heard any human being pour out such a cataract of lies as this scoundrel. His plausibility and assurance were such that I stood aghast; and after he had delivered a long speech, in which he declared that "he was the innocent victim of adverse circumstances, and that every one was against him," I could merely reply by dismissing him with the assurance that there was "only one really good and honest man in the world, who invariably spoke the truth; this man was ABOU SAOOD. All other men were liars."

On the following morning Abou Saood came to take leave. He pretended to devote himself to my service, and declared that he should now at once return to Fabbo and organize the best of his people into an irregular corps for the government, and he should act with energy as my vakeel, and assist me in every manner possible. He begged me not to believe a word that any one might say EXCEPT HIMSELF, and he swore by the eyes and head of the Prophet (this was his favourite oath whenever he told the

biggest lie) that there was no one so true to me as he, which he would prove by his acts. He then went back to Fabbo.

This is the last time that I ever saw Abou Saood. He took 200 men upon his arrival at Fabbo, and after having told his men to cut the throat of the sheik Werdella, who was a prisoner in the Fabbo camp under my special orders for protection, he went straight to Gondokoro to his friend Raouf Bey.

This officer, who commanded at headquarters during my absence, although he heard from Abou Saood's people of the attack made upon me at Fatiko, and Abou Saood had arrived without either a passport or letters from myself, positively allowed him to depart to Khartoum.

At Khartoum Abou Saood spread every conceivable false report. Thence he travelled to Cairo, expressly to complain to the Khedive's government of the manner in which he had been treated by me.

Thus the greatest slave-trader of the White Nile, who was so closely connected with the Soudan government that he was a tenant who had rented a country WHICH DID NOT BELONG TO EGYPT, now applied to that

government

for protection against my interference with his murders, kidnapping, and pillaging, which were the accompaniments of his slave-hunting in Central Africa.

The fact of this renowned slave-hunter having the audacity to appeal to the Egyptian authorities for assistance, at once exhibits the confidence that the slave-traders felt in the moral support of certain official personages who represented public opinion in their hatred to the principal object of the expedition.

The various links in the chain which united the interests of Abou Saood with certain officers who were opposed to the spirit of the enterprise will be at once perceived.

From the very commencement, this man had been the chief intriguer who had endeavoured to ruin the expedition. He had fraternized with the Baris when they were at open war with the government. He had incited the tribes to attack me, and at length his own companies had fired at me by his orders. HE NOW SOUGHT THE PROTECTION OF THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT AT

CAIRO.

We shall now leave Abou Saood in Cairo, where he spread the false report of the massacre of Lady Baker and myself, which reached England and appeared in the newspapers in April 1873.

After Abou Saood's departure from Fabbo, the influence of Wat-el-Mek began to be felt, and many men flocked to the government standard. Nevertheless, that station was a scene of anarchy. The slave-hunters were divided among themselves. The party that followed Wat-el-Mek were nearly all Soudanis, like himself, but the Arabs were split up into companies, each of which had elected a separate leader. This dissension was exactly what I desired, and I played the game accordingly. As I have before stated, I wished to avoid physical force.

Ali Genninar, whom I had engaged at Masindi, was an excellent fellow, and before Abou Saood deserted the country, he had been the first man to arrive at Fatike and unite with the government. He now collected sixty-five men, whom I at once enrolled, and having given them their government flags, I started them off without delay to support Rionga in Unyoro, and recalled Abd-el-Kader and his troops to Fatiko. At the same

time I sent Rionga many valuable presents.

There were several terrible scoundrels at Fabbo, among whom was Salim-Wat-Howah, who, together with Lazim, had threatened to shoot Major Abdullah in his own camp during my absence in Unyoro.

I had Lazim in irons at Fatiko, but Salim-Wat-Howah had escaped on the day of attack. This man Salim was the head of the greatest villains at Fabbo, and he and his band of about one hundred men daily sallied out of the zareeba and plundered and burnt the neighbourhood in open defiance of Wat-el-Mek.

When these ruffians captured women, they now cut their throats and threw them into the Un-y-Ame river, explaining to the natives that they defied me to “liberate” them when their throats were cut.

Every day the natives flocked to me from Fabbo with the most dreadful tales of atrocities.

The time had now arrived when I could make the move that I felt sure would reduce the country to order.

The slave-hunters were in this position. I had sent Ali Germinar with sixty-five men to Unyoro, 200 had gone off with Abou Saood, 100 reprobates clung to Salim-Wat-Howah, and the remainder were true to Wat-el-Mek.

I therefore sent a message to Fabbo, which Wat-el-Mek would make public in the zareeba: “that, having received daily complaints from the natives of outrages committed by Salim-Wat-Howah and his company, it was my intention in forty eight hours to visit Fabbo with the troops, together with the native witnesses to the outrages complained of.”

I ordered “all those men who had enlisted in the government service, together with all others who were true to the Khedive, to retire from the Fabbo station to Faloro: thus Fabbo alone would represent the malcontents.”

I felt sure that the dissension which had existed among the various parties would now break out anew, and that Salim-Wat-Howah, fearing a personal visit from me, would follow the example of his master, Abou Saood, and fly from the country.

The hint that I had given respecting the retirement of the loyal people to Faloro, so that Fabbo would represent the disloyal, would be sufficient warning that physical force was intended, should other means fail.

The day upon which Wat-el-Mek published the proclamation was one of general consternation in Fabbo.

Wat-el-Mek left the station with his Soudanis.

Salim-Wat-Howah and his men suddenly sprang upon the vakeel, Suleiman, and having secured him, while others broke open the powder-magazine, they possessed themselves of three cases (1,500 rounds) of ball-cartridge, together with the flags of the station. With this prize they marched out of the zareeba with their slaves, who carried their luggage, and took the road towards Latooka, about nine days' march distant.

Without firing a shot, I had thus won the game. All the bad people had found the country too hot for them. The remaining men received

certificates, and raised the corps of irregulars to 312 officers and men; all of whom were nominally under Wat-el-Mek, although Ali Genninar held a separate command in Unyoro. I now strengthened his party by a reinforcement.

From this date, the victory was gained, and I could only thank God for the great success that had attended all my efforts. The slave-hunting was now at an end throughout an immense district, as the slave-hunters had ceased to exist south of Gondokoro. Excepting Unyoro, the days of bloodshed were past. The “Forty Thieves”, who had so gallantly stood by me through every difficulty, never again had an enemy before them. I was devoutly thankful for days of peace. (All readers will share my deep regret, that since my departure from Central Africa this gallant body of men, together with the French officer in command, Monsieur Linant de Bellefonds, fell victims to a surprise by the Baris in the district of Moogi. Colonel Gordon, who was engaged in towing a steamer through the rapids, had sent M. Linant de Bellefonds with forty sniders to make a reconnaissance in the immediate neighbourhood, as the Moogi natives had become hostile. The force was supplied with thirty rounds of ball-cartridge in their pouches together with two boxes (1000 rounds) of spare ammunition. Only four soldiers escaped to tell the tale of

destruction.)

My task was now full of pleasure and gratification. I had established perfect confidence among the natives throughout the large country of Shooli. The Lira tribe had declared their allegiance, and we had friends upon all sides.

I had as usual planted gardens at Fatiko, which were flourishing. The natives no longer concealed their stores of corn; but dancing and rejoicing had taken the place of watchfulness and insecurity.

The children and women flocked to our camp; and marketing upon a large scale was conducted without a squabble. The two good men, Shooli and Gimoro, who were daily visitors, assured me that there was only one feeling throughout the country, of gratitude and goodwill. This was a great reward to me for the many difficulties we had undergone; but now that the calm days of peace had arrived, I looked back with keen regret upon the good men that I had lost, especially to the memory of poor Monsoor. There was no person who would have enjoyed my success so much as that worthy man.

It is now time to speak of Suleiman and the party who had left Masindi on 23rd May with the post for Fatiko, together with the 300 Unyoro carriers who were to have transported Abdullah's detachment to Foweera.

The letter (concealed in a package) that I had sent to Eddrees, with orders that "the party might return at once to Fatiko should they suspect foul play," had reached them before they had crossed the Victoria Nile.

Mohammed, the Cairo dragoman, had strongly suspected treachery, owing to the unaccountable tardiness of the natives in pushing straight for Fatiko. Every day messengers had arrived from Masindi, and others had been returned in reply by the sheik Pittia, who had charge of the 300 Unyoro carriers.

When my letter had been received, Mohammed advised Eddrees to return at once to Masindi; but the latter, finding himself about fifty miles on the journey, concluded that it would be better to continue the march.

They had delayed so many days on the road, that the stock of flour intended for the whole journey would have failed, had they not spared

their supply, and fed upon potatoes whenever they halted near cultivated ground.

On one occasion, a number of their men had as usual gone off to forage, and were employed in digging sweet potatoes, when they were suddenly attacked by the natives concealed in the high grass, and eleven men were speared; five of my troops, and six of the irregulars. Fortunately some of these men had fired their muskets before they died, and the reports alarmed the remainder of the party, who were in a small village. There was not a native to be seen, but the drums and horns were sounding, and as the Victoria Nile was close at hand, they considered it would be advisable to cross the river before the natives should attack them in force.

It was necessary to release Suleiman, who was secured in a sheba. This man had been committed to the charge of Mohammed. Before Mohammed cut the raw hide strip which secured the forked pole, he made Suleiman swear by the prophet not to escape, but that he would deliver himself up to Major Abdullah at Fatiko.

The party, now reduced to twenty-five men, immediately started. Upon

arrival at the banks of the river, they happened to come suddenly upon a native, whom they seized.

They soon observed a canoe on the other side of the river, in which were two men. They now made an arrangement for the capture of the canoe, which was to them a case of life or death.

The prisoner was dressed in the usual flowing robe of bark-cloth. His hands were tied behind him, and one of the party who could speak the language now concealed himself behind the bark-cloth robe, and holding the native tightly by the arms, he threatened him with instant death unless he called the two natives in the canoe.

At first he hesitated, but fearing the knife at his back, the point of which just pricked him to let him know that it was ready, he shouted to the men in the boat.

“Say you have a number of plantains, and you want to take them across the river,” whispered his invisible prompter from behind.

The natives in the canoe hesitated. “Say you will give them each a bunch

of plantains if they will ferry you over," again whispered the cunning Arab.

The canoe now pushed off from the bank, and paddled towards the apparently solitary native.

The irregulars were concealed in the high grass close to the bank, and as the canoe touched the shore, they shot the two natives dead, and immediately secured it.

They now unlashed the arms of the prisoner, and insisted upon his paddling the canoe across the river. Two journeys were necessary. The first was successful, and the regular troops, together with the post and Suleiman and others, were safely landed. During the second journey, as the canoe was passing a rock above some dangerous rapids, the native suddenly upset the boat by throwing his weight quickly to one side, and plunged the whole party in the river. Some of them were carried over the cataracts and drowned. The others, including Ali Genninar, were good swimmers, and they reached the shore.

Although the irregulars thoroughly knew the country, they now found

themselves in the immense wilderness that separates Unyoro from the Shooli and Madi tribes.

In this sea of high grass they wandered for some days, lost; until they at length discovered the regular path, and, after great suffering, reached Fatiko.

Eddrees, who had been appointed vakeel, became a traitor, and upon meeting Abou Saood and his people, who had come out to receive the party upon their arrival, he cried out, “Look sharp for your neck, Abou Saood: the Pacha has sent an order to arrest you.”

A short time after this, Eddrees died of dysentery. Suleiman behaved in an honourable manner. Instead of going into Abou Saood’s camp, he immediately presented himself before Major Abdullah, and confessed his sins, acknowledging that he had been justly punished. He surrendered himself into the hands of the commandant, according to the oath he had taken on the road.

Although Major Abdullah had now received the post, together with my orders, he thought it advisable, considering the danger of a collision

with Abou Saood's people, to allow Suleiman his liberty on parole, and he had returned to his position of vakeel at Fabbo. Ali Genninar had at once offered to continue his duties as a government soldier.

A few days after the arrival of the post, the news was brought of the battle of Masindi, and that our escape from Unyoro was impossible.

The almost open hostility of Abou Saood and his numerous forces had paralyzed Major Abdullah, who, fearing the responsibility of an outbreak, kept quiet, and trusted in Providence, until I had fortunately appeared.

There can be no doubt that the plan laid by Kabba Rega for securing the arms and effects of Major Abdullah and his detachment broke down through a premature attack on the part of the natives, who had neither the courage nor the patience to go to Fatiko on the chance of success in such a distant enterprise.

Suleiman had written me a letter imploring forgiveness. Wat-el-Mek arrived at Fatiko after the seizure of the ammunition by Salim-Wat-Howah, and he begged pardon for Suleiman, assuring me that he

was truly penitent; that the devil had misled him, and Abou Saood was that devil. If I would grant him a free pardon, no man would be more faithful; and the irregular force now established would be delighted at such an act of clemency.

Although Suleiman was a great ruffian, he was like everybody else in that respect. If I had refused the enlistment of all immoral characters in the middle of Africa, I should have had what is now known in England as a “skeleton regiment.” I had already punished him severely. In every case of defiance of the government, the people had seen that so small an organized force as 200 regulars, amongst innumerable enemies, and without any communication with headquarters, had been able to beat down and crush every enemy, whether native or rebel. In times of real weakness, it is frequently necessary to be severe, that a grave example may establish authority; but after victory and success, I felt that an act of clemency might, even among half savages, be more binding than fetters.

I therefore told Wat-el-Mek that I could not give any promise until Suleiman should present himself before me at Fatiko. It was his duty to deliver himself up as a prisoner upon parole.

On 3rd October Wat-el-Mek arrived at Fatiko accompanied by Suleiman, who came to surrender.

The prisoner was dressed in a filthy brown woollen cloak, and his head was covered with a greasy and almost black tarboosh he had the appearance of having slept on a dust-heap. This beggarly outside was a token of repentance and humiliation.

Suleiman was brought before me, and he immediately rushed forward and knelt to kiss my feet, exhibiting at the same time considerable emotion; which surprised me, as he was notorious as a stern, hard-hearted Kurd.

I said a few words to him, explaining that he must not think me impenetrable if I doubted his sincerity, as I had been already deceived, after having shown him much kindness; yet the same time I did not wish to exert severity, if I could win him to obedience by good advice. (Suleiman always remained faithful from that moment, and became a dependable officer.) I offered him a free pardon if he would swear upon the Koran fidelity to the Khedive. Should he deceive me, and become a rebel after this, he knew the consequences.

Suleiman now declared, and swore upon the Koran, that he had acted only upon orders he had received from Abou Saood. It was he who, in spite of my written command that the sheik Werdella should be spared, had ordered two of his slaves to take him from the Fabbo zareeba, and to cut his throat.

Both Wat-el-Mek and Suleiman, as late vakeels of Abou Saood, swore to their written evidence, to which they attached their seals in the presence of witnesses, that Abou Saood had given orders to his vakeels to harry the country and to capture slaves and cattle; that none of the people employed by him received wages in money, but that they were invariably paid in slaves, valued at a certain sum.

“All the opposition that I had met with had been caused by Abou Saood.”

Suleiman, having received a written pardon, made his salaam and retired. An hour later he was washed beautifully clean, and was gorgeously dressed in a Turkish costume of light blue woollen cloth, trimmed with gold and black braid, with a new tarboosh, a handsome silk shawl in thick folds around his waist, and his sabre dangling by his side. This

sudden metamorphosis from dirt and ashes to dazzling attire was symbolical of disgrace and humiliation succeeded by pardon and restoration to office.

Suleiman was to continue as vakeel of the Fabbo station, under the command of Wat-el-Mek. In the magazines of Fabbo were 3,200 elephants' tusks. These, I had no doubt, would be confiscated by the Khedive.

A short time before the arrival of Suleiman, an extraordinary incident had occurred at the Fatiko camp.

One morning, when the bugles blew the usual call, it was discovered that the prisoner Lazim had escaped, although he had been secured in irons.

Fortunately, it had rained slightly during the night; thus it would not be difficult to track his footsteps. I immediately sent for Shooli and Gimoro, whose village was only 700 yards distant, to whom I promised a reward of a cow, should they succeed in capturing the escaped felon. They quickly got upon the track of the fugitive, and followed like bloodhounds.

I have already described this fellow Lazim as having been one of the ringleaders in the rebellion of the slave-hunters; and he was almost as notorious a character as Ali Hussein. He was originally himself a slave, and had escaped from his master at Khartoum many years ago, after which he became one of the most determined slave-hunters.

I felt sure that it would have been impossible for him to have escaped without the connivance of the sentry. I therefore ordered all the soldiers that had formed the various night-guards over the prisoner to be brought before me. As they stood in line, I simply told them that "the prisoner had escaped, and that one of the men now present was guilty of aiding and abetting. I could discover the fellow who had thus disgraced himself as a soldier by simply looking at his face."

Having carefully examined the countenance of each man, I felt confident that I had fixed upon the guilty person, as one individual quailed beneath my eye, and at length looked down upon the ground. This happened to be one of the worst characters in the force. I therefore at once ordered him to be flogged.

During the infliction of punishment, this fellow not only confessed that

he had assisted in the escape of Lazim, but he made a clean breast of several other delinquencies. He was accordingly put in irons, and condemned to break stones for the new roads.

In the evening Shooli returned, but without the prisoner. Before he gave his report, he begged me “not to be angry.” He then described that he had tracked Lazim’s footsteps for a long way along the Fabbo road until he had at length met several natives, who were coming towards him. These men declared that they had met Lazim, who had managed to get rid of his irons; but as he was unarmed, they knew that he must have run away. They accordingly asked him for his pass from me, as it was well known that I never allowed a man to go alone without a written order.

Lazim of course was unable to produce a paper. The natives, therefore, insisted upon his returning with them to Fatiko, and upon his remonstrating they seized him. A struggle ensued, and they at length knocked him upon the head with au iron mace and killed him. Thus ended one of the greatest scoundrels, and the government was relieved by his escape from custody, which had so quickly terminated his career.

CHAPTER XXV.

I SEND TO GONDOKORO FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

On 25th November, 1872, I started Wat-el-Mek to Gondokoro with a force of irregulars, in addition to a captain and twenty regular troops in charge of the post. His party consisted of 100 men.

The fleet from Gondokoro had left on the 3rd of November, 1871: thus it was natural to suppose that reinforcements had arrived from Khartoum, according to my written instructions on that date. I now wrote to Raouf Bey at headquarters, to send up 200 men under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Tayib Agha, of the Soudani regiment. I also wrote for a supply of cattle, as my stock had dwindled to a small herd of milch cows, and the people at Fabbe had no meat except the flesh of any game that might be killed.

A short time after the departure of Wat-el-Mek and his party for Gondokoro, Suleiman the vakeel arrived from Fabbo with the intelligence that a large body of Abou Saood’s slave-hunters, including 3,000 Makkarika cannibals, had arrived on the Nile from the far west, with the intention of taking the ivory from Fabbo!

It appeared that Abou Saood had gone from Gondokoro to his station at the Bohr, upon the White Nile; from thence he had sent a party with a letter to Atroosh, the vakeel of the Makkarika station, about 200 miles distant, with orders that he should send a powerful force, with sufficient carriers, to take the ivory by violence from Fabbo.

Abou Saood had not expected that the people whom he had left at that station would have enlisted under the government standard. Thus he imagined they would at once fraternize with the invading force.

The natives of the country were thoroughly alarmed, as the cannibals were eating the children of the Koshi country on the west bank of the Nile, in about 3 degrees latitude; and should they cross the river, the Madis and Shoolis expected the same fate.

I ordered Suleiman (who had received a letter from Atroosh) to take a letter from me to Ali Emmeen, the vakeel of the invading force, instructing him to present himself before me at Fatiko instantly with an escort of his own people, limited to twenty-five men. At the same time I gave instructions to the natives upon no account to furnish boats for a

larger party.

After some days' absence Suleiman returned, but without Ali Emmeen, who was afraid to appear. This vakeel had received my verbal assurance from Suleiman that, should any persons attempt the passage of the river without my permission, they would be instantly shot; at the same time, if he wished to convey the ivory to Gondokoro by the usual route, he could do so with an escort of regulars.

This was an awkward position for Ali Emmeen, who had expected to find allies at Fabbo, but who now found a faithful corps of irregulars with Suleiman at their head acting under my orders.

He accordingly took 100 men and returned about 180 miles to the camp of Atroosh for fresh instructions. The 3,000 Makkarika cannibals were left with the remainder of his company on the west bank of the Nile to feed upon the natives of Koshi until his return.

Every day people arrived at Fatiko with horrible reports of the cannibals, who were devouring the children in the Koshi district. Spies went across the river and brought me every intelligence. It appeared

that the 3,000 Makkarikas had been engaged by Ali Emmeen under the pretence that they were “to go to Fatiko and fight a chief called ‘the Pacha,’ who had enormous flocks and herds, together with thousands of beautiful women and other alluring spoil;” but they had not heard that they were to carry 3,000 elephants’ tusks to the station of Atroosh.

My spies now told them the truth. “Fight the Pacha!” they exclaimed: “do you not know who he is? and that he could kill you all like fowls, as he did the people of Ali Hussein? He has no cows for you to carry off, but he has guns that are magic, and which load from behind instead of at the muzzle!”

This was a terrible disappointment to the deluded Makkarikas, which at once spread dissension among them, when they found that they had been cajoled in order to transport the heavy loads of ivory.

A providential visitation suddenly fell upon them. The small-pox broke out and killed upwards of 800 bloodthirsty cannibals who had been devouring the country.

The Nile was reported to be about six miles in width opposite their

station, in about 3 degrees latitude, which is only a few miles from the Albert N'yanza. This visitation of small-pox created a panic which entirely broke up and dispersed the invading force, and defeated their plans.

We were now in frequent communication with Rionga, who was always represented in my Fatiko camp by the presence of one of his sheiks and several men.

Ali Genninar had made a combined attack upon Kabba Rega, together with Rionga and the Langgo tribe, and had utterly defeated him. His people were now deserting him in great numbers, and were flocking to the winning side. Kabba Rega had taken to flight, and was supposed to be hiding in the neighbourhood of Chibero, on the borders of the Albert N'yanza.

M'tese, the king of Uganda, had invaded Unyoro from the south, and having heard of Kabba Rega's treachery towards myself, he had sent an army of 6,000 men under his general, Congow, to be placed at my disposal.

This friendship was the result of my diplomacy in having sent him valuable presents from Masindi, together with a letter warning him against Kabba Rega, who wished to prevent the goods of the north from reaching Uganda, in order that he might monopolize the trade in Unyoro.

The subsequent conduct of Kabba Rega had proved this accusation, and M’tese had heard with rage and dismay that I had been forced to burn all the numerous goods, which otherwise would have passed to him in Uganda.

On the 25th December the fort of Fatiko was completed. This was commenced on the 28th August; thus my men had been four months engaged in the work, owing to the extreme hardness of the subsoil, which was a compact gravel resembling concrete.

The three faces of the fort measured 455 yards of fosse and earthen rampart. The fosse was eight feet wide, eight feet deep, and the face of the rampart was protected by chevaux-de-frise of sharpened stakes. The west base of the fort was the rock citadel, which commanded the surrounding country. Upon this solid foundation I had built an excellent powder-magazine and store, of solid masonry. This fireproof building was roofed with a thick cement of clay from the white-ant hills, that

had been tempered for some weeks and mixed with chopped straw.

All my work was completed, and I could do nothing until the reinforcements should arrive from Gondokoro. The natives paid their trifling corn-tax with great good humour, and they generally arrived in crowds of several hundreds, singing and dancing, with large baskets of tullaboon upon their heads, with which they filled our rows of granaries.

The grass was fit to burn, and the bunting season had fairly commenced. All the natives now devoted themselves to this important pursuit. The chase supplies the great tribe of Shooli with clothing. Although the women are perfectly naked, every man wears the skin of an antelope slung across his shoulders, so arranged as to be tolerably decent. The number of animals that are annually destroyed may be imagined from the amount of the skin-clad population.

Although the wilderness between Unyoro and Fatiko is uninhabited, in like manner with extensive tracts between Fabbo and Fatiko, every portion of that apparently abandoned country is nominally possessed by individual proprietors, who claim a right of game by inheritance.

This strictly conservative principle has existed from time immemorial, and may perhaps suggest to those ultra-radicals who would introduce communistic principles into England, that the supposed original equality of human beings is a false datum for their problem. There is no such thing as equality among human beings in their primitive state, any more than there is equality among the waves of the sea, although they may start from the same level of the calm.

In a state of savagedom, the same rules of superiority which advance certain individuals above the general level in civilized societies will be found to exert a natural influence. Those who become eminent will be acknowledged by their inferiors. The man who is clever and wise in council will be listened to: the warrior who leads with courage and judgment will be followed in the battle; the hunter who excels in tracking up the game will be sent to the front when the party are on the blood-track. In this way superiority will be generally admitted. Superiority of intellect will naturally tend to material advancement. The man of sense will gather more than the fool. That which he gathers becomes property, which must be acknowledged by society as an individual right that must be protected by laws.

In tribes where government is weak, there is a difficulty in enforcing laws, as the penalty exacted may be resisted; but even amidst those wild tribes there is a force that exerts a certain moral influence among the savage as among the civilized: that force is public opinion.

Thus, a breach of the game-laws would be regarded by the public as a disgrace to the guilty individual, precisely as an act of poaching would damage the character of a civilized person.

The rights of game are among the first rudiments of property. Man in a primitive state is a hunter, depending for his clothing upon the skins of wild animals, and upon their flesh for his subsistence; therefore the beast that he kills upon the desert must be his property; and in a public hunt, should he be the first to wound a wild animal, he will have gained an increased interest or share in the flesh by having reduced the chance of its escape. Thus public opinion, which we must regard as the foundation of EQUITY, rewards him with a distinct and special right, which, becomes LAW.

It is impossible to trace the origin of game-laws in Central Africa, but

it is nevertheless interesting to find that such rights are generally acknowledged, and that large tracts of uninhabited country are possessed by individuals which are simply manorial. These rights are inherited, descending from father to the eldest son.

When the grass is sufficiently dry to burn, the whole thoughts of the community are centred upon sport; but should a person set fire to the grass belonging to another proprietor, he would be at once condemned by public opinion, and he would (if such establishments existed) be certainly expelled from his club.

There was no more work undone in my charming Fatiko station. The roads from the three gates were so far completed as to form respectable approaches. The gardens had produced abundantly, and the troops were all in excellent health and good discipline. On Mondays and Fridays they were exercised at light-infantry drill for several hours. Every man had his post, which he occupied like lightning when the bugle suddenly sounded the alarm. The “Forty Thieves” held the rock citadel, as they could fire over the heads of those in the camp without fear of accident. The night alarm sounded unexpectedly, and as I went the rounds, every man was at his quarters without a whisper. The cleanliness and general

order of the camp were perfect.

I now associated with the natives as a hunter. It was in this capacity that I had first won their hearts many years ago. We were so short of meat that I began to feel the necessity that first turned the hand of savage man against the beasts of the forest.

The chase throughout the Shooli country was carried on as a profession, and was conducted by general rules under an admirable organization.

The favourite method of hunting was by means of nets. Every man in the country was provided with a net of strong cord. This was twelve yards long, and about eleven feet deep, if stretched to its maximum. The meshes were about six inches square. There was no promiscuous net-hunting, but the chief of the district organized the chase in the following manner:—

The big nogara was sounded, and the news rapidly spread that an assembly was desired at the village of their headman. At Fatiko the chief was Wat-el-Ajoos Omare. A few hours after the drum had summoned the headmen, natives might be seen approaching from all sides to the appointed spot

at which the council was to be held.

After much talking, it was at length decided that the hunt should take place upon the manors of certain individuals whose property was contiguous. The day of the hunt was arranged, and the headmen of the villages retired to make the necessary arrangements.

Should a chief be hospitably disposed, he would frequently give a grand entertainment prior to the meet. On such occasions upwards of a thousand natives would arrive from different villages, in their full-dress costume, consisting of plumes of ostrich feathers, leopard-skin mantles, and their faces painted a frightful colour with fresh cow-dung. On these occasions a large quantity of merissa was consumed, and one or two oxen were slaughtered, according to the wealth of the person who gave the festivity.

The sorcerer was an important personage at such entertainments, as it was necessary to assure good luck by a variety of magic ceremonies, that would not only protect the hunters from accidents, but would also bring the wild animals direct into their nets.

At length the day of the hunt had arrived, when several thousand people would collect at a certain rendezvous, about nine miles distant from Fatiko, on the Fabbo road, which is the best neighbourhood for game.

At a little before 5 A.M. I started on my solitary but powerful horse, “Jamoos,” accompanied by Lieutenant Baker and Colonel Abd-el-Kader, with a few soldiers of “The Forty”. Gimoro and Shooli, who were renowned hunters, were always with me when shooting. These excellent men had an extraordinary affection for each other, and they were well known as inseparables—the one was rarely seen without the other.

Descending the rocky terrace from the station at Fatiko, we were at once in the lovely, park-like glades, diversified by bold granite rocks, among which were scattered the graceful drooping acacias in clumps of dense foliage.

Crossing the clear, rippling stream, we clambered up the steep bank on the opposite side, and, after a ride of about a mile and a half, we gained the watershed, and commenced a gradual descent towards the west.

We were now joined by numerous people, both men, women and children, all

of whom were bent upon the hunt.

The men carried their nets and spears; the boys were also armed with lighter weapons, and the very little fellows carried tiny lances, all of which had been carefully sharpened for the expected game.

The women were in great numbers, and upon that day the villages were quite deserted. Babies accompanied their mothers, strapped upon their backs with leathern bands, and protected from the weather by the usual tortoise-like coverings of gourd-shells. Thus it may be imagined that the Shooli tribe were born hunters, as they had accompanied the public hunts from their earliest infancy.

My two boys, Saat and Bellaal, carried spare guns. These fine strong lads always attended me, and they had become useful gun-bearers. They were both plucky fellows. Little Amarn had been suffering for more than twelve months from an ulcerated leg; therefore he was spared from unnecessary fatigue, and was the pet boy at home.

As we proceeded, the number of natives increased, but there was no noise or loud talking. Every one appeared thoroughly to understand his duties.

Having crossed the beautiful Un-y-Ame river, we entered the game country. Extensive prairies, devoid of forest, now stretched before us in graceful undulations to the base of distant mountains. The country was watered by numerous clear streams, all of which drained into the main channel of the Un-y-Ame river, that became a roaring torrent during the wet season.

We now left the Fabbo path and struck off to our left for several miles, over ground that had been cleared by burning, which showed in many directions the crimson fruit of the wild ginger, growing half-exposed from the earth. This is a leathery, hard pod, about the size of a goose-egg, filled with a semi-transparent pulp of a subacid flavour, with a delicious perfume between pine-apple and lemon-peel. It is very juicy and refreshing, and is decidedly the best wild fruit of Central Africa.

The natives immediately collected a quantity, and we quickly pushed forward to the rendezvous, where, upon arrival, we found a great number of people were collected.

A line of about a mile and a half was quickly protected by netting, and the natives were already in position.

Each man had lashed his net to that of his neighbour and supported it with bamboos, which were secured with ropes fastened to twisted grass. Thus the entire net resembled a fence, that would be invisible to the game in the high grass, until, when driven, they should burst suddenly upon it.

The grass was as dry as straw, and several thousand acres would be fired up to windward, which would compel the animals to run before the flames, until they reached the netting placed a few paces in front; where the high grass had been purposely cleared to resist the advance of the fire.

Before each section of net, a man was concealed both within and without, behind a screen, simply formed of the long, grass tied together at the top.

The rule of sport decided that the proprietor of each section of netting of twelve yards length would be entitled to all game that should be killed within these limits; but that the owners of the manors which

formed the hunt upon that day should receive a hind leg from every animal captured.

This was fair play; but in such hunts a breach of the peace was of common occurrence, as a large animal might charge the net and receive a spear from the owner of the section, after which he might break back, and eventually be killed in the net of another hunter; which would cause a hot dispute.

The nets had been arranged with perfect stillness, and the men having concealed themselves, we were placed in positions on the extreme flanks with the rifles.

Rifle-shooting was dangerous work, as the country was alive with people, who were hidden in every direction.

I took my position behind a white-ant hill in front of a stream which rippled in a hollow about forty yards beneath me.

Molodi had quite recovered from the wound he had received on 2nd August, and he carried the basket that contained our luncheon. This consisted of

three bottles of milk and a few hard-boiled eggs, with a supply of salt and pepper.

There is nothing so good as milk for support during a long day's work, provided it is used with water, in a proportion of one-third milk. A bottle of rich milk will therefore produce three bottles of wholesome drink. This is far preferable to the use of spirits, which are merely a temporary stimulant, and frequently are great enemies to good rifle-shooting.

Molodi's basket was arranged with a white napkin over the contents. As such a colour would attract attention, I ordered him to conceal himself and his basket behind a neighbouring ant-hill.

Mr. Baker was far away on my right; and Abd-el-Kader was upon the extreme right flank.

Everything was ready, and men had already been stationed at regular intervals about two miles to windward, where they waited with their fire-stick for the appointed signal.

A shrill whistle disturbed the silence. This signal was repeated at intervals to windward.

In a few minutes after the signal, a long line of separate thin pillars of smoke ascended into the blue sky, forming a band extending over about two miles of the horizon.

The thin pillars rapidly thickened, and became dense volumes, until at length they united, and formed a long black cloud of smoke that drifted before the wind over the bright yellow surface of the high grass.

The natives were so thoroughly concealed, that no one would have supposed that a human being beside ourselves was in the neighbourhood. I had stuck a few twigs into the top of the ant-hill to hide my cap; and having cut out a step in the side for my feet at the required height, I waited in patience.

The wind was brisk, and the fire travelled at about four miles an hour. We could soon hear the distant roar, as the great volume of flame shot

high through the centre of the smoke.

The natives had also lighted the grass a few hundred yards in our rear.

Presently I saw a slate-coloured mass trotting along the face of the opposite slope, about 250 yards distant. I quickly made out a rhinoceros, and I was in hopes that he was coming towards me. Suddenly he turned to my right, and continued along the face of the inclination.

Some of the beautiful leucotis antelope now appeared and cantered towards me, but halted when they approached the stream, and listened. The game understood the hunting as well as the natives. In the same manner that the young children went out to hunt with their parents, so had the wild animals been hunted together with their parents ever since their birth.

The leucotis now charged across the stream; at the same time a herd of hartebeest dashed past. I knocked over one, and with the left-hand barrel I wounded a leucotis. At this moment a lion and lioness, that had been disturbed by the fire in our rear, came bounding along close to

where Molodi had been concealed with the luncheon. Away went Molodi at a tremendous pace! and he came rushing past me as though the lions were chasing him; but they were endeavouring to escape themselves, and had no idea of attacking.

I was just going to take the inviting shot, when, as my finger was on the trigger, I saw the head of a native rise out of the grass exactly in the line of fire; then another head popped up from a native who had been concealed, and rather than risk an accident I allowed the lion to pass. In one magnificent bound it cleared the stream, and disappeared in the high grass.

The fire was advancing rapidly, and the game was coming up fast. A small herd of leucotis crossed the brook, and I killed another, but the smoke had become so thick that I was nearly blinded. It was at length impossible to see; the roar of the fire and the heat were terrific, as the blast swept before the advancing flames, and filled the air and eyes with fine black ashes. I literally had to turn and run hard into fresher atmosphere to get a gasp of cool air, and to wipe my streaming eyes. Just as I emerged from the smoke, a leucotis came past, and received both the right and left bullets in a good place, before it fell.

The fire reached the stream and at once expired. The wind swept the smoke on before, and left in view the velvety black surface, that had been completely denuded by the flames.

The natives had killed many antelopes, but the rhinoceros had gone through their nets like a cobweb. Several buffaloes had been seen, but they had broken out in a different direction. Lieut. Baker had killed three leucotis, Abd-el-Kader had killed one, and had hit a native in the leg with a bullet, while aiming at a galloping antelope. I had killed five.

I doctored the native, and gave him some milk to drink, and his friends carried him home. This was a very unfortunate accident, and from that day the natives gave Abd-el-Kader a wide berth.

Most of the women were heavily laden with meat: the nets were quickly gathered up, and, with whistles blowing as a rejoicing, the natives returned homewards.

The women were very industrious, and never went home empty-handed; but

if some were unfortunate in their supply of meat, they gathered immense bundles of firewood, which they carried many miles upon their heads to their respective villages … .

The time passed very happily at Fatiko, and the fact of my joining with the natives in their sports added to the confidence already established.

I frequently went into their villages to smoke a pipe, and to chat with the people: this always pleased them, and the children generally crowded round me, as I never went empty-handed, but a few beads or other trifles were always forthcoming as presents.

Gimoro had been very unfortunate in losing his children when young, and I understood that the mortality was very great among all infants from two years old to five.

I attribute this to the absurd custom of public night nurseries. According to the population of the village, there are certain houses built upon pedestals or stone supports about three feet from the ground. In the clay wall of the circular building is a round hole about a foot in diameter; this is the only aperture.

At sunset, when the children have been fed, they are put to bed in the simplest manner, by being thrust headforemost through the hole in the wall, assisted, if refractory, by a smack behind, until the night nursery shall have received the limited number. The aperture is then stopped up with a bundle of grass if the nights are cool.

The children lie together on the clay floor like a litter of young puppies, and breathe the foulest air until morning, at which time they are released from the suffocating oven, to be suddenly exposed to the chilly daybreak. Their naked little bodies shiver round a fire until the sun warms them, but the seeds of diarrhoea and dysentery have already been sown.

It may be readily imagined that accidents frequently occur in the great hunts already described, as it is quite impossible to speculate upon the species of animal that may be driven into the net. A fine little lad of about eleven years was killed by a leopard within a mile of my Fatiko station. The grass had been fired, and the animals instinctively knew that they were pursued.

The boy went to drink at a stream close to some high reeds, when a leopard pounced upon him without the slightest warning. A native who was close to the spot rushed up to the rescue, and threw his spear with such dexterity that he struck the leopard through the neck while it had the boy in its mouth, killing it upon the spot. The boy was immediately brought to me, but the lungs were lacerated, and he died during the night.

On another occasion five men were wounded (two fatally) by a lioness, which fought so gallantly that she at length escaped from her assailants with two spears in her body.

I was not present on that occasion, but I have frequently admired the pluck of the Shooli natives, who attack every animal with the simple hunting-spear, which of course necessitates a close approach.

On 30th December I went out with a few natives on the Fabbo road, simply to shoot in order to procure meat for the camp. We were about ten miles from the station, and the game was so wild on the open prairies that we found it impossible to approach within shot. We had seen great numbers of the beautiful leucotis antelope (rather larger than a fine fallow

buck), also hartebeest (Antelope bubalis), all of which had quitted the clean ground which had recently been burnt, and had retired to the high grass upon a long sloping undulation.

Among our natives were two men who were the owners of the manor; they therefore proposed that we should place the guns in position, while they should march up to windward, and fire the grass in the usual manner.

Lieutenant Baker was placed about 300 yards to my left, and Colonel Abd-el-Kader about 150 paces to my right. As we faced the high grass we had the ground clear at our backs, as the young herbage was just sprouting after the recent burning.

As usual, I was concealed by a large ant-hill, behind which, my two boys Saat and Bellaal squatted with my spare guns. About 100 yards before me, in a slight hollow, the grass was quite green, as the depression had until lately held water. This rank herbage would of course stop the fire upon its arrival from the sloping hill-face. About forty yards from me the grass was high and dry.

About half an hour after the guns were posted we heard the whistles, and

shortly after, the smoke rose in various places until at last a crescent of fire spread over the hill. The wind was very light, therefore the fire travelled slowly, and the game advanced at an easy pace. I now heard shots upon my left at the extreme flank, where I had posted a few of the best shots of the “Forty Thieves,” including Ferritch Ajoke.

I saw the game breaking covert in herds of several hundreds in that direction. Presently Abd-el-Kader had a shot upon my right, and I observed several antelopes bounding along upon the clear space in our rear.

I was not in luck, but I now saw a splendid buck leucotis walking quietly through the grass, and slowly descending the slope to the green hollow, which would bring him straight towards me should he keep this direction.

Just at that moment I saw a long yellow tail rise suddenly from the green hollow, and an instant later I saw a fine lion, with tail erect, that had evidently been disturbed by the advancing fire.

The lion was down wind of the buck leucotis, which was now close to the

unseen enemy, and was just descending the bank which dipped into the green hollow: this would bring the antelope almost upon the lion’s back. The two animals suddenly appeared to touch each other as the leucotis jumped down the bank, and the lion sprang to one side, apparently as much startled as the antelope, which bounded off in another direction,. The lion now disappeared in the high grass, with the head towards my position.

I whispered to my boys not to be afraid should it appear close to us, and at the same time I took the spare gun from; Bellal, and laid it against the ant-hill to be in readiness. This was a breechloader, with buckshot cartridges for small antelopes.

In a few minutes I heard a distinct rustling in the high grass before me. The two boys were squatting on the ground to my right.

Presently a louder rustling in the grass, within forty yards in my front, was followed by the head and shoulders of a large lioness, who apparently saw the two boys, and with her brilliant eyes fixed, she advanced slowly towards them.

Not wishing to allow a closer acquaintance, I aimed at her chest, and fired the “Dutchman.”

The lioness rolled completely over, backwards, and three times she turned convulsive somersaults, at the same time roaring tremendously; but to my astonishment she appeared to recover, and I immediately fired my left-hand barrel. At this she charged in high bounds straight towards my two boys.

I had just time to snatch up my spare gun and show myself from behind the ant-hill, when the lioness, startled by my sudden appearance, turned, and I fired a charge of buckshot into her hind-quarters as she disappeared in the high grass upon my right.

I now heard her groaning in a succession of deep guttural sounds, within fifty yards of me.

In a few minutes I heard a shot from Abd-el-Kader, and he shortly came to tell me that the wounded lioness, with her chest and shoulder covered with blood, had come close to his hiding-place; he had fired, and had broken her ankle joint, but she was still concealed in the grass.

Shooli and Gimoro now came up with some of the natives, as they had heard the lioness roar, and feared some accident might have happened.

These were very plucky fellows, and they at once proposed to go close up and spear her in the grass, if I would back them up with the rifles.

We arrived at the supposed spot, and after a search we distinguished a yellowish mass within some withered reeds.

Shooli now proposed that he should throw his spear, upon which the lioness would certainly charge from her covert and afford us a good shot, if the guns were properly arranged.

I would not allow this, but I determined to fire a shot at the yellow mass to bring her out, if every one would be ready to receive her.

Lieutenant Baker was on my right, with a double-barrelled express rifle that carried a No. 70 bullet. This minute projectile was of little use against the charge of a lion.

I fired into the mass at about twenty yards' distance.

The immediate reply was a determined charge, and the enraged animal came bounding towards us with tremendous roars. The natives threw their spears but missed her. Mr. Baker fired, but neither he nor a left-hand barrel from the "Dutchman" could check her. Everybody had to run, and I luckily snatched a breechloading No. 12 smooth-bore loaded with ball from a panic-stricken lad, and rolled her over with a shot in the chest when she was nearly in the midst of us.

She retreated with two or three bounds to her original covert.

I had now reloaded the "Dutchman," and having given orders that every one should keep out of the way, and be ready, I went close up to the grass with Shooli, and quickly discovered her. She was sitting up like a dog, but was looking in the opposite direction, as though expecting an enemy in that quarter.

I was within twelve yards of her, and I immediately put a bullet in the back of her neck, which dropped her dead.

In her inside we discovered a freshly-eaten leucotis calf, which had been simply divided by her teeth in lumps of about two pounds each. This was quite fresh, and my soldiers and the natives divided it among them as a bonne-bouche. Nasty fellows!

The day's sport had been:—One lioness killed by myself; one leucotis buck by Mr. Baker; one leucotis buck by Abd-el-Kader; two does of the same species by Ferritch Ajoke; and the natives had speared three calves. Total, one lioness and seven antelopes, ALL of which were to be eaten.

We reached home at 5.40 p.m., not having had time to eat anything since the preceding evening. The lioness measured nine feet six inches from nose to tail extremity.

As this work is simply an account of the principal events connected with the Khedive's expedition, I cannot afford space for many sporting incidents. Game was very abundant, and we generally kept the station well supplied; at the same time I gave large quantities of flesh to the natives.

I sometimes sent a party of my “Forty” to hunt, in which sport they took a great interest, and the practice with the rifle improved their shooting.

The natives throughout the country were perfectly happy and contented, but the women had been somewhat disturbed by the accounts they had received of our encounter with the lioness. They held a meeting in Gimoro’s village.

On the following day both Gimoro and Shooli arrived at my public divan looking rather dejected.

They informed me that the women, having held a meeting, had arrived at the conclusion, “that the Pacha must not be allowed to go out hunting, as he might possibly be killed by a lion or a buffalo.” “What would happen to us?” continued the women, “if any accident should befall our father? Would not the slave-hunters immediately return to the country and destroy us, simply because he had protected us? Do we not now sleep in peace? and were we not always awake at night before he came among us?”

The women decided that I was to be kept in the camp as a cojoor or talisman, and that the natives were not to lead me into danger of wild animals.

This declaration of the ladies of Fatiko could hardly be called PETTICOAT government, as their total independence of attire precluded any reference to such a garment; but it was a distinct assertion of women's right to protect the person who had protected them. They were excellent people, and were always well cared for and kindly treated by the men.

My fort at Fatiko was within call of two large villages—those of Gimoro and the sheik of the country: during my sojourn of seven months, I never heard a woman scream, neither was there any domestic or civil disturbance.

There were no police required in that country; there was no pickpockets, as there were no pockets to pick—which was one advantage in favour of nudity. A London police magistrate would have died of ennui; the constables could not even have sworn to a case of intoxication, merely as a matter of form to afford employment. There were no immoral females

to disgrace the public streets; neither were there any beggars, vagrants, organ-grinders, or perambulators to worry, deafen, or upset you. My country was a picture of true harmony. We had no complex machinery of law; there was no such difficulty as an estate in Chancery; no Divorce Court, or cases of crim. con. that necessitated an appeal. Adultery would be settled by flogging respondent and co-respondent, with a judicial separation after the punishment.

I had no ecclesiastical difficulties; no High Church, Ritualists, Low Church, Broad Churchmen, Philosophers, Wesleyans, Baptists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Independents, nor even a Jesuit or a descendant of Israel to bring discord into my harmonious tabernacle.

My troops were Mohammedans, without an opposing sect, therefore, for lack of opposition, they were lukewarm believers.

The natives believed in nothing.

The curious fact remained, that without the slightest principle of worship, or even a natural religious instinct, these people should be

free from many vices that disgrace a civilized community. I endeavoured to persuade the most intelligent of the existence of a Deity who could reward or punish; but beyond this I dared not venture, as they would have asked practical questions, which I could not have explained to their material understanding.

I extract verbatim from my journal the short entry of 31st December, 1872 :—

“The close of the year finds us, thank God, at peace in this country, with every prospect of prosperity.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARRIVAL OF M’TESE’S ENVOYS.

ON 15th January, 1873, the sentry on the rock citadel reported a party arriving from the Unyoro road. Shortly after, the reports of guns were heard, and it was made known that envoys had arrived from M’tese, the king of Uganda, together with an escort of natives, and two of my soldiers from Rionga. M’tese’s people were armed with guns.

The envoys were quickly ushered into the new divan, which was a circular, lofty building, twenty feet in diameter, neatly plastered, and painted light grey with a mixture of wood-ashes.

Ali Jusef, the principal envoy, was a native of Sishuaali, on the coasts of the Red Sea entrance, and the Indian Ocean. I had several officers who were natives of the same country, including the gallant Ferritch Agha and Said Agha: thus I had excellent interpreters.

The envoys were beautifully clean, in white Bombay cotton clothes, and they were quite civilized, and as intelligent as Europeans. They appeared to have a thorough knowledge of the route to India, and the various tribes along the eastern coast of equatorial Africa.

These people gave me much useful information; and I shall, as usual in this work, simply extract from my journal the exact entry made at the moment whenever I received geographical reports from the natives: thus I shall give to the public the unpolished statements precisely as I heard them; upon which data theoretical geographers may form their own opinions.

“The envoys report, that from Ujiji (pronounced by them Uyeye) you can travel by lake direct to Magungo, the lake being the M’wootan N’zige.

“The Victoria N’yanza is called by two names, ‘Sessy’ or ‘Kurewe.’ Although large, it is small in comparison with the M’wootan N’zige”

There was no news of Livingstone; but, according to my request from Masindi, M’tese had sent everywhere in search of him, and he had forwarded my two letters addressed to him in different directions.

The king, M’tese, had written me a letter expressing great friendship, and declaring that when the news of Kabba Rega’s treachery had reached him, he had sent an army under General Congow, to be placed at my disposal.

This army was now quartered at Mashudi, (two days’ march from Rionga’s island, on the road to Masindi) waiting for my orders. M’tese begged me to visit him as soon as possible, as he only had one desire, *i.e.* “to see my face,” and that he “did not wish for presents.”

This was a model African potentate; at the same time I could not possibly visit him, as my term of service would expire upon the 1st of April.

I was much disappointed at this impossibility, as M’tese can do more for Central Africa than any other potentate. He behaved well to Speke and Grant, and he had been very true to me.

On 11th February, fresh envoys arrived from M’tese, including my old friend Waysooah, who was as usual dressed very carefully in Indian costume, with a handsomely-worked cotton robe.

M’tese had written me another letter in Arabic, begging me to send him one of my soldiers as my representative, if I could not come personally.

The road was now declared to be practically open between Fatiko and Zanzibar by means of M’tese’s friendship.

This excellent man, who was now a Mohammedan, and kept an Arab secretary, had already sent to Ujiji in search of Livingstone, according to my request, and his messengers had returned with the news, “that he

had been at Ujiji, and had crossed the lake to the west; since which, nothing had been heard of him."

M'tese's people were still in search of Livingstone. Ujiji was declared to be on the "M'wootan N'zige," i. e. the Albert N'yanza.

I give this information exactly as I received it.

I now wrote a letter to Dr. Livingstone, of which the following is a copy:—

"FORT FATIKO.

("N. lat. 3 degrees 1 minute; E. long. 32 degrees 36 minutes,)

"February 13th, 1875.

"MY DEAR LIVINGSTONE,

"M'tese, the king of Uganda, has been searching for you, according to my instructions sent to him in June 1872.

"He also forwarded my letters to be given to you when met with.

“His envoys have now visited me at Fatiko, with the report that M’tese’s messengers heard of you as having formerly been at Ujiji; but that you had left that station and crossed the Tanganyika to the west.

“Nothing more is known of you.

“I have sent a soldier with the envoys who convey this letter; he will remain with M’tese. This soldier (Selim) was one of Speke’s men, who travelled from Zanzibar to Cairo.

“M’tese will take the greatest care of you. He has behaved very well to the government.

“Since I wrote to you in June, Kabba Rega treacherously attacked me with many thousand men.

“I thrashed him thoroughly, and I have set up Rionga, the old enemy of his family, who is now sheik of the government.

“M’tese sent Congow with several thousand men to assist the troops.

“I trust, my dear Livingstone, that this letter may reach you. Do not come down the lake. It is now well known that the Tanganyika is the Albert N’yanza; both known as the great lake M’wootan N’zige.

“A steamer will, I trust, be on the lake this year.

“Ever yours most sincerely,

“SAM. W. BAKER.”

On 13th February, after a few days’ pleasant sojourn at Fatiko, M’tese’s envoys returned to Uganda, accompanied by my representative, Selim, who, although a private, was a very intelligent Suachli; he had formerly accompanied Speke from Zanzibar. I gave Selim instructions to impress upon M’tese the necessity of assisting Livingstone without a moment’s delay.

It is interesting to remember, now that the great traveller is dead, that the arrangements I had made for his assistance would have secured his safety, and would have enabled him to pursue his geographical

investigations northward, without the slightest risk or difficulty, beyond the bodily fatigue which is inseparable from African travel.

My letter was not only delivered by M’tese’s orders into the hands of Lieutenant Cameron, R.N. at Unyamyembi, but M’tese actually sent me his reply through the weary distance to Gondokoro! This reply was received by my successor, Colonel Gordon, and was forwarded to the Khedive, as a proof of the effect of the expedition under my command, in opening through postal communication in the heart of Africa. People who are unacquainted with the difficulties of Africa cannot sufficiently appreciate this grand result. The intelligent king, M’tese, should receive a present from our government, as a reward for having exerted himself to assist an English consul in distress. The small sum of 200 pound Sterling, judiciously expended, would procure trifles that would be treasures to M’tese, and would do more to open up Central Africa to travellers than any other means.

I fear this may be forgotten, and that M’tese will be neglected after this truly philanthropic effort to relieve an English traveller and CONSUL when in difficulty.

I wrote a letter thanking M’tese for all that he had done, and assuring him that our country would be grateful to him for any assistance that he might render Livingstone. At the same time that I thanked him for his aid to myself, I begged he would recall his army from Unyoro, as my troops, although few, were strong, and that, having already defeated Kabba Rega, I required no assistance.

I sent General Congow a present of a sword, and a few articles to M’tese, in return for a specimen of beautifully-dressed skins, sewn together as neatly as the work of a French glover…

The time wore on in considerable anxiety concerning the party that I had sent to Gondokoro under Wat-el-Mek for reinforcements.

I had allowed them forty-two days for their return to Fatiko with the cattle and troops, but no intelligence had been received of their movements from the week they had started. Fortunately the abundance of game in the neighbourhood had supplied the troops with meat.

At length, after ninety-three days’ absence, news was brought that Wat-el-Mek and the troops were close at hand. Shooli had arrived at

daybreak to say that a native had seen them on the previous evening on the north side of Shooa hill, about seven miles from Fatiko.

At 2.30 P.M., on 8th March, we distinguished the white uniforms ascending the plateau at the north end of the Fatiko plain; and shortly after, the main body emerged from among the rocks and foliage, and formed on the level ground. I at once distinguished with the telescope the lieutenant-colonel, Tayib Agha, upon his well-known powerful white horse.

My troops in full uniform went out to meet the reinforcements, which quickly marched up and formed on the level turf outside the fort upon the north side.

I rode out and inspected the troops.

NOT ONE HEAD OF CATTLE HAD ARRIVED!

The lieutenant-colonel, Tayib Agha, had made a sad mess of his command during the march. He had quarrelled with Wat-el-Mek; and simply because some of the native carriers had absconded in a portion of the Bari

country named Moogi, he had set fire to the villages in revenge! This was in a country, where I had established peace.

The Baris had attacked the troops, and had not only killed twenty-eight of our men, but had stripped the bodies, and possessed themselves of clothes, arms, and ammunition. They had also captured the cattle.

Although Tayib Agha had about 280 men, he actually retreated and dared not attack the natives to recover either the bodies of his men or their muskets! (The lieutenant who commanded the unfortunate detachment was killed while defending himself bravely to the last. In addition to the twenty-eight soldiers, two Bari interpreters were also killed, making a total loss of thirty.)

I at once determined to leave Major Abdullah as commandant at Fatiko, and to take Tayib Agha back to Gondokoro, as he was not fit for an independent command.

The immense delay in sending up the reinforcements had been occasioned by the long voyage from Khartoum.

When Wat-el-Mek had reached Gondokoro, the troops HAD NOT ARRIVED from

Khartoum; therefore he was obliged to wait.

When at length they did arrive, they had been THIRTEEN MONTHS on the voyage to Gondokoro, and had passed the rainy season with the slave-traders in the camp of Kutchuk Ali on the Bahr Giraffe; this river they reported as navigable, owing to my canals, which had continued open.

It was the old story of delay and indolence, unless I was personally present to force them forward.

I had now 620 men, therefore I reinforced Rionga and the various stations. I thus garrisoned strongly Fatiko, Fabbo, and Paniadoli—the stockade opposite Rionga's island, in N. lat. 2 degrees 6'.

The country of Unyoro was now completely in the grasp of Ali Genninar and Rionga. Unyoro extends to the south of the equator on the shores of the Albert N'yanza, where Kabba Rega was supposed to be hiding.

On 14th March I drew out the following orders for Major Abdullah, who would remain as commandant of Fatiko:—

“1. Observe the rules at present existing respecting sentries.

“2. Observe the rules at present existing for cleanliness of camp.

“3. Plant negheel grass on ramparts during the rainy season.

“4. Clean out the fort ditch once every month.

“5. Each company of troops is to cultivate corn and vegetables at the commencement of the rains.

“6. Each company to be exercised at musketry drill for one hour daily.

“7. All troops to be exercised at light-infantry drill for three hours on Mondays and Fridays, upon which days there will be no other work.

“8. The corn-tax is to be regularly collected, so that three months’ supply shall be the minimum in the camp granaries.

“9. The bugle to sound the night alarm once every month, to accustom the men to night quarters.

“10. The troops to occupy their stations at general quarters, according to present practice.

“11. Banana plants to be introduced upon every opportunity from Magungo.

“12. Coffee-berries [*] to be sown in nursery-beds, when received from M’tese.

[*Footnote: I had written to him for a supply of coffee-seed.)

“13. The old huts to be cleared away and replaced by new, constructed in lines similar to those in the south camp.

“14. No ivory to be purchased in exchange for cattle, but only in barter for goods.

“15. NO SLAVES TO BE EITHER PURCHASED OR TAKEN.

“16. The bugle to sound ‘Extinguish fires’ at 8 p.m.”

Having left everything in perfect order in the new central territory, I was ready to start for Gondokoro on 20th March.

I had been two years and five months without any news or communication with either Egypt or Europe when the post arrived with Wat-el-Mek. About 600 copies of the Times had arrived at once. We had been introduced to the Tichborne case; and of course had, at the earliest stage of the trial, concluded that the claimant was Arthur Orton. The news that is almost stereotyped in English newspapers gave us the striking incidents of civilization. Two or three wives had been brutally knocked about by their husbands, who had received only a slight punishment. A prominent divorce case; a few Irish agrarian outrages; a trial in the ecclesiastical court of a refractory clergyman; the smash-up of a few public companies, with the profitable immunity of the directors; a lady burnt to death; a colliery explosion; several hundred railway accidents, which induced me to prefer walking; the Communists had half destroyed Paris; republican principles were fast spreading through England; the Gladstone ministry would last for ever; some babies had been poisoned,

and the baby-farmer had been hanged; deceased wife's sisters were to marry their disconsolate brothers; England was to pay a tribute to America (for the freaks of the Alabama); drunkenness was on the increase; ladies were to become our physicians; &c. I was almost afraid to return home; but as I had some friends and relations that I wished to see again, I left my little paradise, Fatiko, and marched for Gondokoro, accompanied by my good natives, Shooli and Gimoro.

After the absurd conduct and the defeat of Tayib Agha at Moogi, I fully expected to have to fight my way through; but upon arrival in that district the natives knew me, and we were not molested. They even sent me six cows which had been lost by Tayib Agha on the road during his unlucky march.

I had taken under my especial protection a number of Bari women and young girls whom Wat-el-Mek and Tayib Agha had pressed into their service to carry loads during their journey from Gondokoro to Fatiko. There can be no doubt that these poor creatures never would have been returned to their country, had I not delivered them; but seeing their condition upon their arrival at Fatiko, I had ordered them to accompany me, and to show me the position of their homes during the march.

On arrival at the broad dry bed of a stream about two days' march from Gondokoro, we halted beneath the shade of a large tree for breakfast. The women and children now approached, and hesitatingly declared that this was their country, and their villages were near. They evidently doubted my sincerity in restoring them, which hurt me exceedingly.

"Go, my good women," I exclaimed, "and when you arrive at your homes, explain to your people that you were captured entirely against my will, and that I am only happy to have released you."

For a few moments they looked around them, as hardly believing the good news. In another instant, as the truth flashed across their delighted minds, they rushed upon me in a body, and before I had time for self-defence, I found myself in the arms of a naked beauty who kissed me almost to suffocation, and with a most unpleasant embrace licked both my eyes with her tongue. The sentries came to my assistance, together with the servants, who withstood the grateful crowd; otherwise both my wife and myself would have been subjected to this painful thanksgiving from the liberated Bari women.

Their freedom having been explained, we gave each a present of beads as a reward for the trouble they had undergone, and they went away rejoicing, upon the road to their own homes.

We arrived at Gondokoro on 1st April, 1873, without the slightest disturbance during the march. This was the exact day upon which my term of service would have expired, according to my original agreement with the Khedive.

I halted the troops about half a mile from Gondokoro, to allow them to change their clothes, when I observed with the telescope some of the Englishmen approaching. Several of my welcome countrymen at length arrived.

“Where is Mr. Higginbotham?” I asked, as I was eager to see my chief engineer and friend.

There was a slight pause before the reply—“HE DIED ON THE LAST DAY OF FEBRUARY!”

I was quite overpowered with the dreadful news! Poor Higginbotham! who

had been my right hand throughout the early portion of the expedition! He was a man who so thoroughly represented the character that we love to think is truly English, combining all energy, courage, and perseverance. He was gone!

We marched into Gondokoro. Fourteen months had made a change for the worse. I had left the station with a neat ditch and earthwork; the environs had been clean. It was now a mass of filth. Bones and remnants of old clothes, that would have been a fortune to a rag-and-bone shop, lay scattered in all directions. The ditch was filled up with sand, and the fallen bank washed in by the heavy rains, as it had never been cleansed during my absence.

The guns fired a salute; Raouf Bey and the troops appeared in good health; and I was shown into poor Higginbotham's house on the cliff above the river.

A beautiful new steamer of 108 tons, built of steel, with twin screws, was floating on the stream. This was the work of my Englishmen, who had taken a pride in turning out the best results that Messrs. Samuda Brothers and Messrs. Penn & Co. could produce.

I went on board to inspect the new vessel directly after breakfast. She had been admirably constructed, and being devoid of paddles, she would be able to glide through the narrow channels of the Bahr Giraffe like a fish.

Although the station was dirty and neglected, I must do Raouf Bey justice in acknowledging that he had paid much attention to the gardens on the islands, which were producing so abundantly that the troops received rations of vegetables daily.

Raouf Bey had also shown determination, and had accepted great responsibility in shooting a soldier for desertion during my absence.

It appeared that the reinforcements lately received from Khartoum were merely slaves that had been sold to the government, and had rapidly been trained for soldiers. Many of these people had originally come from the White Nile, therefore they were disposed to desert upon the first opportunity.

A considerable number had deserted, with their arms and ammunition. They

had also stolen Raouf Bey's guns and rifles from his house, and had absconded to Belinian. Raouf Bey had called upon the Belinian to give up the deserters; but the Belinian natives had only replied to the summonses by making nightly demonstrations of attack against the station of Gondokoro, which had rendered sound sleep impossible for the last month. Raouf Bey had accordingly invaded Belinian, and had fought a pitched battle, in which the deserters who had joined the Baris fired upon the troops. Two of them were killed. (On this occasion, the Baris being well supplied with muskets and ammunition, the troops of Raouf Bey suffered considerable loss.)

I immediately sent for Allorron, who had now become a faithful sheik of the government. He confessed all his sins, and of course laid the whole blame upon Abou Saood, who he declared had deceived him, and instigated him against the government. I did not wish for any explanations upon the truth of which I could not rely. I therefore ordered him to go at once to Belinian, and inform the natives that, unless they gave up the deserters, I should pay them a visit with the "red shirts," who had now returned with me from Fatiko. At the same time I promised him three cows if he succeeded.

In a few days he returned with two deserters. These men were tried by court-martial, and having been found guilty, they were shot in the presence of the regiment.

Order and discipline were at once restored among the troops.

Now that I had returned with the “Forty Thieves,” the natives of Belinian no longer visited the camp at night, but the country shortly became quiet and peaceful.

Wat-el-Mek, who had accompanied me from Fatiko, returned with reinforcements and a herd of cattle to his district. I parted with regret with my good men Shooli and Gimoro, to whom I gave some useful presents.

On 10th April I commenced a new fort with ditch and earthwork around the magazines, but the sandy nature of the soil will cause much trouble during the heavy rains.

I ordered Mr. Marcopolo to take stock, together with an Egyptian officer (Foad Effendi), of everything that remained within the magazine, and to

take a receipt for his stores. This task occupied nearly a month.

The Englishmen had carefully packed everything that belonged to the No. 3 steamer and machinery, and had stowed her in a magazine that was given in charge of an officer, who gave a receipt for the contents.

Everything was ready by the 25th May for our return homewards. I erected a monument of red brick coated with pitch over my poor friend Higginbotham's grave, within my garden, near the spot where the missionaries were formerly buried.

We started on the 26th, having taken a farewell of my gallant "Forty Thieves," many of whom showed much emotion at parting. As I walked down the line of troops when I took official leave, my old soldiers broke the bounds of discipline by shouting: "May God give you a long life! and may you meet your family in good health at home!"

I felt a choking sensation in saying good-bye; but we were soon on board, and the steam was up.

The new steamer, the Khedive, took us in tow, and we travelled rapidly

down the stream towards home in old England.

Although I had written the most important letters to the Khedive and to his minister in October 1871, I had, to my amazement, NOT RECEIVED ONE WORD IN REPLY by the post that had arrived from Egypt. I had apparently been looked upon as a dead man that did not require a letter. It appeared that my existence was utterly ignored by the Egyptian government, although I had received my letters in due course from England.

On arrival at the Bahr Giraffe, we found that the canals which I had formerly cut were much improved by the force of the stream. Although these passages were narrow, they had become deep, and we progressed with comparatively little trouble.

On 7th June, three sails were reported ahead on the horizon. We pushed forward with some curiosity, but unfortunately a sudd of vegetable rafts had closed the passage for a short distance, which required about an hour to clean; this delayed the chase.

That evening, as we had stopped for the night at a spot known as the

“Three Dubbas,” we heard a woman’s voice from the high grass addressing us in an imploring tone. I immediately sent a boat to make inquiries, as one of our native girls understood the language.

It appeared that the woman had the small-pox, and she had been therefore thrown into the high grass, and abandoned by the vakeel of the three vessels that we had observed in the distance. She described these vessels as being crowded with slaves.

I gave the unfortunate creature a supply of six days’ food, together with a cooking-pot and some firewood, but I dared not introduce so horrible a disease as the small-pox among our party. She was thus left alone upon the dubba. (At this season native fishermen visited the dubba, therefore she was most probably discovered on the following morning.)

On 8th June we steamed along, towards the tall masts and yards of the three vessels which we perceived upon the horizon.

The intricacies of the narrow channel were such that we did not overtake the slavers until sunset.

We then anchored for the night in a lake, while I sent a boat forward into the canal occupied by the three vessels to order the vakeel of the company to visit me immediately.

In a short time the boat returned with my old acquaintance Wat Hojoly, the vakeel of the Bohr station belonging to Abou Saood.

I had always liked this man, as he was generally straightforward in his manner. He now told me, without the slightest reserve, that during my absence in the south, several cargoes of slaves had passed the government station at Fashoda by bribing the governor; and that he would certainly have no difficulty, provided that I did not seize him. He confessed that he had 700 slaves on board the three vessels, and according to orders that he had received from his master, Abou Saood, he was conveying them to their destination, a few days south of Khartoum, on the White Nile; at which point they could either march overland to the west via Kordofan, or to the east via Sennaar; whence they could pass unmolested to the Red Sea or to other markets.

The small-pox had broken out among the slaves, several of whom had died.

I was most thoroughly disgusted and sick at heart. After all the trouble and difficulties that we had gone through for the suppression of the slave trade, there could be no question of the fact that Abou Saood, the great slave-hunter of the White Nile, was supported by some high authority behind the scenes, upon whom he could depend for protection.

This was apparently the last act of the drama, in which the villain of the piece could mock and scoff at justice, and ridicule every effort that I had made to suppress the slave trade. His vessels were actually sailing in triumph and defiance before the wind, with flags flying the crescent and the star, above a horrible cargo of pest-smitten humanity, in open contempt for my authority; which Wat Hojoly had been carefully informed did not extend north of Gondokoro.

I asked this plain-spoken agent whether he was quite sure that he could pass the government station? “Oh yes,” he replied, “a little backsheesh will open the road; there is nothing to fear.”

I was then informed by the same authority that Abou Saood had gone to Cairo to appeal to the Khedive’s government against my proceedings, and

to represent his TRADE as ruined by my acts.

This was a remarkable disclosure at the end of the last act; the moral of the piece was thus explained before the curtain fell. The slave-hunter par excellence of the White Nile, who had rented or farmed from the government, for some thousands sterling per annum, the right of TRADING in countries which did NOT belong to Egypt, was now on the road to protest against my interference with his TRADE, this innocent business being represented BY THREE VESSELS WITH SEVEN HUNDRED SLAVES

THAT WERE TO PASS UNCHECKED BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT STATION OF FASHODA.

I told Wat Hojoly that I did not think he would succeed upon this occasion, but that I should certainly not lay hands upon him.

I had not received replies to my letters addressed to the Khedive, therefore I was determined not to exert physical force again; at the same time I made up my mind that the slave vessels should not pass Fashoda.

After some delay, owing to a shallow portion of the river, we passed

ahead, and the fearful stench from the crowded slave vessels reeking with small-pox followed us for quite a mile down the wind. (Fortunately there was a powerful force with Wat Hojoly, whom I called upon for assistance in heaving the steamer over the bank; otherwise we must have dug a channel.)

On 19th June, at 3.30 P.M., we reached Fashoda. The governor at once came on board to receive us.

This officer hall been only recently appointed, and he appeared to be very energetic and desirous to assist me in the total extinction of the slave trade. I assured the governor (Jusef Effendi) that I had entirely suppressed it in my territory, and I had also suppressed the river trade in 1870; but if the authorities were determined to connive at this abomination, I had been placed in a disgracefully false position, and had been simply employed on a fool’s errand.

Jusef Effendi assured me that it would be impossible for vessels to pass Fashoda with slave cargoes now that he represented the government, as the Khedive had issued the most positive orders within the last six months against the traffic in slaves; therefore such instructions must

be obeyed.

I did not quite see that obedience to such orders was absolutely necessary, as the slave trade had been similarly prohibited by proclamation in the reign of the late Said Pacha, but with no permanent effect.

There were two fine steamers lying at Fashoda, which had formed a portion of the fleet of six steamers that I had sent up from Cairo some years ago to tow my flotilla up the White Nile. This was the first time that I had ever seen them.

I now told Jusef Effendi that he would be held responsible for the capture of Abou Saood's three vessels, together with the 700 slaves; at the same time, it would be advisable to allow them to arrive at Fashoda before their capture should be attempted; as the fact of such an audacious contempt of law would at once implicate the former governor as having been in the habit of connivance.

Jusef Effendi appeared to be in earnest. He was an active and highly intelligent Circassian who held the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

My servants had discovered by chance, when in communication with Wat Hojoly, that Salim-Wat-Howah, who had been one of the principal ringleaders in the attack upon the troops at Fatiko, and had subsequently knocked down Suleiman and possessed himself forcibly of the ammunition from the magazine, with which he and his party had absconded, was now actually concealed on one of the three slave vessels. I had taken care not to mention his name to Wat Hojoly, lest he should be left at some station upon the route, and thus escape me.

I now gave a written order to Jusef Effendi to arrest him upon the arrival of the slave vessels, and to send him to Khartoum in irons.

The news of Abou Saood's personal appeal to the government at Cairo was confirmed by the best authorities at Fashoda.

On 21st June I took leave of Jusef Effendi, and upon the 28th, at 11 A.M., we arrived at the large tree which is within five miles of Khartoum, by the short cut across the neck of land to the Blue Nile.

I stopped at this tree, and immediately wrote to Ismail Ayoub Pacha, the

new governor of Khartoum, to telegraph INSTANTLY to Cairo to arrest Abou Saood.

I sent this note by a faithful officer, Ferritch Agha, with positive orders that he was to deliver it into the hands of Ismail Pacha.

This order was immediately carried out before any people in Khartoum had an idea of my return. Had I at once steamed round the point, some friend would have telegraphed my arrival to Abou Saood in Cairo, and he might have gone into concealment.

In the afternoon we observed a steamer rounding the distant headland at the point of junction of the two Niles. She rapidly approached, and in about half an hour my old friend, Ismail Ayoub Pacha, stepped on board my diahbeeah, and gave us a hearty welcome.

There was no letter either from the Khedive or Cherif Pacha, in reply to the important communications that I had written more than two years ago.

Ismail Ayoub Pacha was a friend of eight years' date. I had known him during my first expedition to the Nile sources as Ismail Bey, president

of the council at Khartoum. He had lately been appointed governor, and I could only regret that my excellent friend had not been in that capacity from the commencement of the expedition, as I should have derived much assistance from his great energy and intelligence.

Ismail Ayoub Pacha is a Circassian. I have observed that all those officers who are superior to the average in intellect and general capacity belong to this race. The Circassians are admirably represented in Cherif Pacha, who is well known and respected by all Europeans in Egypt for his probity and high intelligence; and Riaz Pacha, who was lately the Minister for Public Instruction, is a Circassian much beloved and respected.

Ismail Ayoub had commenced a great reform in the Soudan, in his endeavour to put down the wholesale system of bribery and corruption which was the ruin of the country. He had also commenced a great work, according to the orders he had received from the Khedive, to remove the sudd or obstruction to the navigation of the great White Nile. He succeeded in reopening the White Nile to navigation in the following season.

The Khedive had given this important order in consequence of letters that I had written on 31st August, 1870, to the Minister of the Interior, Cherif Pacha, and to his Highness direct on 8th October, 1871, in which communications I had strenuously advocated the absolute necessity of taking the work in hand, with a determination to re-establish the river in its original navigable condition.

Ismail Ayoub Pacha had been working with a large force, and he had succeeded in clearing, according to his calculations, one half of the obstruction, which extended for many miles.

There was no engineering difficulty in the undertaking, which was simply a matter of time and steady labour.

The immense force of the main stream, thus confined by matted and tangled vegetation, would materially assist the work, as the clearing was commenced from below the current.

The work would become lighter as the head of the sudd would be neared.

A curious accident had happened to Ismail Pacha by the sudden break-up

of a large portion of the sudd, that had been weakened by cutting a long but narrow channel.

The prodigious rafts of vegetation were hurried before the stream like ice-floes, and these masses having struck against a line of six noggurs, the vessels were literally swept away and buried beneath the great rafts, until they capsized and disappeared for ever in the deep channel.

Late in the evening Ismail Pacha took leave and returned in his steamer to Khartoum. We had enjoyed a long conversation, and I felt sure that the Soudan and Central Africa would quickly feel the benefit of Ismail Ayoub Pacha's administration, as he combined great energy and determination with nine years' experience of the requirements of his province.

On 29th June the new steamer, the Khedive, rounded the point at full speed with our diahbeeah in tow.

All the population of Khartoum thronged to the banks and the new quay to witness the arrival of the extraordinary steamer that travelled without paddles, and which had been constructed by the Englishmen at Ismailia

(Gondokoro).

The troops were in order, and as the Khedive drew alongside the quay we were warmly welcomed by Ismail Ayoub Pacha with the usual formalities.

A few days latter, a steamer arrived from Fashoda with the three vessels in tow belonging to Abou Saood, which had attempted to pass the government station with more than 600 slaves on board, about 100 having died of the small-pox since I had left the Bahr Giraffe. The small-pox was still raging on board, therefore the vessels were taken to the north bank of the Blue Nile and placed in quarantine.

As the guard passed by with prisoners, I recognized my friend the vakeel, Wat Hojoly, in irons. The unfortunate man had found a new governor at Fashoda instead of his old acquaintance; thus he did NOT pass free; as I had anticipated.

Walking next to the vakeel, heavily chained, with his wrists secured in a block of wood similar to stocks, came the cream of ruffians, Salim-Wat-Howah, nailed at last.

This villainous-looking fellow was afterwards tried before the medjeldis, or tribunal, and by overpowering evidence he was found guilty of having first threatened to attack Major Abdullah in the government camp of Fatiko; and secondly, with having actually given the orders to fire, and having fired himself, on 2nd August, 1872, when we had been treacherously attacked by Abou Saood's company.

I spoke in favour of Wat Hojoly, as he had otherwise behaved well towards the government, and he was simply carrying out the orders of his master, Abou Saood.

It had been the usual custom in the Soudan to spare the employers, who were the most responsible parties, but to punish the small fry, such as vakeels, and the reis, or captains of vessels.

Ismail Pacha had made great improvements in Khartoum, and he had completed the new government house that had been commenced by his predecessor, Moomtazz Pacha, who was also a most intelligent Circassian. He had likewise made a great change by converting a large open space into a public garden, where it was his intention that the military band should play every evening for the amusement of the people.

Steam irrigation works were also commenced on the north side of the Blue Nile for the cultivation of cotton.

After a few days at Khartoum we took leave of our good friend, Ismail Ayoub Pacha, and started for Cairo by steamer.

I had left my two boys, Saat and Bellaal, with Ismail Pacha, to be instructed either as musicians or soldiers, the latter profession being their great ambition. There was already a school established for the education of the more intelligent negro boys that might be liberated from the slave-traders.

Upon our arrival at Berber, I found a considerable improvement in the country. The Arabs were beginning to return to the fertile banks of the river, and to rebuild their sakeeyahs or water-wheels. This change was the result of a wise reform instituted by the Khedive, in dividing the Soudan into provinces, each of which would be governed by a responsible and independent official, instead of serving under a governor-general at the distance of Khartoum.

Hussein Khalifah was now the governor of Berber. He was the great Arab sheik of the desert who had so ably assisted Mr. Higginbotham in transporting the machinery and steamer sections by camels from Korosko to Berber across the great Nubian desert, for a distance of about 400 miles. The Arabs were much pleased at his appointment as governor, as he was one of their race.

In starting from Berber for Souakim, I had the great misfortune to lose by death one of my excellent Englishmen, David Samson. He had been ailing for some time, and the intense heat of July was more than he could endure in riding across the desert. Poor Samson died on the first day's march, and I had his body conveyed to Berber, where it was buried in the Coptic cemetery with every mark of respect.

This was a sad termination after a journey of nearly four years and a half, when he was on the hopeful road towards home.

We were nearly wrecked during the voyage from Souakim to Suez, as the engine of the sloop-of-war was out of repair. We then changed to another steamer, which carried away the cap of her rudder during a heavy sea and fresh northerly gale. Fortunately our English shipwrights were on board,

and Lieutenant Baker, R.N., knew his work; thus we escaped drowning on a coral reef, which would assuredly have been our fate had we been left to the ignorance of the officers and crew.

We reached Cairo on 24th August at 4.30 P.M. On 25th I had the honour of presenting myself to his Highness the Khedive, to explain the large chart of his new territory that I had annexed in Central Africa.

I received from his Highness the Imperial order of the Osmanie, 2nd class, as a token of his approbation of my services. I had already had the honour to accept from his hands the order of the Medjidie, 2nd class, before I had started upon my mission. His Highness the Khedive now conferred upon Lieutenant Baker the order of the Medjidie, 3rd class.

I handed the botanical collection to his Highness the Khedive, which had been carefully prepared throughout the journey by Lady Baker. Unfortunately more than 300 specimens of plants had been destroyed by the conflagration at Masindi. The botanical specimens, together with samples of the fibres, skins, and the salt of the new territory, were ordered to be forwarded to the Vienna Exhibition.

The Khedive expressed his determination to judge Abou Saood by a special tribunal, composed of Cherif Pacha, Nubar Pacha, and Ismail Pacha, the Minister of Finance. I handed seventeen documents to Nubar Pacha, with evidence sworn to upon the Koran before witnesses, and properly sealed by Wat-el-Mek, Suleiman, the sheiks of the country, Major Abdullah, and others, against Abou Saood, charging him with various crimes, including treason in having given the orders that his Fatiko company should fire at me and the government troops. I took a receipt for these important documents.

I had also brought up several of the “Forty Thieves” as viva-voce witnesses, in addition to Lieutenant Baker, R.N., Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, Captain Mohammed Deii, and two servants, Suleiman and Mohammed Haroon. Thus all the evidence was in official order:—

I 26th Jumay Owal, 1289, report of Major Abdullah (commandant of Fatiko): threatening conduct of Abou Saood’s vakeels during my absence.

2. 28th Jumay Owal, 1289, the declaration of the regimental officers of Fort Fatiko.

3. 6th October, 1872, 1st Shaban, 1289, the declaration of the vakeels of Abou Saood (Wat-el-Mek and Suleiman), that they had acted according to orders received from Abou Saood.

4. 26th Jumay Owal, 1289, Major Abdullah's declaration against Abou Saood and his company at Fatiko.

5. 12th Jumay Ocher, 1289, declaration of the chiefs of the country, complaining of the kidnapping of women and children, massacres, &c., committed by Abou Saood and his companies.

6. Declaration of Abou Saood's men, containing declarations of Mohammed, Wat-el-Mek, and Besheer Achmet, that Abou Saood gave the order to fire at the Pacha and the government troops. Two large papers.

7. 29th Jumay Owal, 1289, letter from Abou Saood from Fabbo.

8. 29th Rebi Owal, 1289, Major Abdullah's reasons for not detaining Suleiman, and for not arresting Abou Saood.

9. 2nd Jumay Acher, 1289, letter from Abou Saood, Fatiko.

10. 29th Jumay Owal, 1289, order for confiscation of Fatiko after the attack made upon the troops.

11. Letter from officers of Fabbo.

12. 4th Regeb, 1289, report of Abou Saood's escape with government guns, &c.

13. 22nd Jumay Acher, 1289, letter from vakeel Suleiman, Fabbo.

14. 3rd November, 1872, proces-verbal; declaration of Suleiman and Abou Saood's people.

15. 1st Shaban, 6th October, 1873, copy of orders to Wat-el-Mek.

16. Mohammed the dragoman's declaration.

17. Wat-el-Mek's declaration that he and his people were always paid by Abou Saood in slaves, and that the conduct of the stations was according

to his orders. Also that he had obeyed Abou Saood's orders in attacking me at Fatiko.

His Highness the Khedive had the kindness to confer promotion upon my faithful officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, to the rank of kaimakam; and Captain Mohammed Deii to the rank of saccolassi. He also granted a reward to the soldiers who had fought the battle of Masindi, and marched through eight days of ambuscades to Foweera.

A gratuity of a month's pay was given to every English engineer and mechanic, and they started for England.

After a delay of about six weeks in Egypt, his Highness afforded us a gracious and hospitable occasion of taking leave of himself and the young princes, to all of whom I am indebted for much courtesy and kindness.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

The foregoing chapters will have afforded a sufficiently distinct view of the expedition to enable the public to form their own opinion of the position of the slave trade.

It will have been seen that I had acted directly against that infamous traffic from the commencement of the work, according to the explicit instructions of my firman; at the same time I had made due allowances for the ambiguous position of the traders upon the White Nile, who were actual tenants of the government. Thus I never visited the interior of their camps, nor had I disturbed their stations in any way, but I had passed them as without the pale of my jurisdiction; at the same time I gave the vakeels due warning, and entirely prevented them from making use of the river as the highway of the slave trade.

In 1870, while I was camped at Tewfikeeyah, I entirely suppressed the river traffic; but the fact of my leaving overtaken three vessels with 700 slaves belonging to Abou Saood at the close of the expedition, on my return towards Khartoum, must be a damning proof of complicity on the part of certain government officials.

Thus it is plain that, while I was endeavouring to do my duty, others

who should have been supporting me were actually supporting the slave-hunters. No people could have had the absurd audacity to attempt the passage of the river in front of Fashoda—a government station, garrisoned by two regiments, and provided with two steamers—unless they were in league with the officials.

My personal interference has rendered the slave trade of the White Nile impossible so long as the government is determined that it shall be impossible. At the close of the expedition, the higher officials had been changed, and the country appeared to be in good hands. The governor of Fashoda, Jusef Effendi, had captured the slave vessels of Abou Saood according to my instructions. Ismail Ayoub Pacha had been appointed governor of Khartoum. Hussein Khalifah, the Arab desert sheik, was governor of Berber, and various important changes had been made among the higher authorities throughout the Soudan, which proved that the Khedive was determined upon reform.

One grand and sweeping reform was absolutely necessary to extinguish the slave trade of Central Africa, and this I lead the honour to suggest:—

“That all the present existing traders or tenants of the White Nile should be expelled from the country, precisely as I had expelled them

from the territory under my command." The government would then assume the monopoly of the ivory trade of the White Nile, and the natives would in a few years be restored to confidence.

So long as the so-called traders of Khartoum should be permitted to establish themselves as independent piratical societies in the Nile Basin, the slave trade would continue, and the road through Darfur and Kordofan would be adopted in place of the tabooed White Nile.

Should the White Nile companies be totally disbanded, the people now engaged must return to their original agricultural pursuits in the Soudan, and their labour would tend to an increase of the revenue, and to the general prosperity of the country.

I have already published so much on the subject of the slave trade in "The Albert N'yanza," that I fear to repeat what I have before so forcibly expressed. I have never changed my original opinions on this question, and I can only refer the public to page 313, vol. ii., of that work, whence I take the following extract:—"Stop the White Nile trade; prohibit the departure of any vessels from Khartoum to the south, and let the Egyptian government grant a concession to a company for the

White Nile, subject to certain conditions, and to a special supervision … .

… “Should the slave trade be suppressed, there will be a, good opening for the ivory trade; the conflicting trading parties being withdrawn, and the interest of the trade exhibited by a single company, the natives would no longer be able to barter ivory for cattle; thus they would be forced to accept other goods in exchange. The newly-discovered Albert Lake opens the centre of Africa to navigation. Steamers ascend from Khartoum to Gondokoro in lat. 4 degrees 55’. Seven days’ march south of that station the navigable portion of the Nile is reached, whence vessels can ascend direct to the Albert Lake; thus an enormous extent of country is opened to navigation, and Manchester goods and various other articles would find a ready market in exchange for ivory at a prodigious profit, as in those newly-discovered regions ivory has a merely nominal value.

“Beyond this commencement of honest trade I cannot offer a suggestion, as no produce of the country except ivory could afford the expense of transport to Europe. (The proposed railway from Cairo to Khartoum will overcome this obstacle.)

“If Africa is to be civilized, it must be effected by commerce, which, once established, will open the way for missionary labour; but all ideas of commerce, improvement, and the advancement of the African race that philanthropy can suggest, must be discarded until the traffic in slaves shall have ceased to exist.

“Should the slave trade be suppressed, a field would be opened, the extent of which I will not attempt to suggest, as the future would depend upon the good government of countries now devoted to savage anarchy and confusion.” … .

“Difficult and almost impossible is the task before the missionary. The Austrian mission has failed, and their stations have been forsaken; their pious labour was hopeless, and the devoted priests died upon their barren field.”

By a reference to that work also—“The Albert N’yanza”—it will be seen that in the present expedition I carried out the plans that I had proposed at the termination of my first journey.

I have no doubt that missionaries will take advantage of the chance that has resulted from the suppression of the slave trade and the establishment of a government. At the same time, should they attempt a settlement in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro, they must be prepared with an inexhaustible stock of patience when dealing with the Baris.

The Madi and Shooli tribes would be found tractable and more capable of religious instruction. It is my opinion that the time has not yet arrived for missionary enterprise in those countries; but at the same time a sensible man might do good service by living among the natives, and proving to their material minds that persons do exist whose happiness consists in doing good to others. The personal qualifications and outfit for a single man who would thus settle among the natives should be various. If he wished to secure their attention and admiration, he should excel as a rifle shot and sportsman. If musical, he should play ` the Highland bagpipes. He should be clever as a conjurer, and be well provided with conjuring tricks, together with a magic lantern, magnetic battery, dissolving views, photographic apparatus, coloured pictorial illustrations, &c., &c. He should be a good surgeon and general doctor, &c.; and be well supplied with drugs, remembering that natives have a profound admiration for medical skill.

A man who in full Highland dress could at any time collect an audience by playing a lively air with the bagpipes, would be regarded with great veneration by the natives, and would be listened to when an archbishop by his side would be totally disregarded. He should set all psalms to lively tunes, and the natives would learn to sing them immediately.

Devotional exercises should be chiefly musical.

In this manner a man would become a general favourite; and if he had a never-failing supply of beads, copper rods, brass rings for arms, fingers, and ears, gaudy cotton handkerchiefs, red or blue blankets, zinc mirrors, red cotton shirts, &c., to give to his parishioners, and expected nothing in return, he would be considered a great man, whose opinion would carry a considerable weight, provided that he only spoke of subjects which he thoroughly understood.

A knowledge of agriculture, with a good stock of seeds of useful vegetables and cereals, iron hoes, carpenter’s and blacksmith’s tools, and the power of instructing others in their use, together with a plentiful supply of very small axes, would be an immense recommendation

to a lay missionary who should determine to devote some years of his life to the improvement of the natives.

In the magnificent equatorial portions of Africa there is a great field for British enterprise, and much might be accomplished by lay missionaries, who would at the commencement avoid theological teaching, until by other means they should have gained an ascendency over the minds of the natives. By slow degrees confidence might be established; and much may be effected by good example… .

The geography of Central Africa, that has made great strides within the last few years, will now be rapidly extended. The fact of an established government under the direction of my able successor, Colonel Gordon, R.E., is sufficient to assure the most sceptical that the future will be rich in geographical discoveries.

It is hoped that the steamer which I carried up to Gondokoro will be transported to the Albert N’yanza early in the year 1875. It is impossible to foretell the result of steam communication on the great inland sea M’wootan N’zige.

I do not love to dwell upon geographical theories, as I believe in nothing but actual observation; but I cannot quite disbelieve my native informants, who assured me that they had travelled to Ujiji by canoe from Chibero on the Albert N'yanza.

By the latest intelligence from Lieutenant Cameron, dated Ujiji, 28th February, 1874, the mean of many observations for altitude of the Tanganyika Lake taken with mercurial barometer, aneroids, and boiling water thermometers, gives 2,573 feet above the sea-level.

The corrected altitude of the Albert N'yanza, taken by me at Vacovia, N. lat. 1 degree 14', March 14, 1864, is 2,720. The uncorrected or the absolute observation of the instrument was 2,448.

Whenever Lieutenant Cameron shall return home, it will be interesting to observe the results of his corrected observations, as they already so closely approach the level of the Albert N'yanza.

As the Khedive's expedition under Colonel Gordon will shortly have the advantage of a steamer on the Albert Lake or M'wootan N'zige, the question of a connection between the two lakes will be definitely

settled.

When that question shall have been resolved, geographers must turn their attention to the great river Sobat, which is by far the most important affluent of the Nile.

Although during my recent expedition I have not travelled over much new ground, the advantages to geography are considerable, owing to the professional observations of Lieutenant Baker, R.N., to whom I confided the entire charge of the topographical department. Some slight corrections have been made in observations for longitude taken during my first expedition; and as every place is now rigidly attested on the map, that portion of Central Africa is most thoroughly investigated, and the astronomical positions of all principal points and stations are incontestable.

The fact of this thorough exploration, and the establishment of the Egyptian government, now afford a firm base for all future travellers. The good work of one man can be carried on by his successor. Formerly it was impossible to render the necessary support to an explorer in Central Africa. A distant country cannot plunge into war with a savage potentate

of the equatorial Nile Basin because he has either captured an explorer or devoured a missionary.

There was only one step practicable if the improvement of Africa were to be attempted. Egypt was the only country that could form a government by the extension of her frontier to the equator. This would insure the safety of future travellers where hitherto the life of an individual had no guarantee.

This annexation is now effected, and our relations with the Khedive assure us that the heart of Africa will be thrown open to the civilizing influence of the North.

When the railway shall be completed from Cairo to Khartoum, there will be direct communication by rail and river. Countries that are eminently adapted for the cultivation of cotton, coffee, sugar, and other tropical productions will be brought within the influence of the commercial world, and the natives, no longer kidnapped and torn from their homes, will feel the benefits of industry, as they now feel the blessings of protection.

It is well known that the greatest difficulties lie in the first footsteps of a great enterprise; but those difficulties are overcome, and patience and perseverance will at length perfect the good work. The impression of civilization must be gradually and slowly engraved upon Central Africa, and those who work in this apparently hopeless undertaking must not be appalled by the difficulties of the task.

In the share that I have taken during nine years passed in Africa, I have simply represented one of those atoms of which Great Britain is composed. I deeply regret that personally I have not had the honour of serving my Queen, but I trust that indirectly I have worked out that principle, which England was the first to initiate, expressed in the word “Freedom,” which, we maintain, is the natural inheritance of man.

Mingled with the regret that I was not in the service of Her Majesty, is the pleasure that I feel in testifying to the able manner in which the Royal Navy was represented, throughout a long and trying expedition, by Lieutenant Julian Alleyne Baker, R.N. This energetic young officer rendered me the greatest assistance, and has left a vivid impression on the minds of the natives, and of the Egyptian troops, of the activity, and the straightforward, manly character that has always distinguished

British sailors in whatever duty they have had to perform, whether on sea or land.

I return my acknowledgments of the faithful and courageous services of Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, and other officers who accompanied me through every difficulty with patience and devotion.

I also thank Mr. Marcopolo, my intelligent and trustworthy secretary and chief storekeeper, at the same tune that I acknowledge the services of those industrious English engineers and mechanics who so thoroughly supported the well-known reputation of their class by a determination to succeed in every work that was undertaken. Their new steamer, the Khedive, remains upon the White Nile an example of their energy and capability.

Lastly, I must acknowledge the able assistance that I have received, in common with every person connected with the inland expedition, from my wife, who cared for the sick when we were without a medical man, and whose gentle aid brought comfort to many whose strength might otherwise have failed. During a period of fourteen months, with a detachment of 212 officers and men, exclusive of many servants and camp-followers, I

ONLY LOST ONE MAN FROM SICKNESS, and he was at an outstation.

In moments of doubt and anxiety she was always a thoughtful and wise counsellor, and much of my success through nine long years passed in Africa is due to my devoted companion.

The foundation for a great future has been laid; a remote portion of the African race hitherto excluded from the world's history has been brought into direct communication with the superior and more civilized races; legitimate trade has been opened; therefore, accepting commerce as the great agent of civilization, the work is actually in progress.

Fortified posts extend to within two degrees of the equator. The alliance with M'tese, the king of Uganda, enabled me not only to communicate by letter (addressed to Livingstone) in the distant country of Unyanyembe, but a reply was sent by Lieutenant Cameron, together with large presents of ivory, to me at Gondokoro, [*] as I have been informed by a letter from Colonel Gordon.

[*Footnote: The letter and the ivory from M'tese were received by Colonel Gordon.]

The Khedive of Egypt, having appointed Colonel Gordon, R.E., has proved his determination to continue the work that was commenced under so many difficulties. The Nile has been opened to navigation; and if the troubles that I encountered and overcame shall have smoothed the path for my able and energetic successor, I shall have been well rewarded.

The first steps in establishing the authority of a new government in a tribe hitherto savage and intractable were of necessity accompanied by military operations. War is inseparable from annexation, and the law of force, resorted to in self-defence, was absolutely indispensable to prove the superiority of the power that was eventually to govern. The end justified the means.

At the commencement of the expedition I had felt that the object of the enterprise—“the suppression of the slave trade”—was one for which I could confidently ask a blessing.

A firm belief in Providential support has not been unrewarded. In the midst of sickness and malaria we had strength; from acts of treachery we were preserved unharmed; in personal encounters we remained unscathed.

In the end, every opposition was overcome: hatred and insubordination yielded to discipline and order. A paternal government extended its protection through lands hitherto a field for anarchy and slavery. The territory within my rule was purged from the slave trade. The natives of the great Shooli tribe, relieved from their oppressors, clung to the protecting government. The White Nile, for a distance of 1,600 miles from Khartoum to Central Africa, was cleansed from the abomination of a traffic which had hitherto sullied its waters.

Every cloud had passed away, and the term of my office expired in peace and sunshine. In this result, I humbly traced God’s blessing.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

A few extracts from the valuable work of Dr. Schweinfurth will throw a light upon the spirit which animated the authorities, all of whom were incensed at my having presumed to understand the Khedive’s orders literally respecting the suppression of the slave trade.

In page 485, vol. ii., he writes:—" The ill-feeling and smothered rage against Sir Samuel Baker's interference nurtured by the higher authorities, breaks out very strongly amongst the less reticent lower officials. In Fashoda, and even in Khartoum, I heard complaints that we (the Franks) were the prime cause of all the trouble, and if it had not been for our eternal agitation with the Viceroy, such measures would never have been enforced."

In page 477, vol. ii., he continues:—"Notwithstanding that Sir Samuel Baker was still on the upper waters of the river, the idea was quite prevalent in all the seribas, that as soon as the 'English Pacha' had turned his back upon Fashoda (the government station in the Shillook country), the mudir (governor) would relapse into his former habits, and levy a good round sum on the head of every slave, and then let the contraband stock pass without more ado. But for once the seriba people were reckoning without their host. The mudir had been so severely reprimanded by Baker for his former delinquencies, that he thought it his best policy, for this year at least, to be as energetic as he could in his exertions against the forbidden trade."

In page 470, vol. ii., Dr. Schweinfurth writes:—"I knew that Sir

Samuel Baker was upon the Upper Nile, and did not doubt that his presence would have the effect of making the government take the most strenuous measures against any import of slaves."

Page 429, vol. ii.:—" Before Sir Samuel Baker's expedition put a stop to it altogether, the slave trade that was carried on down the river was quite insignificant compared to the overland traffic." "For years there has been a public prohibition against bringing slaves down the White Nile into Khartoum, and ever and again stronger repressive measures have been introduced, which, however, have only had the effect of raising the land traffic to a premium; but as a general rule, the Egyptian officials connive at the use of this comparatively unimportant channel of the trade, and pocket a quiet little revenue for themselves by demanding a sum varying from two to five dollars a head as hush-money."

In page 429, vol. ii.:—"The expedition of Sir Samuel Baker has stopped the source."

In page 410, vol. ii., Dr. Schweinfurth writes:—"Already had Sir Samuel Baker, with praiseworthy energy, commenced scouring the waters of the Upper Nile, and by capturing all slave-vessels and abolishing a large

‘chasua’ belonging to the mudir (governor) of Fashoda, had left no doubt as to the earnestness of his purpose,” &c.

In page 83, vol. i.:—“Beyond the true eastern shore, the Dinka are said to be settled in extensive villages, and at that time still furnished an inexhaustible supply of slaves to the marauding expeditions of the garrison of Fashoda. In 1870 Baker succeeded in putting an end to this disorder, the knowledge of which penetrated to the most remote tribes.”

The evidence of so trustworthy a traveller as Dr. Schweinfurth is exceedingly valuable, as he was in the Western Nile districts at the time that I was actively engaged; thus he had opportunities of witnessing the results of my interference, and the hostility exhibited by the authorities. He is simply in error concerning the importance of the slave trade of the river, which he much underrates, as will have already been seen by the fact of 700 slaves being stowed away upon only three vessels belonging to Abou Saood.

These vessels, that were captured by my orders at Fashoda, on their way towards Khartoum, were an example of the truth foretold by the traders with whom Dr. Schweinfurth was travelling in the west—“that as soon as

the English Pacha had turned his back upon Fashoda, the governor would relapse into his former habits, and levy a good round sum on the head of every slave, and then let the contraband cargo pass without more ado."

There were always well-known slave routes through Kordofan, but these channels became of extreme importance when I rendered the slave traffic of the river impossible.

It is quite unnecessary to write more on the subject of the slave trade. The Khedive of Egypt was sincere when he gave me the orders to suppress this horrible traffic; and I trust, from the simple description of the expedition, the world will acknowledge that in this duty I exhibited the utmost leniency towards the ruffianly lessees of the Soudan government.

I am convinced that the Khedive is sincere at heart in wishing to suppress the slave trade, but he requires unusual moral courage to enter the lists single-handed against Egyptian public opinion.

MISSIONARY LABOUR.

My opinion has been frequently asked on this subject, and many have

endeavoured to persuade me that a rapid change and improvement of the natives may be effected by such an agency. I cannot resist by argument such fervent hopes; but if good and capable men are determined to make the attempt, they may now be assured of peace and security at Gondokoro, where they will have the advantage of the good name left by the excellent but unfortunate members of the late Austrian mission.

GEOGRAPHY.

I have not changed my opinions that have already been expressed in “The Albert N’yanza,” except that, from the native testimony, I presume there must be a channel which connects either a lake or series of lakes with the Albert N’yanza.

Without a guide, it would be a work of much time and difficulty to discover the true channel among the labyrinth-like inlets that characterize the vast beds of floating water-grass.

Many years ago, when at Magungo, on the Albert N’yanza, I could not at first believe that the raft-choked entrance of the Victoria Nile in apparently dead water was indeed the mouth of that important river. My

subsequent experience in the marshy and lacustrine Bahr Giraffe has confirmed my impressions of the extreme difficulty of deciding upon the non-existence of a channel until after a lengthened investigation.

I cannot conceive that the Lualaba of Livingstone can be included within the Nile Basin. Livingstone decided the level of the Tanganyika lake to be within 72 feet of my level of the Albert N'yanza. With the same instruments he determined the altitude of the Lualaba to be lower than the Albert N'yanza, thus showing the impossibility of a connection between that river as an affluent with the lake.

I will not presume to assert that the Lualaba is a source of the Congo, as I have a strong objection to geographical theories or assertions unless proved by actual inspection, but if Livingstone's observations for altitude are correct, it is impossible that the Lualaba can be connected with the Nile. [*]

[*Footnote: Mr. Stanley's discoveries since this was written have confirmed my suppositions.]

Dr. Schweinfurth's discovery of the Welle river flowing towards the

west, between the 3rd and 4th deg. N. lat., is a clear proof that no river can be running from the south to the northeast towards the Nile Basin, otherwise the Welle river would be intersected.

In page 186, vol. ii., Dr. Schweinfurth [*] writes:—“Its course [the Lualaba], indeed, was towards the north; but Livingstone was manifestly in error when he took it for a true source of the Nile, a supposition that might have some semblance of foundation originating in the inexplicable volume of the water of Lake M’wootan (Albert N’yanza), but which was negatived completely as soon as more ample investigation had been made as to the comparative level, direction, and connection of other rivers, especially of the Welle.”

[*Footnote: “The Heart of Africa.”]

Although Dr. Schweinfurth was unprovided with astronomical instruments, we may place thorough reliance in the integrity and ability of this traveller, who has taken the greatest pains to arrive at true conclusions. I am quite of his opinion, that the Welle is outside the Nile Basin, and drains the western watershed.

In a letter from Dr. Livingstone addressed to Sir Bartle Frere, dated Lake Bangweolo, 27th Nov. 1870, he writes:—" The Tanganyika, whose majestic flow I marked by miles and miles of confervae and other aquatic vegetation for three months during my illness at Ujiji, is, with the lower Tanganyika, discovered by Baker, a riverine lake from twenty to thirty miles broad."

It is thus clear that Livingstone considered that the Tanganyika and the Albert N'yanza were one water. On 30th May, 1869, dated Ujiji, he writes to Dr. Kirk:—"Tanganyika, N'zige Chowambe (Baker?) are one water, and the head of it is 300 miles south of this."

"The majestic flow" of confervae remarked by Livingstone on the Tanganyika is beyond my comprehension, if that vast lake has no outlet at the north.

In Livingstone's letter of 27th Nov., 1870, he writes:—"Speke's great mistake was the pursuit of a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria N'yanza he at once leaped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources; but subsequently, as soon as he and Grant looked to the N'yanza, they turned their backs on the Nile fountains. Had they doubted

the correctness of the conclusion, they would have come west into the trough of the great valley, and found there mighty streams, not eighty or ninety yards, as their White Nile, but from 4,000 to 8,000 yards, and always deep."

I was surprised that Livingstone could make such an error in quoting Speke's White Nile from the Victoria N'yanza as eighty or ninety yards in width! At M'rooli, in latitude N. 1 degree 37", I have seen that magnificent river, which is at least A THOUSAND YARDS in width, with a great depth. I have travelled on the river in canoes, and in the narrowest places, where the current is naturally increased; the width is at least 300 yards.

From my personal experience I must strenuously uphold the Victoria Nile as a source of enormous volume, and should it ever be proved that the distant affluents of the M'wootan N'zige are the most remote, and therefore the nominal sources of the Nile, the great Victoria N'yanza must ever be connected with the names of Speke and Grant as one of the majestic parents of the Nile Basin.

Latterly, when speaking of the Lualaba, Livingstone writes to Sir Henry

Rawlinson:—“The drainage clearly did not go into Tanganyika, and that lake, though it probably has an outlet, lost all its interest to me as a source of the river of Egypt.”

We are, therefore completely in the dark concerning the flow of water from the Lualaba south of the equator, and of Schweinfurth’s Welle north of the equator, but both these large rivers were tending to the same direction, north-west. The discovery of these two rivers in about the same meridian is a satisfactory proof of the western watershed, which completely excludes them from the Nile Basin. If the Tanganyika lake has no communication with the Albert N’yanza, the old Nile is the simple offspring of the two parents—the Victoria and the Albert lakes.
(This is now proved to be the case.)

When the steamer that I left at Gondokoro in sections shall be launched upon the Albert N’yanza, this interesting question will be quickly solved.

Early in November, 1871, when I was on the Nile south of Regiaf, I noticed the peculiar change that suddenly took place in the river. We were then in N. lat. 4 degrees 38”, below the last cataracts, where the

water was perfectly clear and free from vegetation, with a stream of about three and a half or four miles per hour.

Suddenly the river became discoloured by an immense quantity of the Pistia Stratiotes, of which not one plant was entire.

This aquatic plant invariably grows in either dead water or in the most sluggish stream, and none existed in the part of the river at N. lat. 4 degrees 38”.

I examined many of the broken plants, which, instead of floating as usual on the surface, were mingled in enormous quantities with the rushing waters. None were rotten, but they had evidently been carried down the numerous rocky waterfalls which occupy the interval between N. lat. 3 degrees 34” and 4 degrees 38”, and were thus bruised and torn asunder.

The extraordinary influx of damaged aquatic plants continued for many days, and unmistakably denoted the rise in the level of the Albert N’yanza at that season (say 1st Nov.). Above the falls, in N. lat. 3 degrees 32”, there is very little current in the broad deep Nile; and in

about N. lat. 3 degrees this river is several miles in width, with no perceptible stream. In those propitious calms the Pistia Stratiotes grows in vast masses along the shores, and the annual rise of the lake creates a current which carries the plants towards the cataracts, and consequent destruction.

By this sign I conclude that the maximum of the Albert N'yanza would be during the month of November.

LANGUAGES.

The following list of words will afford a fair example of the differences in language of the various tribes between Gondokoro and the equator:

Lobore. Bari. Shooli. Unyoro.

A fowl … … A-oo. Chokore. Gweno. Unkoko.
A mat … … Gallaca. Tero. Kaboone. —
Flour … … Arafoo. Bolo. Mocha. Obsano.
Fire … … Arsi. Kemang. Mai. Moora.

Water … … Yee. Feeum. Pee. Maizi.

Milk … … Leh. Leh. Chak. Amattai.

A cow … … Tee. Kitang. Deaug. Inte.

A bull … … Moniko. Moni. Tu-an. —

A dog … … Orke. Diong. Gunoah. —

Rain … … Yee. Koodoo. Kort. Injoore.

The sun … … Yetakali. Narlong. Tschen. Musanne

A chief … … rpi. Mattat. Ruort. Matongali

A sheep … … abeelo. Kabisho. Ramo. Imbuzi.

A goat … … ndree. Keene. Deall. Imbuzi.

The moon .. … mbah. Yarfah. Dooe. Quezi.

The stars . … eebi. Katchikoo. Lakori. Nynerzi.

Flesh … … sah. Lokore. Reugo. —

Dhurra (corn) . sih. Keemak. Gyah. —

A basket .. … voch. Soodah. Adooku. —

Beads … … ecoh. Sooksook. Teko. Unguanze.

Coracan Elcusine Loque. — Kaal. Burroi.

Unyoro Unyoro

A tree … … Bisale. Halt … … … Indeenda.

Far off .. … Arrace. Go away … … Taisa Genda.

Near … … Aiee. Come here . … Igghia.

Not far .. … Ampi. Sit down … … Iu-karra-hanze.

A house .. … Engooi. Get up … … Im-mookka.

Plantains … Bitoki. A man … … Moosogga.

Beans … … Koli. A woman … … Mookazze.

Butter … … Maggita. A girl … … Miss-sooki.

A canoe .. … Obwato. A boy … … Um-wana.

A paddle . … Engaiee. A thief … … Moosuma.

A mountain … Orsozi. (Lubari or

The earth … Intaka. Fish … … (Enchoa.

The sky .. … Iggohr. Wood … … Bitl.

A road or path Muhanda. Eggs … … Yooli.

Go on … … Togendi.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

It is a singular fact that, although the domestic ox, sheep, and fowls are found everywhere among the negroes of Central Africa, there is no trace of the original stock among the wild animals of the country. The question arises—where did they come from?

Dogs are domesticated, and are used by the natives in their hunts. Those of Central Africa are miserable pariahs, but they are nevertheless much prized by their owners.

After the attack at Fatiko by the slave-hunters, which resulted in the dispersion of their party, upwards of 170 dogs became houseless. The natives asked my permission to capture them, and, having spread their hunting-nets, they drove the dogs as they would wild animals, and daily secured a great number, which they trained to hunt the calves of antelopes and the great grass-rat (Anlacodus Swindernianus).

Negroes have no sympathy with the young of wild animals, and I have never seen a pet animal or bird in their villages. Although I offered two cows for every young elephant they might catch, I never could prevail upon them to spare the little ones. Five were speared ruthlessly in one day, within two or three hours' march of Fatiko. A negro is never seen without his spear, and he finds the greatest pleasure in sticking it into either something or somebody.

DISEASES.

Small-pox is prevalent, Cholera rarely attacks the country, but it is known. Dysentery is very common in the White Nile districts, but it is rare in the highlands. This complaint is generally fatal at Gondokoro. Great caution should be used, and impure water avoided. Marsh fever is the general complaint of the low ground, but is rare in the highlands of Fatiko and Unyoro.

I have never met with typhoid fevers in Central Africa, although they are common at Khartoum.

Measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, croup, diphtheria, are quite unknown.

Blindness is only the result of extreme age, and is very rare. I never saw a case of mania, nor have I ever met more than one idiot in Central Africa. The brain appears to be exercised as a simple muscle of the body, and is never overstrained by deep thought or by excessive study. There are no great commercial or parliamentary anxieties; no struggles to keep up appearances and position in society against the common enemy, “small means;” no hearts to break with overwhelming love; but the human

beings of Central Africa live as animals, simply using the brain as a director of their daily wants. Thus in their simple state they never commit suicide and never go mad. Their women never give birth to cripples or monsters, as the sympathetic uterus continues in harmony with the healthy brain.

I have seen only two dwarfs. These were in Unyoro, one of whom was described by Speke (Kimenya): he is since dead. The other was at the court of Kabba Rega, named Rakoomba. We measured this little fellow, who was exactly three feet and half-an inch in height, at the age of about eighteen years.

The teeth are remarkable throughout Central Africa. I have examined great numbers of skulls, and I never found a decayed tooth. Many tribes extract the four front teeth of the lower jaw. The bone then closes, and forms a sharp edge like the jaw of a turtle.

MAMMALIA*

(*Mr. Sclater, of the Zoological Society of London, has furnished me with the scientific names of the antelopes and other mammals.)

The principal animals and birds in the Shooli country are:—

Native name.

Gezella dama. Lajooar.

Nanotragus hemprichianus. Amoor.

Cervicapra lencolis. Teel.

Cervicapra ellipsiprymna. Apoolli.

Cervicapra arundinaera. Oboor.

Alcelaphus bubalis. Poora.

Trageiaphus scriptus. Roda.

Hippoacayus Bakeri Aboori.

Camelopardalis giraffa. Ree.

Phacochaerus AEtani (Rupp) (Wart-hog). Kool.

Bos caffer. Joobi.

Elephas Africanus. Leteb.

Rhinoceeros bicornis. Oomooga.

Felis leo. Lobohr.

Felis leopardes. Quatch.

Wild dog, probably (Lycaon pietus). Orara.

Jackal. Roodi.

Hyana crocata. Laluha.

Manis Temminckii. Mooak.

Hystrix ap. Cho.

Viverra genetta. Gnonge.

Felis caracal. Quorra.

Herpsales striatus. Juang.

Struthio cameles. Oodo.

Leptoptilus crumenfirus. Kiaoom.

Hyrax ap. Dooka.

Aulacodus Swindernianus, or great reed-rat Neeri.

Eupodoles sp. Apido.

Nemida meleugris (?) Owino.

Francolinus sp. (?) Aweri.

The zebra exists in the Shooli country, but is very rare. Hippopotami

are to be found in the Asua river.

On the borders of the White Nile we find the Cervicapra megaceros and the beautiful Damalis Senegalensis, which I had supposed was a new species when I first secured it on the banks of the Bahr Giraffe.

Nothing new has been actually discovered during the expedition, and there can be nothing existing as an animal that is not well known to the natives, with whom I constantly associated; therefore there is little hope of unknown species, excepting the wild dog known by the Shooli as “Orara.”

The botanical collection, made entirely by Lady Baker, was handed to the Khedive of Egypt, therefore I regret that I cannot describe it.

LIBERATED SLAVES.

Upon arrival at Gondokoro with our party, we were shortly visited by the Bari father of little Cuckoo, who had travelled seven hundred miles with us. In a year and a half Cuckoo had grown immensely, and being in a good suit of clothes, he was with difficulty recognized by his savage-looking

parent, who had parted with him as a naked, ash-smeared little urchin of between six and seven years old.

I am sorry to say that Cuckoo did not meet his father with an affectionate embrace, but at first positively refused to go with him; and when compelled to accompany him as a prodigal son and wanderer, he dug his knuckles into his eyes and began to cry. Poor little Cuckoo knew that the days of beef and good cooking had passed away. He expressed his determination to run away from his father and to return to us; but as his home was on the west bank of the Nile, we never saw Cuckoo again.

The boys and young women whom I had liberated from the slave-hunters, and who had acted as domestic servants, were well cared for at the close of the expedition, and I secured them situations with well-known respectable families in Cairo and Alexandria. Amarn, the Abyssinian boy, who in intelligence had been far in advance of the negro lads, accompanied his mistress to England at his express request, where he is now regularly installed in our own household. The ulcerated leg from which he had suffered for two years in Africa, was soon cured by the kind attention of the surgeons of St. George’s Hospital, shortly after his arrival in London. (Amarn has now grown into a young man of about

18 or 19. He is a Christian, and in general good conduct and integrity he has set a bright example to English servants and is respected by all classes.)

A FEW HINTS.

I shall give the following hints as they occurred to me, and as I noted them down at the time when in Africa:—

Medicine Chest.—Should be of teak, covered with zinc, with copper edges and corners. The bottom should be first covered externally, to enable the wet to drain off without touching the wood. The expensive canteens purchased of Messrs. Silver and Co., although covered with metal on the top and sides, had no metal beneath; thus they were a prey to damp and insects.

All bottles in medicine chest should have numbers engraved on the glass to correspond with an index painted on the inside of the lid. Insects and damp quickly destroy gilding or ordinary paper labels.

Seidlitz powders and all effervescent medicines should be packed in

wide-mouthed, stoppered bottles, but never in papers.

Matches.—Bryant and May's "Victoria Matches" will stand the damp of the tropics beyond all others.

Tarpaulins.—Should be true mackintosh; but no other preparation of india-rubber will stand the heat of the tropics. No. 2 canvas painted is better than any preparation of tar, which sticks when folded together.

All tarpaulins should be 12 feet square, with large metal eyelet holes and strong lines. If larger, they are too heavy.

Bottles.—All wine or liquor bottles should have the necks dipped in bottle-wax thickly. Metallic capsules will be bitten through and the corks destroyed by cockroaches.

Milk.—Crosse and Blackwell's "liquid cream" is excellent. That of the Anglo-Swiss Company was good at the commencement, but it did not keep sweet after two years.

Shoes and Boots.—Shoes are better than laced boots, as the latter give

much trouble. The soles should not be too thick, and should be studded with sharp nails. Two pairs of long, brown leather boots to reach above the knee are useful for riding. All shoes should be kept in light canvas bags, tightly tied at the mouth to protect them from insects.

Dry Stores.—Should all be hermetically sealed, and great care should be observed in soldering the tin cases.—This is frequently neglected, and the result of careless soldering is ruin to all biscuits, flour, sago, macaroni, &c.

Ammunition.—All cartridges should be taken from England loaded; and for private use they should be hermetically sealed in boxes containing one hundred each if small, or fifty if large.

Five hundred snider cartridges, in teak boxes lined with soldered tin, weigh 64 lbs. each, and can be carried on the journey by one native.

Casks of wood are unsuited for African travel; small beetles perforate them. Galvanized iron flattened kegs are useful for carrying water through the desert. For camels which carry four casks they should contain ten gallons each; for mules, eight gallons.

Plates, &c.—All plates, cups, saucers, dishes, &c., should be enamelled on metal.

Saucepans, kettles, &.—should be copper.

Drinking cups should be silver, to contain one pint or more, and to fit into each other.

A tankard with a very strong hinge to the lid is invaluable to keep out flies, but the servants will probably wrench the lid off.

Boxes.—Do not attempt to spare money in boxes. They should be of the stoutest block tin, or of copper, well painted. Tradesmen are apt to do you in the hinges.

All boxes should lock with brass locks. Shun padlocks. A master-key should open all your boxes, even should you have a thousand. Each box should have a pierced metal label slung with wire upon each iron handle. Painted numbers quickly wear out.

My boxes measured twenty-two inches long, twelve inches deep, fourteen broad. These were quite invaluable throughout the expedition.

Guns and rifles must depend upon individual tastes. Never possess such an antiquated affair as a muzzleloader.

Hollow bullets are quite useless for thick-skinned animals. I like No. 10 rifles, with chambers to contain a cartridge with ten drachms No. 6 powder. Such a rifle must weigh fifteen pounds to shoot accurately.

Axes.—All axes, picks, hoes, &c., should have OVAL holes, but NEARLY circular, to receive the handles. Natives will break any civilized method of fitting.

Every soldier should carry a very small, long-bladed, but narrow hatchet of soft steel.

Feathers.—Preserve all feathers of game, taking care to strip them from the stems, for making pillows.

The large swing-feathers of geese, bustards, &c., make dusting-brushes,

fans, quill toothpicks &c.

Hale’s rockets.—Those which explode are invaluable. Six and three-pounders are large enough, and are handy to carry.

Norton’s pumps were of no use except in sandy or gravelly soil, and they did not equal my expectations.

Blue lights are quite invaluable if fitted with percussion caps. They should be packed in a strong tin box, with partitions to contain a dozen; to be placed near your bed at night.

Lamps.—Should burn either oil or candles.

Burning glasses are very useful if really good. The inner bark of the fig-tree, well beaten and dried in the sun, makes excellent tinder.

Mosquito gaiters or stockings should be wide, of very soft leather, to draw over the foot and leg quite up to the thigh joint. These are a great comfort when sitting during the evening.

Tanned goods.—All tents, awnings, sails, nets, lines, &c., should be tanned, to preserve them in African climates.

Books.—All journals and notebooks should be tinted paper, to preserve the eyes from the glare, which is very trying when writing in the open air upon white paper.

Seeds.—Should be simply packed in brown paper parcels sewn up in canvas, and should never be hermetically sealed.

Blood.—When meat is scarce do not waste the blood. Clean out the large intestine of an animal if far from camp. This will contain a considerable quantity, and can be easily secured by a ligature at each end.

Fish can be preserved without salt, by smoke. They should be split down the back (not the belly) from head to tail, and be smoked upon a framework of sticks immediately when caught. Four forked sticks, driven into the ground as uprights to support two parallel poles, crossed with bars will form a framework about three feet high; the fire is beneath. All fish and flesh is thus preserved by the natives when hunting.

Salt.—When efflorescent on the surface of the soil, scrape with a spoon or shell, and collect it with as little sand as possible. Cut a hole two inches square in the bottom of a large earthen pot, cover the hole with a little straw, then fill the pot with the salt and sand. Pour water slowly over this, and allow it to filter into a receiver below. Boil the product until the water has evaporated, then spread the wet salt upon a cloth to dry in the sun.

Potash.—If you have no salt, treat wood ashes or those of grass in the same way.

Oil.—All seeds or nuts that will produce oil should be first roasted like coffee, then ground fine upon a flat stone, and boiled with water. The oil then rises to the surface, and is skimmed off. Unless the nuts or seeds are roasted, the boiling water will not extract the oil.

Crutches.—To make impromptu crutches to assist wounded men upon a march, select straight branches that grow with a fork. Cut them to the length required, and lash a small piece of wood across the fork. This, if wound with rag, will fit beneath the arm, and make a good crutch.

In this manner I brought my wounded men along on the march from Masindi.

Tamarinds.—Whenever possible, collect this valuable fruit. Take off the shell, and press the tamarinds into lumps of about two pounds. They will keep in this simple form for many months, and are invaluable in cases of fever-cooling when drunk cold, and sudorific when taken hot. If taken in quantity, they are aperient.

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